

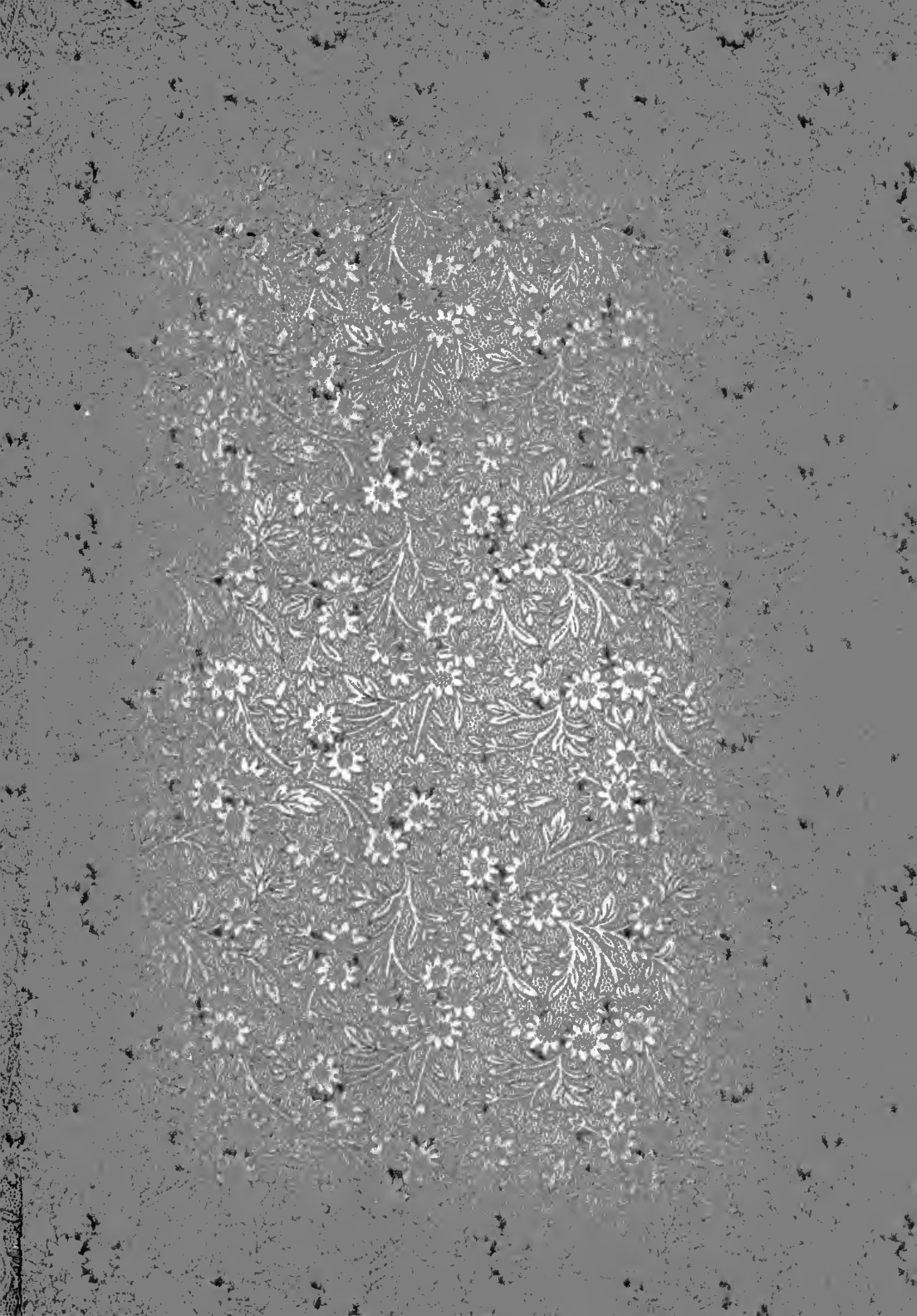


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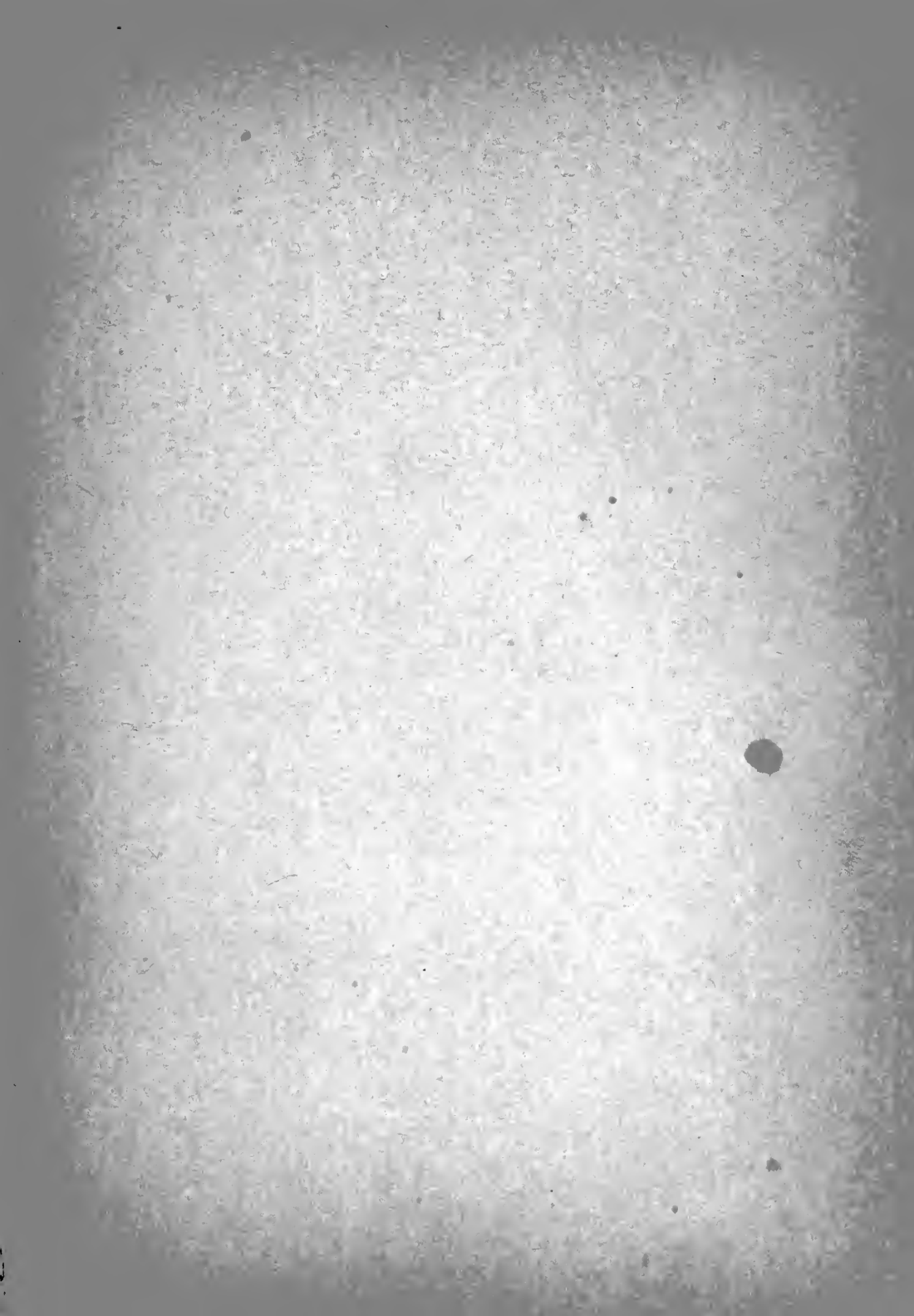
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THE

# CLARK PRIZE BOOK

Containing an Account of the Foundation and History of  
the Prize, the Successful Orations, and a Com-  
plete List of Subjects and Competitors.

EDITED BY

MELVIN GILBERT DODGE, B. A.,

Librarian and Assistant Professor in Hamilton College,

AND

DANIEL WYETTE BURKE, B. A.,

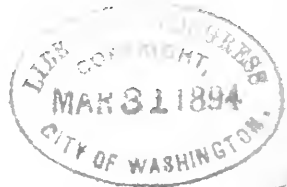
Assistant Librarian and Graduate Student in History.

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CLINTON, N. Y.

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## EDITORS' NOTE.

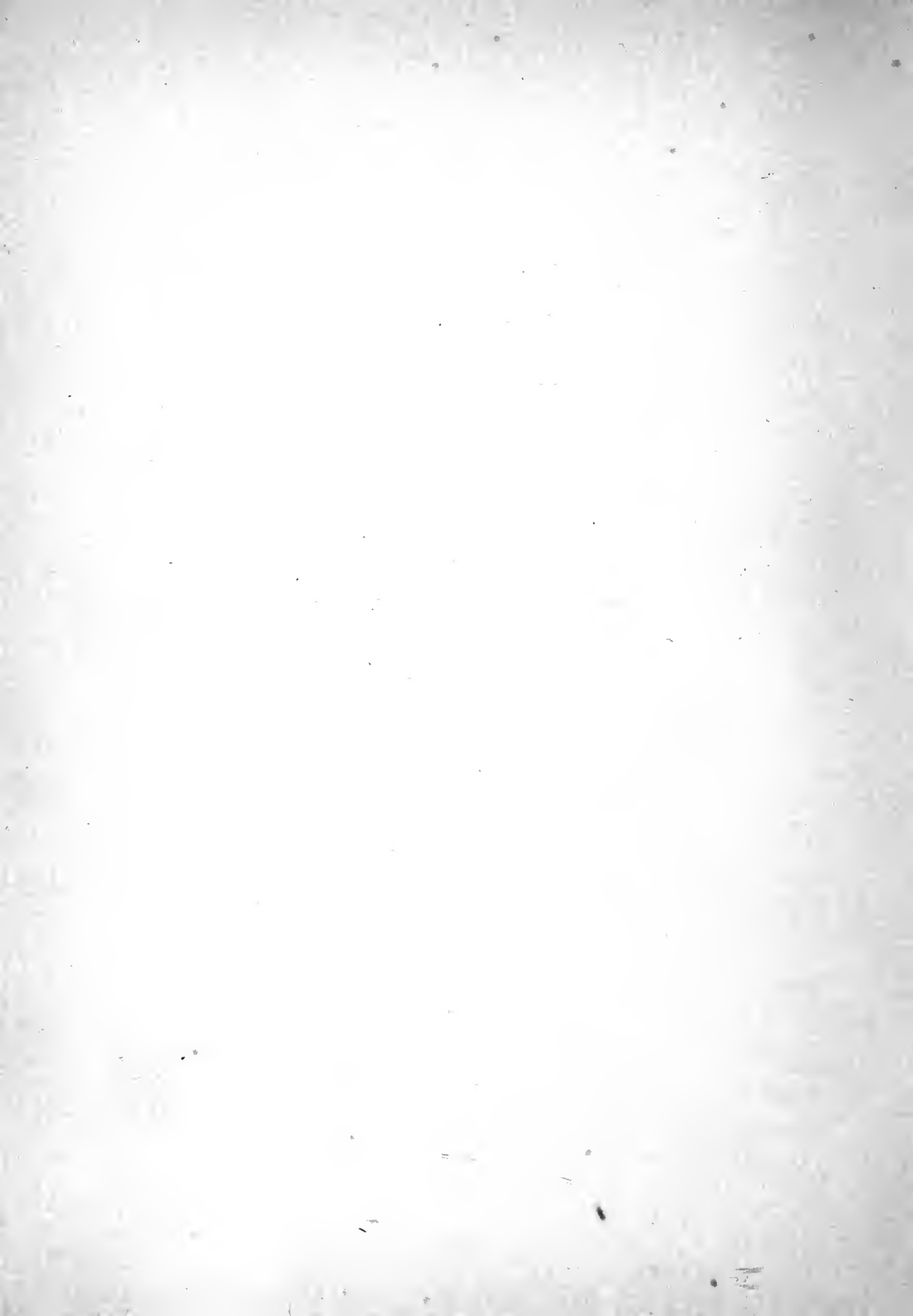
THIS volume of Clark Prize orations will be welcomed by all Hamilton alumni as a means of renewing some of the most pleasant associations of college life. It will also have some value from an educational point of view.

It has been impossible to procure the successful orations of 1855, 1857 and 1892, which we much regret. The prize takers for these years were John E. Burke, Herrick Johnson and Gregory Rosenblum. We have thought it best to use by substitution in the first two cases the only orations for those years found in the College Library. No oration appears for the year 1884, as there was no contest by that class.

We wish to express our hearty thanks to Chancellor Upson, Professors Frink, Hoyt and Smith, for their generous and welcome contributions to the volume. The three former made the contest what it is, a glory of Hamilton; to the latter, with Professor Scollard, is left the duty of sustaining the work in its integrity.

THE EDITORS.





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# INTRODUCTION.

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## THE CLARK PRIZE IN HAMILTON COLLEGE, N.Y.:

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### ITS EARLY HISTORY.

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THE Clark Prize in Hamilton College was founded by the Hon. Aaron Clark, of New York city, in 1855. Not many facts in the life of the founder can now be definitely ascertained; yet as one of the benefactors of the college, he deserves to be gratefully remembered. We know that Mr. Clark was a student in Hamilton Oneida Academy, and that he left Clinton, probably in 1804, to enter Union College, Schenectady. He was graduated at Union in 1808, the same year that Samuel Kirkland died. Afterwards, he entered the legal profession and practiced law for many years in the city of New York. April 11, 1837, he was elected Mayor of New York and held the office for two years. Hamilton College gave him the degree of Master of Arts in 1838. In 1856, he was President of the Hamilton Alumni Association, and in commencement week of the same year he delivered an address to the alumni. He died in the city of New York in 1861, at about the age of seventy-three.

While Mr. Clark was a student at the Hamilton Oneida Academy, its Principal was the well remembered Rev'd Robert Porter, whom John Colt, Esq., of Paterson, New Jersey, described as "a great favorite with the boys." At Union College, the class of 1808, in which he was graduated, was the first class which President Nott instructed, he having been elected President in 1804. It is interesting to notice also that in college, Mr. Clark was taught mathematics by the Rev'd Dr. Thomas Macaulay, afterwards an eminent Presbyterian pastor in New York. He was taught rhetoric and logic by the Rev'd Dr. T. C. Brownell, afterwards the widely known Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Connecticut, and Greek by the Rev'd Dr. Henry Davis, afterwards President of Hamilton College. One of his tutors in college was Thomas Emmons Clark, who afterwards, for more than forty years, was one of the best lawyers in Oneida county and whose instructions as a teacher of a Bible Class in Utica will never be forgotten.

If we may know a man's character by the company he keeps, it will be interesting and may be instructive to recall the names of some of those with whom Mr. Clark must have associated in his college life. Some of his fellow students at Union, either in his own class or in contemporaneous classes, from whom he received much of his "unconscious tuition," were James Dean, the "best scholar" in

his class, who was afterwards a tutor in Hamilton College, and subsequently Treasurer of the college, and still later first Judge of Oneida county ; Alfred Conkling, afterwards U. S. District Judge, U. S. Minister to Mexico, and the father of Roscoe Conkling ; the brothers Thomas and John Dewitt, afterwards eminent clergymen in the Reformed Dutch Church ; John C. Spencer, Secretary of State of N. Y., and U. S. Sec'y of War and of the Treasury ; and Gideon Hawley, the organizer of our New York system of common schools. Among his college friends, those who afterwards were more or less closely identified with Hamilton College, were the Hon. James O. Morse, of Cherry Valley, and the Rev'd Dr. Jacob Van Vechten, of Schenectady. No wonder that with such teachers and "keeping such company" in his college life, he became a useful and honored citizen.

In 1837, when he was about fifty years of age, he was elected Mayor of the city of New York. About four years previous to Mr. Clark's election this Mayoralty had been made a higher honor than ever before. Before 1833, the Mayors of New York had been appointed by the Common Council. Mr. Clark, like his two immediate predecessors, was elected by the people. To be Mayor of New York as he was, from 1837 to 1839, was, at that time, to hold a more responsible office than that of many a Governor. It was a period of financial distress.

Serious disturbances were not improbable. To hold efficiently the reins of power required a steady hand. Our College Board of Trust honored itself, when in 1838 the Board conferred upon the Mayor of New York the degree of Master of Arts. Although he was a graduate of Union College, perhaps his early attachment to Hamilton Oneida Academy might have made him prefer to accept his second degree from Hamilton College. In later years, when honorary degrees are conferred more freely, he might have been made a Doctor of Laws. However this may be, it is pleasant to know that his name will be borne upon our roll of honor forever.

I remember well his appearance when he delivered his address before our alumni, in the old Stone Church, in 1856. About sixty-eight years of age, he was a sturdy man. For one of his age, he seemed very robust, remarkably vigorous in body and mind. He spoke like an experienced lawyer, with clearness and precision and argumentative force. His thoughts were consecutively arranged, and were as vigorous as his elocution. His whole address was as manly as himself; most appropriate to the place and to the occasion, and to his audience, mostly composed of young men.

I wish I had preserved a letter which he once wrote to me. It was characteristic in itself, and in his signature. He had noticed that his name in the

title of the prize was printed "*Clarke*." He much preferred to have it printed "*Clark*," without the terminal letter "*e*." So may it be.

When the Clark Prize was founded, in 1854-55, I had been permitted to teach rhetoric and to train young men in Hamilton College in writing English, and in public speaking, for about five years. It had often occurred to me that we might have a public exercise which should represent the highest rhetorical attainments of the college, exhibiting from time to time its very best work in writing and speaking—the best work in the art of expression that our undergraduates could do. It seemed to me that this exercise would not only exhibit and stimulate rhetorical attainments specially, but might represent and indirectly stimulate the whole culture of the college in all its departments, and so be a worthy expression of the trained mental and moral and physical power of the institution.

With this purpose in mind, I consulted Professor Charles Avery, LL.D., '20, who was then greatly interested in increasing the endowments of the college. For many years, with remarkable perseverance and unselfishness, Dr. Avery gave much time and labor to this most beneficent and difficult work. He himself could give but little or no money, but with heart-felt interest, he induced others to give to our beloved college. He deserves to be remembered and he will be remembered as one of



the liberal benefactors of the institution. To Dr. Charles Avery we are largely indebted for the foundation of the Clark Prize. He had made the acquaintance of Mr. Clark, and relying upon his interest in the college because of his former life as a student in Hamilton Oneida Academy, he called his attention to the good that might be done by such an endowment. After due consideration, Mr. Clark responded by the gift of five hundred dollars. He made a condition of his gift that the principal should be permanently invested and the income appropriated as a prize to that student or those students of the Senior Class who should excel in oratory. It was an affectionate recognition of the benefits Aaron Clark had received from his academic life on College Hill. The Trustees of the college accepted the gift and pledged themselves to fulfill the conditions. President North and the Faculty of the college readily approved of the plans proposed for the establishment of the prize. At first, it was thought by some that the income of the fund should be awarded in two prizes, but it was determined, wisely I think, that the whole income should be awarded, as it is now and has been from the beginning, in a single prize for the best oration in thought, composition, style and delivery. The competition was limited to the Senior Class. The subjects were to be selected and the six successful competitors appointed and the prize awarded by

the Faculty. Other regulations were adopted similar to those now prescribed.

We had some trouble at first with the length of the orations. It is remarkable how many writers and speakers "take no note of time" until—they are hearers. The "gift of continuance" is too frequently an unconscious possession. In authorship, as well as in physical life, parents over-estimate the merits and attractiveness of their own offspring. But these long orations must, somehow, be shortened. The patience of even a sympathetic college audience is not inexhaustible. So, at first, it was decreed that only so many sheets of paper should be covered. But writers soon developed marvellous skill in microscopic penmanship. Then the private reading of the orations to the professor of rhetoric was found to be unsatisfactory ; for the public delivery of the same number of words took much more time than the private reading. It was difficult to induce writers to shorten their own compositions, even by the advice or positive direction of the professor of rhetoric. In one case, an abbreviation decreed by the Faculty was resisted by the orator with tears. The critical professor was tearfully told that the passage he so cruelly proposed to omit, would, if retained and delivered by the writer, "draw tears from the most obdurate !" It was difficult indeed, even for an obdurate critic, hardened by his murderous work, to resist such an

appeal. But soon after, the present method was adopted. Length was ascertained and determined by counting the folios, according to the enactment of the courts of New York, by which a folio is decreed to be one hundred words. Such a method seems now as if it must have been very naturally suggested. Yet, it was not thought of until it was suggested to me by my friend the Hon. Theodore M. Pomeroy, LL.D., '42. And even this folio method encountered, at first, the resistance of fertile writers. We were asked whether such short words as articles and conjunctions might not be omitted in the counting. In my time, if I remember correctly, no oration was accepted which contained more than twelve folios. I doubt whether the present increase of the length to fifteen folios has improved the orations.

After the six orations had been selected by the Faculty, no speaker was permitted to alter his composition ; this prohibition is the only excuse I have now, at this late day, to offer for what might, otherwise, seem mischievous in me. At the first exhibition, in 1855, three orations were delivered on the same theme : "The Imagination as a Means of Napoleon's Success." All three speakers meant to quote correctly and appropriately the sublime apostrophe of Napoleon at the beginning of his battle with the Mamelukes in Egypt, in sight of the pyramids. One speaker made him exclaim,

“Soldiers, from the top of yonder pyramids twenty centuries look down upon you !” Another speaker made him say “thirty centuries.” And still another orator proclaimed the fact, with increasing emphasis, that “forty centuries look down upon you !” Neither speaker knew what the others had said, but the hearers remembered ; and when the last quotation was made, it was received with most tumultuous applause, to the amusement of the audience and to the delight of the unconscious orator over the overwhelming success of his eloquence ! No harm was done. The Professor, mischievously perhaps, had prevented monotony.

During the sixteen years—1855–1870, in which I supervised the annual exhibitions, the six speakers were prepared for the public exercise by four elocutionary rehearsals each—three in the chapel on the hill, and the last in the Stone Church in Clinton. The aim in each rehearsal was to develop as completely as possible the characteristic powers of each speaker so that he might give not mine, but his own best expression to his own thoughts, giving the fullest effect to his own speech by the most effective action that was most natural to himself. To gain this end, that each speaker might do his best, neither time nor labor nor repetitious drilling were spared by either the professor or the speaker. So much was done in this way by both, that not only were many bad habits corrected, but good habits

were formed. Many speakers were taught "how to be natural" in a way never forgotten; so that their "Clark Prize Oration" became a valuable life-long possession—a kind of elocutionary "study," bringing them back to nature whenever they wandered away.

In the course of time, there grew up in the college, among the students in successive classes, a band of assistants who greatly aided in the work of these rehearsals, seeing that the suggestions of the professor were carried out, or disapproving them sometimes, or making new suggestions, possibly.

And we must not forget to mention also the touch of humor that often brightened our final fourth rehearsal in the village church, when in the earlier days of the prize, the old sexton, Samuel Foote, so well remembered for his stentorian voice, used to come limping upon the platform showing to professor and speaker with inimitable grace "how he could do it and how it ought to be done!"

From the beginning, the Clark Prize was successful. There was no lack of competitors. The subjects selected were dignified and thoughtful, worth writing and speaking and hearing about. They enlisted the best work of many of the best young men in successive Senior classes. And I think I have noticed the permanent influence of some of the subjects discussed upon the character of some of the competitors in their subsequent lives. The exhibition was held in the early summer, when the



valley of the Oriskany and beautiful College Hill with its verdure are in their glory. Large and brilliant audiences were drawn together from far and near. The whole occasion was as inspiring as the fountain of youth. It was delightful to see so many young men transformed for the time into genuine orators, graceful, forcible, manly: apparently uplifted almost out of themselves by their subjects and the thought they had given to them, and by their effort to give a true expression to their thoughts and feelings. There were none connected with the occasion who were not benefited by it: not only the successful prize-taker, but every writer for it, whether or not selected to be one of the six competitors, was stimulated and broadened and strengthened by his effort. The whole college felt the inspiration. And many an academy boy who came to listen, resolved to graduate and kept his resolution.

We cannot be too grateful to the founder for that little gift that has done so much for so many: "How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world." Like so many educational methods invented in Hamilton College, our Clark Prize has been honored by imitators in many other institutions. It is encouraging to know that for thirty-nine years it has lived and is still useful. *Esto Perpetua.*

ANSON J. UPSON.

*Glens Falls, N. Y., December 7th, 1893.*

## THE CLARK PRIZE FROM 1872 TO 1885.

“THE competition in oratory which is intended to stimulate men how to speak is the highest exercise in which educated young men can engage.” The occasion of these words was the announcement of the awards at the Inter-Collegiate contest in Oratory, held in the Academy of Music; New York, January 3rd, 1877, when, for the second time, the first honor was assigned to Hamilton College. The speaker was the presiding officer, the late Rev. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, for nearly half a century, editor of the *New York Observer*.

Dr. Prime, as a distinguished representative of the press, made it plain in thus emphasizing the value of oratorical training, that, in his opinion, the power of the spoken word has not been transferred to the printed word. It is true that the press has taken much for its province that in ancient times belonged to the orator, and so now informs and instructs where once the orator alone was teacher. But no less is it true that it is, to-day, the press which gives wings to the spoken word, and leaving it no longer a message local and transient, makes it an influence universal and immortal.

The peculiar mission of the orator is not, however, to inform and instruct, but to convince and

persuade. And here his power is supreme. "The deepest avenues to the soul," says one of our most philosophic thinkers, "is by the ear." The religions that have moved mankind most profoundly have addressed themselves to the ear and not to the eye. Moses spake, the prophets spake, the Son of God spake, the apostles spake is the record of the means which God has used to draw to Himself the heart and mind and will and life of the human race. Nor, at the present moment, can the cold, speechless type, however informing and appealing, work upon man the spell of the living presence, the speaking gesture, the inspiring voice. And so, when man is to be moved to his depths that he may feel a transforming influence on life and character, or is to be inspired to action the highest and noblest, or is to be strengthened to serve as he "stands and waits," the soul opens itself to no other form of direct address as to the commanding persuasiveness of the spoken word. Dr. Prime was then not without reason for thinking so highly of the competitions which aim to help educated young men to something of this power in public speech.

But such competitions do more than impart this particular power. They develop, as can no other form of academic training, elements of character essential to the largest usefulness and noblest success. To meet such public demands, the competitor

finds that something more is needed than mastery of voice, grace of manner, felicity of expression, or earnestness of thought. Behind all these elements of impressive speech, must stand the man with every power of body, heart, mind and soul bent to give to the word which he speaks all that he is in purpose, thought and feeling. For without this infusion of personal vitality and energy, public speech is without the means of personal ascendancy. And what is the ability so to concentrate and to direct personal force but one which success in every walk of life demands? No less, then, has the training which helps to this self-mastery and self-reliance, this strength and poise of will, this power to inspire every intellectual and moral energy to gain the end in view, a value for the man than for the speaker.

It is well, therefore, that the usefulness of the long list of Clark Prize competitions in oratory at Hamilton College should have some permanent recognition, as in this volume of orations.

The most interesting fact of the Clark Prize exhibitions as I knew them, was their remarkable influence. Directly, this influence was felt as an incentive and as a standard in all the work in writing and speaking from the beginning to the end of the college course. Certain orations of literary fame or of noted popular effect associated many years before with the Clark Prize stage, were read and studied by aspirants to like success, with an interest

and an ardor, which the productions that the world calls great could not then command. Nor is this to be criticised. We all learn most and fastest in our earlier if not in our later years, by that which is nearest to us in excellence. Its merits do not dishearten but stimulate. The superiority is not so beyond what we think we may in time reach as to warn us from the attempt, but seems to beckon us on with assuring promise. I am glad, therefore, that some of these orations which formerly were often so difficult of access are now to be obtainable by any who would be helped, as by the guidance of a somewhat surer and stronger hand, to similar attempts.

Indirectly, through the stimulus which made high effort in oratory so common and constant, these exhibitions more than any other influence gave to the college, as familiar to me, its peculiar atmosphere of culture. A rural college singularly isolated in situation, with inadequate library, dilapidated buildings, with no art collections, not even a gymnasium of any service so that at least the physical man might be trained to symmetry and grace, wanting all material and external means—except the incomparable beauty of its campus for a few brief weeks in summer—to touch and mold the finer tastes and sympathies, the college by its enthusiastic devotion to the most comprehensive, vital and potential of arts, the art of expression, imparted

to its students a spirit of refinement and culture which was the surprise of every critical listener at its public entertainments. Often, at a Junior exhibition, when all the members of the class appeared in turn upon the stage, has the remark been made by visitors, that it was strange so many young men from the city should attend the college. And when I have said, that with here and there an exception the speakers were not from the city, I have been told, that the impression made was otherwise. Nor was the influence one which stopped with culture in speech, appearance, and bearing. It reached taste and sympathy and mind and spirit, and transformed the man.

The occasion to which I referred when quoting from Dr. Prime, is not without significance in this direction. The competition was in the metropolis, the audience one of rare intelligence and culture, the judges of national fame in letters and statesmanship, the competition mainly from colleges drawing their support from centres of wealth and refinement, and yet, for two successive years, the honors went to the little country college remote from all the visible influences which would seem essential in the training for success at such a time and in such a place. And so I think, I do not give too great importance to the value of these annual competitions which as an inspiring and guiding influence in the work of the whole rhetorical course,

touch deep the life and impart to it a finer, nobler spirit, as they train the outward man to effective power and grace in speech.

HENRY ALLYN FRINK.

*Department of Logic, Rhetoric and Public Speaking, Amherst College.*

## THE CLARK PRIZE FROM 1886 TO 1891.

TWO principles governed the choice of the Clark Prize subjects from 1886 to 1891.

*First.* That they should be worthy subjects, not curious and beautiful bric-a-brac, but subjects demanding patient study, leading to practical interest and calling for earnest advocacy.

*Second.* That they should represent more than the rhetorical side of the college training ;—the truth of many departments put in attractive and effective speech. That this ideal was reached by all the subjects of the years mentioned can not be claimed. That it was held before the mind is seen by a careful analysis of the orations,—still more marked could the six of each year be placed side by side.

The oratorical training of Hamilton has been for the average man and for practical uses. It has been “ animated conversation ” on vital themes.

The college has recognized the widening sphere of public speech and the uses of clear, vigorous style in many fields. Hence rhetoric and elocution should not be the rivals of other departments, and least of all independent of them. Other departments train the power of close, logical thinking, give the habit of painstaking investigation,



furnish the materials of facts and principles,—for oratory to put in worthy written and vocal form. So scholarship is not dumb, but finds her voice, that lays its charm upon the minds of men.

It is fitting then that the themes for the Clark Prize orations, the best expression of the oratorical training, should be from many fields—representing the studious life of the college. Any system of training with the emphasis that Hamilton places upon her oratory will have its incidental evils. That they do not become inherent depends upon the moral life that directs the training.

Men have sometimes made a fetish of style. “’Tis in bad taste” has been the most formidable word, to use Emerson’s keen wit at English manners. Does it sound well? has sometimes taken the place of—Is it true? Will it speak? has been the question: not Is it my conviction? and will it do men good?

The very word Exhibition has its unpleasant suggestion, as though truth could be put up for show. The moment a man thinks how well he speaks, that moment he has lost the genuine power of speech. The spirit of reality, that governs the best thought of our generation, that tries men and methods, is rightly impatient of the mere form of oratory, demanding the much within and little without, the doing of all for truth and nothing for show. “Eloquence is a virtue,” but the simulation of elo-

quence is a vice. In fact, glibness of speech and the tricks of elocution are a foe to the highest uses of oratory, the moving of men to noble thought and life. Such a reaction has taken place against "palaver," to use Carlyle's contemptuous word, that it is commonly thought that "Eloquence is a gift which the Lord does not often use much for His purposes—it is a prancing palfrey which the Son of Man rarely rides."

Truth first should be the orator's motto, the manhood that comes from wrestling with great problems, the humility of standing before unattained measures of life. Then alone is the culture of speech a power.

"It were to be wished the flaws were fewer  
In the earthen vessels holding treasure,  
Which lies as safe as in a golden ewer.  
But the main thing is—Does it hold good measure?  
Heaven soon sets right all other matter."

The training in style and speech can not be too thorough, if it is kept servant of the man and his message. In no other department is there such a subtle and vital connection between intellectual and moral ideals and the training given as in oratory. When sincerity is the atmosphere, reality the test of word, inflection, gesture; when young men are taught to find truth, and be possessed of conviction before they open the mouth, oratorical culture

makes every other department of study its debtor,  
and helps the highest ends of education.

ARTHUR S. HOYT.

*Auburn Theological Seminary, Dec. 6, 1893.*

## THE MEN WHO SPOKE.

I HAVE been asked by the editors of this interesting volume to write something for its pages; not, I think, because the editors thought that I had something to say,—something that very much needed saying,—about the Clark Prize in oratory; but because I now occupy the Upson Chair of Rhetoric and Oratory in Hamilton College. Surely one who occupies so honored a seat ought to have something to say on so honored a subject. But I understand that my predecessors, the men who during the last forty years have made the study and the practice of the noble art of oratory what it has been and what it is in Hamilton College, have written, historically and otherwise, about all there is to be written on the Clark Prize. “The past at least is secure;” and he would be a bold man who should venture to prophesy of the future of oratory in Hamilton College. But I think that even a timid man might reasonably venture to hope much for a department which has been reared on the foundations of Mandeville by Anson J. Upson, Samuel D. Wilcox, John J. Lewis, Henry A. Frink, Arthur S. Hoyt and Clinton Scollard.

As I wrote the names of the men who succeeded Professor Upson,—or should I say, Dr. Anson J

Upton, Chancellor of the University of the State of New York? I like the old name best; I always think of the beloved man who, more than any one else, made Hamilton College the "Home of Oratory" as "Prof. Ups,"—as I wrote those five names, Wilcox, Lewis, Frink, Hoyt and Scollard, it occurred to me that they would serve admirably as the text for my brief discourse; as a sort of sub-text in the larger discourse on the great text "The Clark Prize in Oratory." Of those five men four were Clark Prize speakers, and three were valedictorians of their classes. Two, alas, are dead; but they lived to attain honorable distinction. The others have attained and maintain honorable distinction. Let us see whether the Clark Prize competition has attracted the scholars of the college; let us see whether Clark Prize orators, as a class, have attained and maintained honorable distinction.

There have been thirty-eight Clark Prize exhibitions, and fourteen valedictorians have competed, and sixteen salutatorians. That but two valedictorians, Gardiner and Cole, carried off the prize, while seven salutatorians were successful, proves,—well, I don't know that I am called upon to say what it does prove. A study of the records shows that of the two hundred and twenty-eight men who have spoken for the prize, one hundred and five have been honor-men. A fair showing certainly, considering that for many years honors were granted to but very

few men in each class ; to six or eight at the most : a showing that indicates clearly that the honormen of Hamilton have been something more than mere bookmen ; that accurate scholarship and oratorical ability are not, of necessity, antagonistic, as some who sneer at the study of oratory in college, would have us believe.

At the very first Clark Prize exhibition the valedictorian, salutatorian, and third honorman, Stocking, Burke, and Hart, competed, and the salutatorian won. Two years later Herrick Johnson, the salutatorian, took the prize, with the third and fourth men in the class, Arthur T. Pierson and Augustus S. Seymour, competing. It was Salutatorian Buckingham who won the prize in 1862 ; and it was the third man in his class, Bogue, who the year following carried off the prize from Valedictorian Van Norden and Salutatorian Adams. Elihu Root was the valedictorian of 1864, but the salutatorian, Henry M. Simmons, beat him for the prize. It was Fowler, the salutatorian of 1869, who won the prize ; and in 1874, Enos, the salutatorian, was successful over Hemenway, valedictorian, and Blackmar, third honorman. So in 1882, Evans, the salutatorian, was the winner, Valedictorian Dewey being one of the competitors ; and four years later both Valedictorian Tolles and Salutatorian Hotchkiss were beaten by Honorman Lee. The Class of '87 ought to be proud of its Clark

Prize exhibition, and probably it is. All who spoke were honormen; and Valedictorian Cole won from Salutatorian Robson, and from third and fifth honormen, Brown and Judson. Since that year no valedictorians have spoken for the prize, and but two salutatorians, Root of '90 and Lee of '91.

And how have these Clark Prize orators carried themselves in the sterner competitions of life? Among those alive to-day,—there is many a star in the *Triennial Catalogue* set against the names of Clark Prize men,—among those alive to-day, who have had time enough to show their mettle, I find twenty-eight successful (not mediocre, but successful) lawyers; some of them at the head and front of their profession. There are twenty-six successful clergymen; and of these not one or two only whose names are well-known on both sides of the Atlantic, and across the Pacific. There are at least four worthy to be called statesmen. In business a baker's dozen have proved their right to the adjective "successful." Of editors who have been heard from there are seven. Upon the bench are four Clark Prize men; one is a Regent of the University of the State of New York; three recently have been appointed delegates to the Constitutional Convention; five are at the head of colleges or seminaries; thirteen answer to the title "Professor;" of poets there are three worthy to wear the bay, and of rhymsters there are many; the few

who minister to the ailing bodies of their fellow men have won unusual distinction ; and who shall say how many call themselves authors ?

One author deserves especial mention. It is Peck of '59, the author of Peck of '91, who won the prize that year. Scott of '59, was the first Clark Prize missionary. He carried his eloquence and his consecrated life to Persia. And Knox of '74, is known better in Japan to-day, than any other son of Hamilton. But I must not forget the maxim of good Mrs. Gamp, Which namin' no names, no offense could be took. Yet, I will add three names. They are from the Clark Prize men of '62. They are Buckingham, Bradbury, and Curran. They are but types of the greater number of Hamilton's sons, who in the direful days of the sixties went forth from the sheltering arms of their Mother on the Hill, to the stern shock and play of battle. They gave their lives for their country, and we count them among our most successful brothers, for

“They never fail, who die  
In a great cause.”

Each

“Left a deathless lesson—  
A name which is a virtue, and a soul  
Which multiplies itself throughout all time,  
When wicked men wax mighty, and a state  
Turns servile.”

It has been hinted sometimes that interest in



oratory is waning in Hamilton College. I do not believe it. If it does wane, it will not, I think, be because the college authorities lack interest. With five Clark Prize speakers in the Board of Trust, and with a Faculty in which are seven competitors for the great oratorical prize, it is pretty safe to say that there will be no action in either of these bodies tending to belittle the noble art, which so long has been cherished here, and which so amply has repaid the college for her years of sedulous and sympathetic encouragement.

BRAINARD G. SMITH.

*Hamilton College.*



# CLARK PRIZE ORATIONS.

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## EXHIBITION OF 1855.

“The Imagination as a Means of Napoleon’s Success,”

JOHN EDMUND BURKE,  
WILLIAM BONNAIR FAIRFIELD,  
WILLIAM HART.

“The Treatment of Aliens in this Country,”  
WILLIAM HENRY JACKSON.

“The Risks of Thinking,”  
SCHUYLER BLISS STEERE,  
SOLON WALTER STOCKING.

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## THE IMAGINATION AS A MEANS OF NAPOLEON’S SUCCESS.

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BY WILLIAM B. FAIRFIELD.

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THERE is a natural tendency among all men when they meet with the word imagination, to affix to it a meaning which places it among the gewgaws and tinsels of intellect. But this is far from its real meaning ; it is not an article for dreaming, fantastic men alone to deal with ; it is as much the property of the man of the world as the man of letters, as much the property of the soldier as the poet. It is the motive power of the whole machinery of the mind, the origin of our endeavors

and the promoter of our successes. Thus by a mere conception Mohammed established the religion of nations and placed himself at their head as God's prophet. To her influence upon the imaginations of her followers, the Romish church owes the power with which she has swayed the world. History teems with instances of imagination determining the success of great men. But amid them all there is probably no better illustration of the influence of imagination upon success in life, than Napoleon. Let us endeavor to point out some of the instances of the influence of imagination upon Napoleon himself, and show wherein it was an element of success in his career.

It influenced him most directly and powerfully in his boyhood, and constituted, unconsciously perhaps, the chief motive of those endeavors, which afterwards made him so famous. Of a disposition naturally ardent and impulsive, and educated in an island struggling for its independence, he eagerly seized upon the stories of his country's battles and feasted his young fancy upon legends of chivalric deeds, garnished with all the wild romance of a partisan warfare. These were stories of his native heroes, and so emulous did he become of their names and deeds that his whole ambition was to be of them and with them. When, however, he entered the military school of Brienne, a new and wider range for imagination opened before him.

Amid its vast libraries but one book seemed to interest and enchain him. With a volume of Plutarch as his sole companion, he would retire to the shade of a favorite tree and there read and muse upon the deeds of ancient heroes. Corsica's patriots were soon lost in admiration of those conquerors of old, before whose arms a world had fallen. Under the shade of that tree he would lay and dream day-dreams, and build castles in the air with all the fervency of boyhood. That he did this we have his own confessions to prove, but how far into the future his fancy then flew or how bright that future pictured, we cannot tell. But we know that even then his restless spirit was chafing in its limits, that he was doing deeds he afterward executed, and in imagination leading armies he afterward commanded in reality. It was at this time he exclaimed, "With ten thousand men I could conquer all Italy!" His fancy had so brightly clothed the feats and success of a military life, so grand had it appeared to his imagination that all the powers of his mind were bent to the accomplishment and realization of his idea.

But while Napoleon in retirement was dreaming and planning; fate, active without, was exciting a convulsion that would change the wild chaos of those dreams into a distinctness of form and reality tenable to the monarchies of Europe. At length the revolution bursts out in Paris; Napoleon silent-

ly and thoughtfully paced its blood-stained streets. He knew that convulsions like these had tossed many a man to the summit of power, and why should they not serve him for a like purpose ?

Before him, magnificent even in its ruins, was the throne of France, crumbling beneath the attacks of the infuriated mob, and that throne he might restore for himself,—he, the poor Corsican lieutenant, without family, without even a name, might restore it. Surely it was a wild dream, but he had become so accustomed in his boyish imagination to associate himself with great men and great deeds, that it seemed not only possible but probable. The means were around him, ready within his grasp. That heated fervid mass within and the flames of war without, were the elements he must operate upon. He knew the French to be a nation of fatalists, fond of effect and display, eager after the novel and mysterious, and worshippers of power. To succeed he must impress their imaginations ; that once done and they were but his playthings. Fortune placed him at Toulon ; his success there made him commander at the revolt of the sections ; his firmness here placed him at the head of the army of Italy. Once there he caught the echo of his youthful exclamation, “ With ten thousand men I could conquer all Italy ! ” Now the whole bright field of his youthful imaginings lies spread out before. Fortune smiles upon him and here begins

that confidence in himself, which in afterlife was almost sublime. Three Austrian armies fell in succession before him. Victory followed victory. Governments bowed down to him. The pope of Rome received whatever terms he dictated. The gates of the Eternal City flew open to receive him, and Napoleon walks, a conqueror, in the palace of the Cæsars. France asks, who is this Napoleon? The answer is, "I am the child of destiny," and catching at the words, France hails him as a demigod.

He had dazzled the French people; he had enslaved their imaginations. They loved to talk of his destiny and speculate about it. He was new, he was wonderful, above all he was mysterious. He had become their "star in the east," their Messiah. They shouted, he has the stamp of divinity upon his brow, and when after renewed successes he made himself consul and then emperor, "It is his destiny," they cried, and murmured not.

But it was not upon the imaginations of the people alone, that he wrought, but upon those of his officers and men. He went to an army dispirited and mutinous. In appearance a mere boy, he commanded generals, gray-haired and scarred with service. His officers doubted, but as victory followed each blow, they wondered that one so young could be so great. He came at a moment when a victory would have been regarded as almost

a miracle, and its originator as a god. So sudden were his movements and so mysterious seemed the success which followed upon each, that they knew not what to think or say of such a man who, laying aside all rules and established tactics, seemed to act from the influence of some superior being.

But while the French people admired Napoleon and while his generals fought for him, as if for a superior being, he had established himself in the imaginations of his soldiers as their idol. Early impressed himself that he should not die in battle, he was ever in the thickest of the fight. So often had victory followed his movements and so often had the messenger of death been warded off, that his troops thought that death dare not come where he was, that where his eye glanced, there victory lay. He was accustomed before his battles to appeal to the imagination of his soldiers. On the eve of one of his battles, under shadow of the Pyramids, he said, "Soldiers, from yonder pile thirty centuries look down upon you." No more was needed. The imagination of the French soldier saw the spirits of the great Egyptian dead encircling the summits of the gigantic creations of their skill. The French soldier was fighting on the battle-fields of nations who centuries before had passed away, and if fall he must the plains of Pharaoh should be his grave and Egypt's Pyramids his monument.

His army claimed him as their own. So certain



had victory become under his guidance, and so wonderful had his successes appeared, that on the bloodiest battle-field amid the hecatombs of the dying and the dead, he seemed to them rather as the high priest, offering incense to the god of battles than the mercenary soldier.

A great deal also of Napoleon's success was due to his influence upon the imagination of his enemies. In their vision he was the hydra-headed monster. So suddenly had he loomed up from the mass and mobs of the French revolution ; so lightning-like had been his blows, and so rapid and sure his success that they began to think him unconquerable ; they felt that they must yield to the irresistible destiny of the man. They returned to their homes and painted him as one whose natural element was war, and whose sweetest music was the war and din of battle, and the shrieks and groans of the dying. Disheartened by his many victories they went forth with fear to meet him, while his name as the battle-cry of those victorious legions struck terror to their hearts, and they fled almost without a blow.

Through all Europe his name paled fair cheeks and many a mother at the thought of him strained closer to her bosom her little ones. Even in England he had gained and still holds the rivalry of one of Scott's heroes.

“Chili's dark matron long shall tame  
The froward child with Bertram's name.”

Such was the instrument and such the means of Bonaparte's success. His imagination was the source of his endeavors; his influence upon the imagination of others promoted his progress and ensured his success. He stepped forth upon the stage of action at a time when the world was waiting breathlessly for a prominent actor in the tragedy then enacting in France. Springing from a lowly origin, his rapid rise and continued success dazzled the imagination of both actors and spectators. His mind, strong and active, was the basis; but as in some old cathedral we have seen the sunlight pouring through its stained windows; and tinting with a thousand hues the space within, so imagination penetrates and colors all the deeds and thoughts of Bonaparte. Nature made him a poet, but he preferred to act rather than write a poem. His life was one grand epic, and its music, slow and solemn, was chanted in the roar and din of battle, in strain above the praise of critics. From Austerlitz, Jena, Lodi, Wagram, the whole world heard it, and when its mournful cadence marked the slow falling of the curtain upon the closing scene at Waterloo, the nations shuddered.

'Twas there the "harp the monarch minstrel swept" was hushed; its cords had broken one by one. That harp whose tumultuous strains had charmed the world, and brought its kings in trembling to his feet, was shattered. Upon that field France's brightest light went out; earth's mightiest poet fell.

## EXHIBITION OF 1856.

“The Power of a Belief in an Endless Life,”

THEODORE BEARD,

WILLIAM JAMES ERDMAN,

CHARLES EUGENE KNOX.

“Is that Government the best which governs least?”

EDWARD CURRAN.

“The Legacy of Rome to the World,”

HENRY LYMAN DUGUID,

FRANKLIN HARVEY HEAD.

“Alexander Pope as the Literary Exponent of his Times.”

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## THE LEGACY OF ROME TO THE WORLD.

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BY FRANKLIN H. HEAD.

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IT is a proposition, capable of easy demonstration, that the influence of every person who ever lived still exists ; that however obscure his station, or hermit-like his life, he still modified to some extent the characters of those around him ; that even the infant, whose tiny wail was heard but for a single hour, far back in the very infancy of nations, still lives in the characters, and acts in the actions of now living men.

Much more is this true of nations. It matters not whether a nation have a literature or not ; it matters not whether pilgrims from all nations, and devotees from all lands, weep round some stately

Mausoleum o'er her buried arts, or whether the antiquary searches in vain for the slightest traces of her existence ; still her legacy is bequeathed ; still her lesson is spoken.

Before considering the great and peculiar legacy of Rome, we will examine what Rome is ; to what part of her gorgeous surroundings she is herself entitled, in her own unquestioned right. Distance has now lent to the achievements of Rome the magic of its enchantment. We are too apt to look upon her as a very El Dorado of political, intellectual and artistic wealth. To us, her sages discourse learnedly of the mysteries of life. Forms, which almost breathe, spring from the quarry at the touch of her sculptors. Painters garnish the temples of her gods ; and poets chant their strains at the public assemblies, and in the palaces of her monarchs. But this gorgeous portraiture represents not native, original Rome. This is Rome clad in the drapery of her Grecian neighbors ; Rome Atticised. Cicero, the philosopher, utters the dogmas of Plato ; Cicero, the orator, follows in the footprints of Demosthenes. Her lyrists warble the songs of Pindar ; her epic master chants the strains of Homer. Not from the purification and sublimation of the beautiful in nature and in themselves, but from the Grecian works do the Roman artists seek their inspiration.

No ! it is not in the beautiful arts that we must seek the legacy of Rome. They were ever but

exotics there. In the attempts at their culture was shown what Roman genius was not. Her real legacy, the real manifestations of her genius, is in the volumes of her civil and municipal law.

The Romans were the first people by whom law was reduced to the logical exactness of an art, and its application made a science. With the preëxistent nations the judiciary was well nigh untrammelled by precedent. The judges decided not upon the justice of the cause, but upon the eloquence or ingenuity of its advocates ; not upon the facts presented for their consideration, but as to who had made the most successful appeal to their prejudices or passions.

How happened it, then, that the Romans were the first to abolish this lawless discretion in judges ; this strong engine of tyranny ? One reason was this : From the first they were a nation of warriors. Preparation for the contest was their recreation ; the clangor of arms, their sweetest music. Trained to the most unhesitating obedience, witnessing in every conflict the superiority resultant from discipline, they became a nation *obedient to law*, and from that very fact fitted to be its makers. Their jurisprudence was the product of their genius thus formed, working under circumstances the most auspicious.

For ages there raged an unceasing strife between the patricians and the people. Where, better than

in such an arena, could be disciplined the lawgivers of the world? A conflict for constitutional privilege on the one hand, and on the other for natural right; on the one hand for usurped power, on the other for justice. Amid these continual mental tournaments and compromises was developed the body of their law.

That for this development was required a high and peculiar order of talent is evident from the rareness of its bestowal. The fundamental principles of justice are few and simple, but to trace out these principles to their legitimate consequences was a work first accomplished in the learned and splendid age of Roman jurisprudence. To the Roman lawyer, alone, has justice unfolded all her mysteries. Although, in the progress of society, countless new questions and new relations have arisen, yet the principles of the Roman law illumine controversial regions which were then undiscovered lands, and guide us through labyrinths which were to them unknown.

It is impossible to estimate too highly the value of this legacy of Rome. Twice has she conquered the world. Once, by her physical strength and discipline; again, by her mental prowess. And although her martial supremacy has long since passed away, she yet governs the world by the nobler supremacy of her reason. The arms of her soldiers are palsied; her generals, with their tro-

phies, have crumbled to dust ; the hermit makes his home in her stately pavilions ; yet she is not a whit the less the mistress of the world. Before the swaying of her scepter, the law, the great and the gifted of modern times have bowed in willing and obedient homage.

To write the history of the Roman law for the last two thousand years, is to write the decline of the ancient and the rise of the modern civilization. When, in process of time, Rome had conquered all nations, and had lost herself, her law was yet untouched by that degradation which marked all things else. That still bore upon every feature of its majestic image, the impress of her highest civilization. The signatures of Commodus and Caracalla, those living, bitter satires on the human race, are appended to some of the purest judicial decisions recorded in the pandects.

But when Rome was subdued, when Alaric and Attila, with their hordes, extinguished the last spark of her civilization, feudalism, that giant offspring of universal war, clasped all Europe in its blasting and withering embrace. Then the thick darkness of intellectual and moral night brooded over the nations ; the Roman law for ages was buried in the libraries of the monks, and liberty and learning, wreathed in cypress, bewailed its remediless loss. Then came the dawning of a brighter day ; religion acquired a new vitality, and with the

Roman law as its colaborer, went forth to revivify and enlighten humanity.

From that time the Roman law has been ever widening the sphere of its domain. It is incorporated into the jurisprudence of continental Europe ; and, underlying the common and statute law of England, it has traveled with the Anglo-Saxon race into every province of its world-embracing dominion. *Here*, where the lost Atlantis of Plato has reappeared ; *here*, where are well nigh actualized the dreamings of that philosopher, the Roman law has acquired for itself a magnificent empire. Unshackled by the feudal and ecclesiastical tyranny, the unyielding conservatism which hampers its progress in the Old World, it bids fair here to work out to the full its mission of beneficence ; to substitute for the ruling of old forms and the mummies of dead theories, the domination of strict and scientific justice. We resort to the books of the civil law as the ancients to the shrine at Delphi ; but, unlike them, we hear no enigmatical or lying oracles. Untinged by the subtle scholasticisms of the middle ages, they ever speak clearly and unmistakably the words of political wisdom and of everlasting justice.

Such is the legacy of Rome. And in truth, is it not a great and a noble one ? The legacy of Jerusalem has opened the gates of heaven to man, and given to him who is worthy, a happy and an everlast-



ing life. Athens, the home of all the æsthetic arts, has left a priceless legacy of beauty, which shall be to man "a joy forever." And surely, next in value to these is the legacy of Rome. From woman emancipated, from innocence justified, from humanity ennobled, goes up a ceaseless pæon in its praise. Hand in hand with Christianity, it invades the regions of mental and moral darkness, to conquer, to civilize, and to bless. It is a terror in the path of the oppressor and the doer of evil ; and of the downtrodden and wronged, it might say in almost the language of Jehovah, "I have seen the oppression of my people, and I have come to deliver them."

## EXHIBITION OF 1857.

“The Position of Patrick Henry in American History,”

GEORGE MILES DIVEN,

WILLIAM MASON ROBINSON.

“Assimilation of Character to Objects of Thought,”

HERRICK JOHNSON,

ARTHUR TAPPAN PIERSON.

“The Power of Reserve,”

DON JUAN ROBINSON.

“The Beautiful in its Relations to Christianity,”

AUGUSTUS SHERILL SEYMOUR.

“Christian Principle as a Power in Politics.”

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## THE POSITION OF PATRICK HENRY IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

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BY GEORGE M. DIVEN.

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IT was a most notable feature of our country's struggle for independence, that such a splendid array of extraordinary men were so fortunately consecrated to its consummation. History indeed teaches us that when a nation is about to break off the tyrannical shackles which have restrained its progress, and take a grand stride in the march of civilization, an overruling Providence ever seems to rouse its slumbering genius and raise up men adequate to the emergency; yet nowhere, in all her annals, does she present us with such a devoted

band of patriots, daring warriors, accomplished statesman and able orators. Foremost among this noble band—the most remarkable of them all—stands Patrick Henry, the orator of the Revolution ;

“the forest-born Demosthenes,

Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas ;”

the man “who gave the first impulse to the ball of the Revolution.”

The power of eloquence has ever exerted a controlling influence upon the human mind. When enlisted in her cause, the orator is freedom's most efficient defender, and his position then becomes one of the noblest which can be granted to man. Such an orator was Patrick Henry, and such a position does he occupy in our history.

In undertaking to define the position of Patrick Henry in American history, we shall examine his connection with the country in a historical point of view ; and the relation he sustained with the eminent men around him.

When Henry commenced his public life as a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, the first faint murmurings of the Revolution were beginning to be heard upon our shores. Its voice was low and distant, but to his prophetic soul it foretold with terrible distinctness the coming storm ; as at sea the subdued, hoarse mutterings of the angry wind announce to the mariner the approaching hurricane. That first step in the long course of

British oppression, the passage of the Stamp Act, had just been taken. Though resistance seemed hopeless, though the boldest were struck dumb by the gloomy and portentous prospect before them, and despondency was riveting yet firmer the bonds of tyranny, he, the youngest of them all, stood forth, alone and unadvised, with those memorable resolutions which so fearlessly denied the right of Great Britain to tax America ; and, unterrified by the cry of treason which rang around him, went boldly on, until by his irresistible eloquence he carried them in triumph. Thus was it his sacred privilege to sound the first alarum bell for liberty, whose clear notes ringing through the land, awaked the slumbering friends of freedom and nerved their arms for the coming struggle, and whose swelling echoes, speeding over the broad Atlantic, rising higher with every gale which bore them onward, caused England's king to tremble on his throne and shook to its centre the mighty fabric of his power.

The same noble daring which distinguished Henry on this occasion, constantly characterized him. We always find him the same bold, independent patriot, ever first to lead the charge against aggression.

In that illustrious Congress, where, the great men of the colonies were for the first time assembled to deliberate upon affairs of the utmost moment to themselves and their country ; when, weighed down

by gloomy forebodings and the immensity of their task, they sat for some time in awful silence, as if each thus mutely "acknowledged his inability to do justice to the occasion," Henry was the first to break the stillness, and in a speech "that seemed more than that of mortal man," to dispel the heavy charm which bound their lips and urge them to the great work before them.

Again, in the outlawed Convention of his own Virginia, when the cloud of terrible war just ready to burst over their heads, all still clung to the vain hope of "peace and reconciliation," it was Henry, who, regardless of personal danger in his zeal for his country, roused them from their fearful lethargy, and put new life into their sinking hearts, and led them boldly forward to the charge, by the prophetic declaration that nothing was left but "an appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts!"

We have thus briefly glanced at the three principal events which give to Henry his position in our history. But we should fail to understand his true position unless we compared him with the other great men by whom he was surrounded.

As an orator he was the acknowledged superior of all his cotemporaries. Only Richard Henry Lee, his constant friend and firm associate, approached him, but his elegance and classic grace, following the terrible sublimity of the master-spirit, was as the murmuring of a summer's breeze after the crash of the hurricane.

Between Otis and Henry there was indeed a striking resemblance in character and fame. But Otis, inferior to him as an orator, had also less of that resolute determination, that unwavering hope, that almost prophetic foresight which so distinguished Henry, who was always the same ardent friend of liberty, whom no false allurements could deceive, no fears for his personal safety could prevent from firmly adhering to her cause, and whose courage was nerved by inspiring hope in the darkest and most trying hours. It was these rich qualities of heart and mind, added to that other higher gift from nature, the power of eloquence, which made him, preëminently, the orator of the Revolution.

Patrick Henry was no statesman. He was but "the magnificent child of nature," and nature unassisted, rarely, if ever, produces a statesman. He had indeed, "that strong natural sense and consummate knowledge of human nature" so necessary to form the foundation of a statesman's character, but he wanted the close application, the severe study, the accurate attention to details, which are equally necessary to rear the superstructure. Hence he was unable to share with Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton and those other transcendent intellects, their labor in rearing upon its firm base, the mighty fabric of our government.

As a man, he stood on an equality with all those great Fathers of Liberty, whose unsullied lives

shed such a glorious halo around the sacred altar of our freedom. The same patriotic fires that burned so purely in the breasts of Washington, Hancock, Adams and their associates, blazed constantly in the breast of Henry. From the ancient hills and grand primeval forests where he loved to roam, from the rocks and streams, the sunshine and the storm, from all of Nature's variable forms, with which he loved to hold communion, he caught the unfettered spirit of liberty, and drank deep at her fountains, until her pure currents, mingling with his blood, coursed and thrilled through every artery of his frame. He was the very spirit incarnate of liberty! Her grand impersonation! As such he occupies a separate niche in our history. No one shares his greatest honors with him. No one is his equal in his peculiar sphere.

As he stands alone in the history of his country, so does he in the history of the world. Nowhere else do we find a man of like character, or one who occupied a similar position. As Nature by some strange freak has covered our land with her grandest works, in seeming derision of her puny efforts in other countries; as she has given to us Niagara—that wonder of waters; has here spread out her largest lakes, stretched her longest rivers and piled her loftiest mountains; so did she by a still stranger freak give to us our Henry, whose innate eloquence should mock the highest attainments of art.

Such was Patrick Henry—the forest-born orator of the Revolution—and such a proud position does he occupy among his compeers. As my imagination carries me back to those dark and trying, but glorious days, when this nation was convulsed with the terrible throes of her birth, I seem to see him, a bright star amidst a mighty constellation, urging on his countrymen and breathing into them his own lofty sentiments. Methinks I see him, as in 1775 he stood in the Richmond Convention—its guiding genius—as with outstretched arms, his eloquent form extended to its utmost height, his every feature kindling with inspiration, and eyes in which the fires of eloquence burned as they never burned before in eyes of mortal man, he gave utterance to that God-like declaration,—“Give me liberty, or give me death!”

Long as these sublime words shall be the watch-words of freemen, and they will be such while the love of liberty shall thrill the hearts of men, will be cherished the name and the fame of Patrick Henry, growing brighter and brighter, as the prejudices which still linger around the scenes in which he was an actor, shall fade and be lost to view.



## EXHIBITION OF 1853.

"The Progress of Popular Sovereignty,"

WILLIAM LUCAS BOSTWICK,

HENRY CLAY HOWE.

"Unconscious Influence,"

ALBERT ERDMAN,

ANSEL JUDD NORTHRUP,

FREDERICK DWIGHT SEWARD.

"Sympathy as a Means of Reform,"

GEORGE JAMES SICARD.

"American Indebtedness to Alexander Hamilton."

"The Legacy of Athens to English Literature."

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## UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

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BY FREDERICK D. SEWARD.

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MICHAEL ANGELO painted a fresco of the "Naming of the Animate Creation." In the centre is a broad valley, which, full of Eden perfumes and rhythms, is set around with mountains, up whose sides wander herbage and blossom; succeeded by shaggy cedars, creeping to the edge of the snow; until finally the eye rests on the clouds, who, eagerly watching, are fast anchored to the summits.

In the valley is Adam, the centre of a vast congregation, where is represented all on earth that lives. Close around cluster the most tiny and

weak ; then in widening circles, the beasts wait, with the beauty and mildness of first creation ; then, the birds, with their glistening plumage and airy lightness of motion. And, beyond beast and bird, beyond mountain peak and the audience of clouds, in amphitheatral state, are gathered the unnumbered numbers of heaven, crowding together to the very zenith, where the outstreaming glory of light shows God as watching his creatures, still unfallen and of worthy beauty.

This picture is repeated in the life of every man. Some see only a sensual world—the beasts and the birds ; some glance higher to the mountain peaks and the clouds ; and some see the gathered angels and God's unceasing watch and guard ; but in his own personality, each, like Adam, stands alone, the centre of the world.

And can we rightly consider man as a central power in the world ? One man, amid the millions ! One life in a world of life ! One helpless mortal, amid the hosts of seraphs and archangels ! Can he be a cause of influence—of unconscious influence ; this speck of animate matter affect a world ?

In answering these questions we shall consider,

I. The nature and source of influence.

II. The cause of unconscious influence, and the proofs of its reality.

III. The manner of its exercise.

IV. The extent and significance of unconscious influence.

I. What is the influence, where does it reside, and how do we know its reality?

Influence is power in exercise. Power, then, determines the locality of influence. The senses can gain only results; power itself is not seen or heard or touched. But when we look within, the idea of power is there suggested by the antecedence and sequence of the natural world, by the control of the will over the mind and over the body. These cases appeal directly and purely to the mind; power, then, must be an attribute of the human mind; and influence be mental action.

To the truth of this, each one's observation and consciousness testifies. An intuitive conviction affirms that in every operation or exercise of the mind power is involved. The likeness to God in which man is created, is another proof, since power must reside in deity; and the likeness cannot be solely moral, because the moral being is based on the intellectual.

Power and influence are abstract—spiritual—but the existence of mind itself is pledge and proof of their reality. Influence is thus the results following an active power which can reside only in the mind.

II. What is the cause of unconscious influence, and the proofs of its reality? Influence is unconscious, because not gained by the perception of the originator.

The mind is like the ancient god of the Hindoos, who could create nothing mortal. With the body as a tool, she frames deeds, and gives forth speech, that have undying influence. But she is also dependent on the body, and can reach out into the world only with the senses; and these her vassels are fettered by time, eluded by spirit, and stolen away by death.

All of the mind's life that is revealed work effects in other minds, whither the senses cannot follow. From that realm no miasma of perfumes comes wafting back the story of results; no answering echo of joy or of wailing is heard; no demons or bright spirits embody the reality of inner life. Throughout history we can see influence thus unconsciously exerted. Actions, though trivial, work out mighty results. Life was carelessly lived, as though it were the passage of a frail bark over a mighty ocean; and the winds and the waves closed after and retain no impress; but we can see the rippling about the keels rising in surging waves on distant shores, the gentle breeze, the beating tempest, as charged to the safety or the shipwreck of many another voyager.

Influence is unconscious again, because not becoming the subject of reflected consciousness.

Consciousness is the normal condition of the mind, in which it takes cognizance of its own states and operations. This consciousness relates

purely to the mind, and is confined to the present. But influence results both within and without, and involves the idea of time. Attention and memory must preserve the conscious act; when they do not thus combine, the influence becomes unconscious.

The mind is in this manner unaware of its own states and operations from two causes, rapidity of thought and habit.

The rapidity of thought is beyond analogy or defining statement. The very conception of physical rapidity—the lightning flash, the beam of light, the waves of sound—proves their lagging tardily behind the mind. Does not one met by sudden danger seem to act without thought? Could he act at all without volition? Could there be volition without previous perception, reasoning, judgment? Let a man's life depend upon his sudden cries for help. Can you measure the reasoning process which determines him to cry out? Will hundredths of seconds time the search for words, for syllables, for letters? Attention that should preserve such mental processes can gather only results; the succession of thought was like the scenes by the lightning flashed down before us, and as suddenly carried away.

Habit again causes various and multiplied volition to cling together. So slight and usual becomes the task, that the mind is not aware of labor. And the influence of daily, hourly life becomes unconscious,

because not only are the volitions of the process lost, but attention fails to report the very result. So quick and unnoticed is the action of habit, that philosophers have thought its workings mechanical, automatic. As though habit framed and built up within the mind a wondrous mechanism, where clattering wheels and clanking cogs are reflected by the silent, unseen faculties, and coarse, decaying products by subtile, undying thought.

But if action thus unconscious is produced, how do we know its existence? It is verified by internal experience. Each one knows himself not swayed by isolated motives and passion; knows that to accomplish his life more was needful than the simple volitions he can recollect. He may not be aware of the power of habit or the rapidity of thought; but he knows that the blanks which memory leaves are not empty or unmeaning. Thought may bring worlds suddenly to view, but not without they were first created. The ruling passion that accomplished the victory is remembered, but there was not needful a forgotten army? The fair hope that presented the blazoned banner, and urged on with her Godspeed, could not alone have woven the warp or brodered in the woof. The dastard fear would not have made us shrink away, losing honor and position, had he not been the foremost coward of whole battalions.

We gain only the outline of history's long proces-

sion ; yet know there have alway been parents and children and lovers ; alway homes, jewels set about love ; alway the fears, hopes, afflictions of personal life. So though the power of thought and habit may have disciplined and mechanized the mind into unconsciousness, we yet know they acted in a continuous and crowded life, and accomplished purposes with the aid of unremembered servitors.

III. In what manner is unconscious influence exercised ? It is exerted first by the exemplification in the life of good and bad principles. Whether followed or neglected, good principles are in the world, and give to life potency and meaning. Neither can men utterly fail of their perceptions. Conscience may be lulled and stupefied, but not killed ; it is part of the immortal soul.

The moral force of example is universal inapplicable. Daily labors may only be appreciated by a class ; but the moral meaning of a life all know. This influence is unconscious because exerted on every human being. Action, the most trivial ; word, the most careless, each makes impress. Its wordings cannot be followed, since not felt by reason of study or culture, but faculties that are part of every soul, and derive power from a creating deity.

Look at Voltaire. See how his daily speech was full of sneers at Christianity, and sarcasms at its professors. Follow this influence from those about him, the leaders of Europe, down among the people.

Could Voltaire see, as we even, how his daily life at Paris and Potsdam and Ferney was undermining faith ; unsettling governments ; preparing for war and revolutions ?

Unconscious influence is exerted by character as resulting in reputation. The effect of action cannot return to the consciousness. While the physical results may be traced a little way, no insight can be gained into other minds. And in forming the character of others, reputation exerts its greatest influence. Gleams and bursts may come back, but very little knowledge is after all gained even of one's reputation or of its effects. Those weaving the famed Gobelin tapestry see only a confused mesh of threads, not the life and beauties of the pictures. So the story of a life is woven by one knowing the crowd of circumstances, and feeling the warping influences ; but looking in this world upon his work. The Chinese mechanics know no more than to copy defects and injuries ; so characters are often built up in a blind imitation of mistakes and weaknesses. Men grow up together as do the trees of a forest. A tree with twisted limbs and leaning trunk always has a neighbor tree inclined and contorted. So a man with bad, misshapen character has friends like unto him. Has not Napoleon left an influence in France making the drumbeat pleasant ; war, a gay pageantry ; peace, a tiresome disgrace ? If a pure and noble



character give forth a reputation ; an influence will flow out sweet and refreshing. Has not Florence Nightengale made women more beautiful by the weary months she went about the hospital of Scutari, her shadow gratefully kissed by the rude soldier ? The reputation gained by character lives after death, a vital and active power. Byron gilded over depraved thought with brilliancy, and made a bad life seem an element of genius. Through two generations has his reputation withered and blasted in its influence all pure and noble aspirations. Shelley's blasphemies against God and religion would have been despised in a profligate ; by a pure life and generous conduct he made them to many seem worthy a gifted mind and an earnest, truth-loving heart.

Character lives in history. There are those who trampled all the nobleness of their manhood and their womanhood in the dust, and whose crimes cried unto heaven ; they are the beacon lights of warning. There is the bright list of those who have kept present in history a record of true and honorable deeds ; they are the guiding stars of example.

An unconscious influence is exerted by the action of the mind widely diffused. Words are agents of influence. They go up and down the earth, helping the needy. You can look into them for history, as did Solomon into his mirror, in whose

crystal depths were hid all the doings of the king's enemies. Deeds of magic can be wrought with words that dwarf Scheherezade's stories. Battles can be fought with them for weapons; aye, and they can be sweeter and pleasanter than caresses.

Are those who found and enrich a language at all aware of this influence? Can they follow words, as they become part of other minds, and descend from generation to generation?

When the mind busies itself in science and art, her discoveries are mighty in their unconscious influence. Did Galileo, watching the lamp in the church at Pisa, know that the pendulum would beat off the years of human life, determine the weight and figure and orbit of the earth, and prove the law by which the sun, in his leash of gravitation, holds fast thousands of glittering worlds in space, and drives them unresisting through their unseen orbits?

Unconscious influence is embodied in the book. "A book is the incarnation of thought. When thus embodied and embrained, thought walks the earth a living being." How has Bunyan's Pilgrim wandered over all Christendom, with many beautiful eyes dim with weeping as they watch his toilsome way, and many earnest men shouting for joy as he passes safe over into the Celestial City.

Over half a continent, generations of buried Mussulmans circle about Mecca, the skeleton armies

of those who have sought the houries and the nectar and continual blossoming and fruitage of the Koran's paradise.

By the record of the studies wherewith he whiled away pleasant hours, Bacon changed the science of thought, and prepared the way for Newton's laws, by which the world—the universe, is governed.

IV. What is the extent and significance of unconscious influence?

It is an integral element in the shaping of every human life. It crowds the soul with spirits, more potent than those, who, where at night the sun had gone down upon a desert, built for Aladdin a fair palace, whose forty golden casements were shone upon by the first rays of the rising sun.

Unconscious influences are about each life, as the angels of the Jewish Rabbis, which in armies of thousands on either hand, contended the good against the bad, about his every word and action.

Unconscious influence controls the destiny of nations. Acting in their history, fencing them in with customs, swaying their course by precedents. Little thought had the group at Dothan, as they watched the caravan creeping slowly into the distance of the desert, that the Joseph so easily sent from their envious sight, would feed them in famine, give to their children a Goshen and a Canaan, and link together the patriarchs and the nation in the founding of the Jewish theocracy.

Unconscious influence has ruled in the monarchs of the world, framing governments, and building up kingdoms. Follow the path of history. Unconscious influence has led empire from India's spicy summers, past Arabia's houries, past the Turk's seraglios, where along the Rhine the grapes are changing moonlight into wine, to England's larded streams—armies of prosperity ; and to where the mines and prairies make the lake a field of gold.

When the last generation shall pass from earth, and the nations assemble about the great white throne, then will Omniscience, in the records of the world's life, reveal the extent and eternal meaning of Unconscious Influence.

## EXHIBITION OF 1859.

"The Weakness of Skepticism,"

CHARLES ANTHONY HAWLEY,  
JOHN HERSCHELL MORRISON.

"Moral Principle a Condition of Mental Power,"

HARLAN PAGE LLOYD,  
HECTOR VOLTAIRE LOVING.

"Astronomy as a Field for the Imagination,"

HORACE ROBINSON PECK.

"Goldsmith as a Representative Irishman,"

JOSEPH EDWIN SCOTT.

"Crises in American History."

"English and French Soldiers Compared."

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### MORAL PRINCIPLE A CONDITION OF MENTAL POWER.

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BY HARLAN P. LLOYD.

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IF one who had given the subject no thought were asked, whether moral principle is a condition of mental power, he would probably answer in the negative; but a little reflection might lead him to change his opinion. So important a question certainly deserves a deliberate discussion.

Moral principle strictly, is founded on love to man and the dictates of natural justice, and therefore prompts to good deeds. But we may do good from other motives, and only when the moral prin-

ciple is vitalized by religion does it prompt us to do right at all times unselfishly. Hence the highest moral principle includes the religious ; and as this definition of the term coincides with its popular acceptance, we shall so consider it. We would not assert that moral principle, thus defined, is an essential condition of mental power ; but shall simply attempt to prove that it is a condition of the highest power.

Philosophers generally agree, that the mind is composed of the intellect, the sensibilities and the will ; and that the operations of these three faculties produce mental power. Intellect, or the faculty of thought, may undoubtedly act without the moral principle ; but impotent indeed are its unaided efforts. Voltaire had a fine intellect, but he lacked this principle ; and his life was a failure. His readers are now few, fewer still his admirers, while oblivion is gradually hiding his name and works beneath her dusky wing. An intellect entirely self-reliant is over-confident, and cannot attain its highest power ; but with the moral principle it at once assumes an humbler position. Thus confined to its legitimate sphere, it is strengthened in that sphere. No longer lost in the chaos of abstraction, it readily undertakes, and steadily pursues a rational investigation. It dismisses vain speculation where God has written unchangeable oracles ; it directs the course of reason with the un-

clouded eye of faith, and thus secures a vital force of thought.

Milton's conception of Satan is that of a being eminently intellectual, but destitute of moral principle. However true, even this conflicts not with our position ; for, having so lately fallen, he must retain something of the nature and power of an angel. But none will doubt that, when at the fiat of a God Satan fell, his intellect fell with him ; and it has since so degenerated that he is now surpassed by the humblest watchman on the battlements of heaven ; while faithful Gabriel towers aloft, his infinite superior.

The haughty Pharisee of Tarsus was a mere pigmy in mental power, compared with holy Paul, who, moved with a divine enthusiasm, discussed the grandest topics with such wonderful skill, and transcendent power, that to this day Christianity points him out as her ablest champion.

The moral principle is also a condition of the highest exercise of the sensibilities. It holds them in control ; it checks the baser passions, subdues the stronger, and strengthens the nobler, refining all till they become able auxiliaries. Then virtue, beauty and sublimity excite pleasurable emotions ; and desires once base are changed to lofty aspirations. It infuses enthusiasm through man's very nature, and gives him a wonderful energy of feeling. With this Burke and Webster won many of

their most glorious triumphs. We are not so spell-bound by their powerful logic, as by their glowing fervor, their burning indignation, soul-felt and soul-subduing.

The grand executive of the mind is the will; and upon this too, the moral principle acts specifically and powerfully. It releases the will from unwholesome restraint, secures its highest freedom, and fixes it firmly to some definite purpose. From the vault of heaven a thousand beauteous orbs shine upon the mariner, but the skillful navigator, confidently fixing his eye on the north star, neglects all others, or uses them only as collateral aids. So a thousand motives may affect the will; but he who would guide the mind aright must make the moral principle his polar star. Force of will is often destroyed by a constant struggle between desire and duty: this principle harmonizes these antagonistic motives, and, as the promptings of the two coincide, there results a vast increase of power. Such was the iron will of Cromwell. The once stammering plebeian now pours his burning invective against King Charles, gathers about him those irresistible Ironsides, and as the thrilling words of the ancient prophet fall from his lips, hurls them with resistless fury on the foe, till the haughty cavaliers of England, though led by Rupert himself, bending low before his superior power, are forced to yield the victory. So it was in the cabinet, where, by a



hundred of the boldest deeds which human intellect has planned, or human arm achieved, he has shown the world how moral principle strengthens the will, and vitalizes the whole mind.

Thus, in the three great sources of mental strength we have seen that moral principle is a condition of the highest power.

But the three departments of mind are one in nature and action, and viewing the mind as a unit, this principle is a condition of its highest power. Without it, a mind will be irregularly developed ; undue attention will be given to some particular faculty, and the mental power is either lost in aimless exertion, or finds expression in one direction only, presenting to the world the wavering skeptic, or the man of one idea.

In this respect the moral principle is a harmonizing principle, and it gives a symmetrical development to the mind. It does not allow one part to outstretch another, but smoothing excrescences, and supplying deficiencies, it moulds the plastic mind after the fairest models, blending and concentrating, till it secures unity and symmetry.

It is also a directing principle. It selects the most appropriate objects of mental pursuit, and guides the mind in the best course to attain those objects.

It stops not here, for it is a liberating principle. It comes to the man of superstition, or of preju-

dice, and frees him from mental thralldom. As he breathes the air of freedom, a divinity works within him : emotions hitherto unfelt, and powers before unknown, fill his mind, thrill his soul, and nerve to action. It frees genius from those vices and errors which so often weaken its powers. Passion no longer blights the God-given intellect. Coolness of reflection, firmness of purpose, and patience of hope, cast their bright light in upon the soul, like the sunrise upon mountain summits, rousing us to activity, and inspiring us for the noblest labors of life.

Again, the moral principle is elevating. It raises the mind above the objects of mere sense, and discloses spiritual views. Selfishness is dethroned ; and thus the mind acquires a disinterested love of truth. If truth be followed disinterestedly, the mind advances rapidly, for thought will expand by its own elasticity when the pressure of selfishness is removed. Thus working in harmony with the divine will, it steadily moves in the sphere for which God designed it, and finally attains its normal condition of glory and power.

Therefore, as a mind either unnaturally developed, or without a fixed aim, a mind either enslaved by passion and prejudice, or confined to mere physical objects, is necessarily limited in its action ; the moral principle, having a power peculiar to itself as a harmonizing, a directing, a liberating and an

elevating principle, is a condition of the highest power.

To this general view of the subject two objections are made ; first, that moral principle is often found without mental power ; and second, that mental power is likewise found without moral principle ; hence it is said that the one can not be a condition of the other.

Now the first objection has no force, for we do not maintain that this principle alone constitutes power ; but we simply contend that it is a condition of the highest power of a mind, whatever may be its natural endowments. Yet many an humble man, to whom these objectors scornfully point, by cherishing the moral principle, has gained an intense energy of mind. History has repeatedly proved that real greatness and real power are not confined to the famous. A thousand precious gems have been discovered by humble explorers in the mines of truth, and a thousand touches of exquisite beauty have been added to the temple of human knowledge by unpretending artists. In the long passing of the ages, thousands of humble men and unassuming women, inspired by the moral principle, have conquered temptation, torture and death, to live forever on the lips of men, and to take their seats among the immortals, with brows glittering through all eternity with the martyr's crown. Moral principle was almost an absolute condition of

their mental power ; hence the first of these objections can have no weight.

To sustain the second, men point to the ancient Greeks, and to the sensuous, misanthropic Byron. Though this is not a fair objection to our position, it is often urged.

Now, the masses of the Greeks were at no time cultivated in the highest sense of the term, and their reputation for refinement arises from the halo of glory which lingers around their philosophers, artists and orators. But even their culture was an imperfect one, as they lacked both depth and comprehensiveness. Then, too, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, those who contributed most to the glory of philosophic Greece, were men whose minds were strengthened by the highest moral principle then known. The same may be said with equal truth of her orators, poets, and artists, of Homer and Demosthenes, of Æschylus and Phidias. Therefore, as an imperfect moral principle did so much for the Greeks, and as no one will pretend that they attained the highest mental power which they were capable of reaching, we think that this apparent objection really strengthens our position.

Byron has been maligned by his enemies, and overrated by his friends. If we look dispassionately we shall find that many were charmed with his brilliancy, but that this brilliancy was the glare of the meteor, rather than the steady light of an

enduring sun. All acknowledge his power, but this power was the phrensied struggle of a captive bound by his vices, and goaded by his persecutors ; not the majestic strength of "a freeman whom the truth makes free." Byron had a spiritual nature ever struggling for expression ; and occasionally it found utterance in noble thoughts ; but he had nothing to give balance and symmetry to his mind ; hence his errors and his weakness. Erratic and meteoric, he was brilliant, but not strong. Compared with many of his cotemporaries he was indeed great ; but, compared with what it might have been with a vitalizing moral principle, his strength was weakness itself.

Thus it ever is. Immoral men may succeed temporarily, they may even become famous by talent or cunning, but they have not genuine power. The real pioneers of mind, and the real standard bearers of truth, ever have been, and ever will be, moral men. Notice two men of equal natural endowments, the one without, and the other with the moral principle. You will see the mind of one fickle, misguided, and enslaved ; that of the other, vigorous and elevated. While the first expends his strength in evading duty, the other goes straight forward and accomplishes the noblest results. The one is the demagogue and the traitor, Aaron Burr ; the other is the statesman and the patriot, Alexander Hamilton. In the one you may see Pizarro,

leading the avaricious Castilians to secure the riches of Peru ; in the other you may see Columbus, overcoming difficulties and dangers, till the shores of a new world break upon his vision, and success crowns the labor of years.

Plant this principle in the mind of the lawyer, and he is no longer the "hack of the forum," but an able, noble, man ; he is Theodore Frelinghuyssen, personifying eloquence and power in the sphere of the law.

It enables the orator to sway at pleasure the mind of multitudes ; you feel it in the vigorous logic of Brougham, in the glowing fervor of Henry, and in the winning grace of Wirt. Unite it with a massive intellect and you have the statesman. Such a union has given us our Burke and our Chatham, our Clay and our Webster. It changes the dogmatist to a reformer, and fires the brain of every leader in "the great insurrection of human thought against authority." It burned in the heart of Luther, and gave the youthful Calvin the strength of an intellectual giant. In a sunny vale of France, it came to a peasant maiden, with the sound of the sweet cathedral bells, and awoke in her such power that all the world gazed in admiration upon Joan of Arc. Even the mailclad warrior feels it. In every age it has nerved the heart of the bravest men ; and from a myriad champions of liberty praises to God have mingled with the peans of victory. It

brings to the poet those flowers of the imagination which are richest in beauty, and sweetest in perfume. To the Hebrew bards it brought the highest of all inspiration ; to Milton it gave that unrivalled grandeur and sublimity, and enabled Shakspeare so to strike the cords of the heart that they will ever vibrate. It is the only reliance of the true philosopher. Nowhere in the cavilings of Gibbon, or Voltaire, can you find such a thorough knowledge of nature as Newton possessed, or such a perfect philosophical system as Locke developed. Sceptics may skim the surface of mind, and atheists labor in physical research, but that philosopher is unworthy of the name, who, while tracing the sequences of nature, or the laws of mind, does not acknowledge God as the author of both. In every sphere of mental action, moral principle is a condition of the highest power. It gives to the world those "giants of the soul," who, one after another, rise to redeem the reputation of the race. And in the long night of ages, it has been the fiery pillar, which has guided the weary hosts of humanity, in their toilsome march from mental servitude, to the blessed land of promise, with its freedom, knowledge and power.

## EXHIBITION OF 1860.

"The Narrowness of Human Knowledge,"

WILLIAM HARRISON BEACH.

"Architecture as Expressing National Character,"

REUBEN SAXTON BINGHAM.

"Submission to Law a Condition of Liberty,"

ARBA BROOKINS,

SAMUEL MILLER.

"Memory as a Retributive Power,"

JOHN REESE LEWIS,

MILTON HARLOW NORTHRUP.

"The Influence of Individuals in a State."

"The Heroines of History."

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### MEMORY AS A RETRIBUTIVE POWER.

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BY JOHN R. LEWIS.

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REMEMBRANCE is the basis of eternal knowledge, the great spontaneous occupation and operation of our intellect. Without it all processes of induction, all reasoning, all knowledge, aside from the evanescent sensations of the present, would be impossible. Memory is the taxgatherer of the past; or rather the great censustaker, making no partial, periodical returns, but with eternal vigilance ever trumpeting in our ears the statistics of all time. Science, history, all literature is but the embodiment of remembrance. The world of



thought and of feeling, of imagination and of genius, grows out of it. All the past is remembrance—we are living in remembrance.

Retribution is a law of God, emblazoned everywhere. Reason and revelation alike teach it ; human law aims at it ; natural and divine laws always accomplish it ; eighteen hundred years ago the great Lawgiver proclaimed it, “whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” Retribution properly signifies a repayment—a reward. Thus virtue and vice, truth and error, invariably receive the repayment, the retribution they deserve.

It is proposed to examine how far memory, so important, so intimately woven with our existence, is adapted to become, and to what extent it does become an agent in the great law so often and with such solemnity proclaimed.

Away down in the intricacies of man’s moral nature is a mysterious and inexplicable power which decides upon the quality of his thoughts, emotions or acts—which approves the good and condemns the bad. A power wondrous and peculiar in this—that its sentence carries with itself the highest reward, or the most terrible punishment. The guilty soul shrinks from it and struggles to stifle its voice as the only escape from the terrors of remorse. But it is only when combined with memory that conscience thus becomes a means of retribution. Alone, it is simply a judge ;

decides between right and wrong, good and evil ; admonishes, promises retribution, but never inflicts. Were an act at once forgotten, the power of conscience would end with its commission. Nay, the voice of conscience would often not be heard at all. It is only on reflection, that conscience unbiased by passion and desire, is able to decide impartially, and to show the guilty soul the full enormity of its crime. Retribution neither precedes nor necessarily attends the act, but follows it. Hence memory is necessary to the very idea of conscience as a means of retribution. Conscience and memory are coworkers, intimately bound together, and only when thus combined, invested with their fearful power. It is then only that conscience unites the executive with the judicial. Conscience can never sting the soul whose guilt is not remembered. In this combination it is memory that furnishes the materials for conviction. It is memory that arraigns the accused at the bar. It is memory that inspires with life the worm that never dies. Memory is a retributive power.

Retribution presupposes conscious personal identity; conscious personal identity presupposes memory; yet memory in its subtle and mysterious workings, far transcends the most rigid analysis. It may be an object of wonder and admiration, it cannot be accounted for. "It is an ultimate and inexplicable fact." It is the great receptacle of past impressions.

It retains whatever has once passed through the consciousness—even our perceptions, our conceptions, our volitions. Recalling, recollecting, remembering past experiences, it retraces, retracts, renews, revives them ; enables us to live them over again in all their vividness. It serves as a link in bringing our thoughts and lives together ; produces a completeness and continuity. It is moreover a power bestowed upon every child of God. We may not all possess the voluntary power like the man mentioned by Seneca, who after hearing a new poem claimed it as his own, and demonstrated his claim by repeating the poem from beginning to end, which the poet himself could not do. We may not be able to name with Themistocles the twenty thousand citizens of Athens ; or with Cyrus call by name every soldier in his army. Yet from the various and interesting phenomena of involuntary memory we have reason to believe that the mind can retain all past experience ; that without being aware of it we possess large stores of recorded impressions, so preserved that at the proper time they will be perceived and remembered. The ancients were accustomed to write upon parchment ; and when at a later period the monks had no further use for what was written, it was erased and the same surface covered again ; thus a palimpsest was produced. A modern process has been discovered by which the first impressions on the palimpsest

may be rendered visible and thus records that were lost for ages have been found. The human mind is a palimpsest. On its tablets many successive impressions have been written. The early ones have been apparently erased and forgotten, and others imprinted in their place, but the spiritual chemistry of the hereafter will bring to light these hidden characters, and the long lost records of our lives will be recorded and remembered.

Memory is set in motion in various ways. It is reached by all the senses. The sudden, the instantaneous manner in which memory by a single signal casts wide the door of its dark storehouse, where long past events have been shut up for years, is strange—perhaps the strangest of the mind's intricacies. That signal, be it a look, a pressure of the hand, a familiar voice, a tone, or an odor, is the cabalistic word of the Arabian tale; at the potent magic of which, the door of the cave of the robber Forgetfulness is cast suddenly wide, and displayed are the treasures he had so cautiously concealed. Something "strikes the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound" and instantly there rushes on us faces, forms, emotions and deeds we thought buried forever.

"As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes  
The sinking stone at first a circle makes,  
The trembling surface by the motion stirred  
Spreads in a second circle—then a third,  
Wide and more wide the floating rings advance,  
Fill all the watery main, and to the margin dance."

While therefore in one sense the memory with all its stores is ours eternally, in another sense it is not ours. We rather are the subjects of memory. It is not ours at will to say what we will remember and what we will not. We cannot banish at pleasure disagreeable and annoying recollections. Memory confronts us with our offences and our sins. The guilty soul cannot escape; the ghost of murdered youth will not down at its bidding, but starts up in ten thousand quarters to torment it.

Again memory is especially fitted for this work of retribution by the avidity with which it seizes upon great moral truths. Dr. Moffat relates that having once preached to a company of African savages, one of his hearers, at the close, repeated the entire sermon with great animation. The missionary expressed surprise at such a feat of memory. "When I hear anything great," said the savage, pointing to his forehead, "it remains there." And so it is with us all. Our perception of great truths is almost intuitive, and memory never fails to note any transgression, and to stamp the record in characters indelible. In the language of the poor African "it remains there."

Conscious guilt has a terrible effect on our nature. The mental faculties are most keenly alive, vigorous and intensified in their workings. Agree we must with the dead, yet living, more than Addison of American literature whose touching "sorrow for

the dead," becomes the affecting language of our hearts. "Every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action comes thronging back upon the memory, and knocking dolefully at the soul." Who that has tried to be free from the contemplation of his own depraved nature, does not know that every polluted image or picture which his fancy has formed, is securely deposited in his memory; that every unhallowed thrill of sensual desire which has swept over his spirit, has left imperishable traces of its passage? Every deadly incident of guilt is a serpent attracting us to itself; rearing its head and darting its forked tongue with a dreadful hiss of fascination. Asleep or awake memory enables that frightful monster to fasten its glittering eye upon us and rob us of repose. The terrible scene in Macbeth is no mere fiction. Here as elsewhere, "murder will out." Lady Macbeth, unable to rid herself of the hellish spot which clings to her own hand, feigns courage, and attempts to console her husband. But dread seizes the guilty Macbeth. Doomed to gaze again and deliberately at his deed of blood, in his fear he cries :

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more !  
Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast,—  
Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:  
'Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'  
To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself."

Guilt gives sleep a tongue. "Infected minds to their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets." What signifies Eugene Aram's fearful dream? Memory transforms that bloody scene into a tragedy of which the murderer is himself the victim. The buried corpse is alive again. The assassin sees fixed upon him the entreating look, and in his ear rings forever the despairing cry for life. He cannot rest:

"The universal air  
Seems lit with ghastly flame;  
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
Are looking down in blame!"

He sees himself a murderer, and every effort to flee from and forget it makes him remember it the more.

Less tragical, but hardly less terrible, is the example of Aaron Burr. After enjoying the delights of the most accomplished society; wielding an influence hardly second to any American, and occupying one of the highest official positions in the gift of his countrymen; his old age was as signal in its retributions as his youth and early manhood had been in its triumphs. Although he suffered no legal inflictions, memory lavished more terrible punishments than human courts could have prescribed. Think

you he did not again see, and deliberately, the faces of his victims? Did not the ghost of the murdered Hamilton flit before him, and like those which on Bosworth Field appeared to the terrified eyes of the "deformed archfiend," strike terror and dismay to his heart?

The inspired page is alive with illustrations of the retributive effects of memory. Peter denied his Master, and for awhile was comfortable; but when he thought thereon, he wept. Judas, when he reflected, saw as he had not seen before, the enormity of his sin, and in anguish cast down the price of the Saviour's blood and rushed out and hanged himself. Herod, too, that Richard transferred to holy writ, was so troubled by the remembrance that he had murdered John the Baptist, that he could think Christ none other than his victim raised from the grave.

Why is it we regard solitary confinement without labor in stone walls as the worst form of punishment? And why have criminals until thus incarcerated often shown no uneasiness on account of their crimes? Simply because the imprisoned, lonely victim can find nothing to do but to remember, and every thought of the past rolls over him as billows of fire. In the old State's prison of Connecticut this form of punishment was employed as the extreme of severity. There was an apartment of the prison which was round and dug from the



solid rock—a silent, solitary sepulchre of stone. Chained to the floor and to his own reflections was the convict. He looks about him. One unvarying roundness meets his eye. His mind must have its subjects for contemplation. His cell failing to furnish them, he is forced to look in upon himself, and the busy power of memory recalls a legion of scenes the most sad and torturing. For a few days the unfortunate endures his suffering, but unable to survive his agony longer, he cries out: “Give me something to do—at least something to look at—or if that can not be, give me a cell that is not round—one that has some inequality, or corner, or crevice—something on which I can fix my aching eye—something to occupy my aching thought—something to ward off the retributions of memory.”

There is thus implanted in every human being a power potent for the punishment of sin. God’s command is “Remember,” and that command if observed at no other time, shall, as we approach the grave, obtain a sad and unwilling obedience. At that dread hour memory will be true to her office, our former sins stripped of their pleasures will retain their guilt. As nearer and nearer the wan messenger approaches, the more silently intense and terrible is the power of memory. It rings from scoffer and infidel the confessions that come only too late.

But memory is retributive in another sense—when recalling the sunny scenes of the past ; leading us back to the beautiful, sportive, joyous days of youth, when earth appears an Eden revived ; the sunshine seems to encircle the world, flood it with far richer glory, and flush the hills of dawn with purer sapphire. The bobolink pours from his glad retreat a brighter shower of musical trills and ecstatic warblings, falling like pearls and diamonds, shattered and sparkling in the azure atmosphere ; and when the “sun wraps his robes about him Cæsar-like to die,” the uplands in the distance are suffused with such crimson light as shall smile no more upon our prosy world. I live again in that fair time ; and who does not ? Its beauty, its gay scenes and sounds echo like the “fine horns of elfland faintly blowing,” yet loud enough to fill the heart with life and joy. The memory of these pleasant scenes, lovely as foliage seen in water, are the oases in the desert of life which shall never fail us.

“Time but the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.

Every event in our personal history accompanied with great joy or sorrow stands out like the sharp angles of a pyramid in our memory. As the poor exiled Jews, unable to forget their beloved and beautiful Jerusalem, in captivity sitting by the ruins of Babylon, tears gushed from their eyes, and

they hung their harps on the willow as they remembered Zion, her gates and fountains, her pleasant dwelling places and temples. No lifeless abstraction of the head was the Holy City, but a sacred and delightful image of the heart. Hence it was that in their solitude and sorrow she arose before them so distinctly the "morning star of memory."

Sweet are the pleasures—the pleasures of memory even though innocent, and through no merit of ours; but the pleasure flowing from the remembrance of good deeds, who shall adequately express?

In the picture of Corregio, called *Natte*, we are told the light by the painter's skill is made to radiate from the head of the infant Saviour; so, not to speak irreverently, from the good deeds of life shines a light of serenest beauty.

Pleasant memories! They come upon us from every quarter and buoy up the heart under the severest afflictions. Blind Milton can sing of paradise. Galileo in the cold dark prison can hold sweet converse with nature. Bedford jail, though dark and gloomy, can inspire Bunyan's immortal dream. Nor is death dreaded to the memory stored with experiences of faith and noble deeds. The grim messenger is welcome, and the dying can truly say: "O, grave, where is thy victory? O

death, where is thy sting?" Such is the retributive aspect of memory in the present life.

"Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fated shadows that walk by us still."

But what is the present life? It is but a preface—a stepping-stone to an eternal life hereafter. And what is the life hereafter, but the present life lived over and over again? There is an immortal principle and a connecting link between the present and the future. 'Tis memory that spans the great gulf between the life on earth and the life of eternity. Here a veil obstructs the mental vision. But when man shall appear before the judgment seat of Christ, when he shall enter into the full reality of a world of spirituality; when the mind, matured, developed, perfected, shall be able to take a comprehensive view of our relations to God and man; when it shall be able to realize all the great truths of human life—then, amidst the woes and anguish in the world of despair, the doomed sinner shall live over and over again his life on earth, and conscience shall eternally force upon him the awful truth that those deeds which memory treasures, are the cause of his banishment and separation from his God; then, and not till then, will man fully comprehend the terrible extent of memory's retributive power. Then shall Dives see Abraham and the shining heavenly ones from afar, and be-

seech but a drop of water to relieve his misery, but shall hear again his sentence : “Remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things.”

Or again, when at God's right hand, the redeemed shall superadd to the joys of their heavenly presence the memory of their deeds of love and acts of faith on earth ; when thrilling strains of angel voices in the great choir of heaven filling the soul with joy unspeakable as it casts its crown at the Saviour's feet, suggesting other scenes ; when the arches of Christ's sanctuary fairly ring with the praises of his followers ; then shall God unfold to man the real import of memory—Retributive Memory.

## EXHIBITION OF 1861.

"Satire as a Means of Reform,"

THOMAS WILLIAM CHESEBROUGH.

"The Effect of Culture upon Unanimity of Opinion,"

ALBERT LUCAS CHILDS.

"Representative Poets,"

JAMES SANDFORD GREVES.

"Character Developed by Emergencies,"

JOHN DAVIS JONES.

GEORGE HILL STARR.

"Intellectual Honesty,"

GEORGE JAY NORTH.

"The Compensations of History."

"National Songs."

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## REPRESENTATIVE POETS.

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BY JAMES S. GREVES.

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POETRY is as various as human life, and his is no narrowly tethered genius, whose range in this sphere entitles him to a seat in the Parnassian court as a representative poet.

Presuming to don an humble livery in the Muses' service, it shall be ours to examine the claims of each one of the inspired throng, and determine who bear credentials of representatives to their punctilious court.

The five great oceans of the earth are in truth

but one vast animate whole, from the glittering shores of the Indian sea, away to those regions where pearly bands of everlasting ice hush the waters into a silence fearfully audible. So poetry, though distinctly called heroic, lyrical, dramatic, pastoral, is not thus distinctive in character. These are but names for different manifestations of the same spirit. A division of poetry grander far than this, ever the same in essence, yet in different ages bearing the mould of different nationalities, gushes from the sword of a nation's inner life tintured with each learned, sacred, and lovely thing it touched in rising. He only is worthily a representative poet, who thus bodies forth, in whatever form of verse, the deep, unwritten, only true life of the nation that fostered him; and this shall be our criterion.

When poetry was young, civilization was young; and the bright Orient was the cradle of both. Amid the darkness of a world-wide erring faith, a line of supernatural light marked the path of God's first people. With moral vision partially restored, they could "see men as trees walking." They caught glimpses through the mysteries of the tabernacle of a distant glory soon to invest them as the almoners of God's spiritual bounties to the world. It was this great indwelling idea which gave to the Jewish life that rich coloring which their national sins could not dim. Who could represent the poetic spirit of such a people; a people whose

entire literature was inspiration ; whose poetry like a nimbic cloud, hung dark and mysterious, blazing from horizon to horizon with flashes of glorious prophecy? Who but he whom the world loves to crown the "sweet singer of Israel?" David's very life was largely the counterpart of his people's life and the Psalms but breathe forth those hopes and longings which the foreshadowings of their temple service ever excited in the Jewish breast.

Very unlike the Hebrews were the Greeks, and very unlike David was Homer. While the one nation was following the light of the true system of religious truth, the other was struggling beneath the incubus of an effete mythology. The old pagan fervor was well-nigh gone at the time when the Greeks were eminently Grecian. An energy in arms, a passion in the eloquence of the *agora*, and the poetry of the drama, a clearness and depth in speculative philosophy marked the outlines of Greek character, when Greece became the bright day-star of succeeding generations. But Homer? Homer was even then a name of antiquity, breathing the ambrosial air of gods and goddesses. Could he then be the poetical representative of a people whose noblest age came long after his own had passed away, and whose life expanded in the clearer air that lies above the clouds of a mythical faith? The fountain may be well taken as the representative of the stream; and just such is the relation of Homer to



the poetic in Greek character. It was he who quickened Grecian energies with Promethean fire, making her the admiration of succeeding ages. Her poets drew no ordinary inspiration from the Castalia he had opened. Her philosophers, discoursing vaguely though it be, upon the sublime themes of nature, life and immortality, only sermonized on a text from Homer. Her warriors sought the sacred oracle; and the response came ever in Homer's solemn measures, murmuring echoes of that dread diapason that rang along the shores of Simois and reflected from the walls of Troy. To-day if every star of Grecian literature, except Homer, were sunk in darkness, its light alone would reflect to us the myriad shades of character that make Greece the classic of the world.

And Italy had her Virgil. Italy, at once the altar of Mars, the cherished shrine of the Muses, the Mausoleum of empires! To us she comes the representative of two worlds. In ancient Italy Virgil caught the inspiration of that poetic element that so relieves the stern characters of the Roman people. The poet, like the sculptor or painter, must be animated by one vital, indwelling idea to which he makes all others more or less subordinate. The animation of Virgil lives both in his epic and pastoral songs. The darling idea of the Romans was not foreign conquest, though this they sought and obtained. It was not the immediate sovereignty of

the gods, nor the supreme sovereignty of fate ; but Rome, the ancestry, the city, the posterity of Rome. This was the fire that, kindled in the breast of Virgil, threw its light far back into the mists that invest the city's origin. By linking them to a divine ancestry Virgil conquered the stern heart of the world's conquerers. The songs of Horace, like the surface wave, are tipped with brilliant phosphorescences, but the deep underflow of Roman character swells through the worn channels of the *Æneid*, or courses over the flower-fringed beds of his amœbean songs.

But Italy awoke from the enervate stupor of the middle ages, with her nature changed. Her skies, beautiful as ever, were more languid. The clear, sharp intellect and swerveless will, which the north had raised to power, were yielding to the sway of feeling and sentiment. The painter, the sculptor, the architect alone had crowned the May-day of Italy's new year with chaplets of flowers. The Muse of Italy was yet childless, until the genius of Tasso springing full-armed from her glowing brain, awoke to new life the echoes of Virgil's song still lingering in the vales of Amo. But not as Virgil's imitator did Tasso become the representative of the poetic in modern Italy. "*Jerusalem Delivered*," with all the life and vigor of the *Æneid*, had not here its element of power. It was the work of Pegasus chafing at the plough, compared

with those inbreathings of spirit when once forgetting the lead of his great master, his soul became suffused with rich Italian feeling, as the Italian sky becomes suffused with the warm glory of its sunsets. Only when Tasso bodied in song what Raphael did in paintings, he won the badge of Italy's representative.

Germany is a land of writers and thinkers ; and of poets too. Sometimes this life of poetry seems lacking in the German character, through the dry development of those profound intellections which have piled literature with mountain-loads of dry inferences in physics and dull speculations in metaphysics. But below the surface there is a spring of poetry down deep in the German mind. Goethe, Schiller, Gessner, Lessing, Wieland sank their artesian shafts and brought to the light full streams of it, rich and fresh and pure. Goethe's was perhaps the grandest mind of Germany. His warm imagination vitalizing the reasoning powers in their highest development, won for him admiration and love. Schiller with scarcely inferior talents, sanctified by an intense nationality, was already endeared to his countrymen as proudly and truly representing their inmost life ; and Goethe scarcely superseded him in the affections of the people. The one wrote "The Robbers," and the lawless, wildly radical life of the university student flashed into broad light, with a faithfulness so minute that the guard-

ians of the laws trembled for its influence and suppressed the poem. The other, gathering darkness and mystery from that metaphysical profound in which the German mind is ever groping, wove them into the strange forms of the "Faust," and lent to their life the lurid light of an astrologic faith. Nothing could be more intensely national; in the cadence of every line fore-echoing that dying prayer of his which Germany's thinkers so often breathe, "let the light enter."

Leaving Germany the slow, grave, profound,

"To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,  
We turn; and France displays her bright domain."

"La Belle France," whose life is but an artful mode! Whose soul is artificiality or passion! In whose eyes things never seem as they are! Who of her poets was the truest Frenchman; the poet after her own heart? Glance into the brilliant "Comédie Française" and you are answered. The people are mad with enthusiasm; eyes glistening with French pride watch the box where Voltaire is to appear; and when the aged poet stands in view zeal runs into folly. They make the winter of his aged temples bloom with garlands. They throng him. They suffer him not to leave the playhouse; and at last giving him way, their shouts of "vive Voltaire" follow to his very door. This was not artificiality, but passion. The people felt that

Voltaire was their own, that every pulse of feeling coursing through his soul, was a throb of their own great heart. Racine, Corneille wrote in French; but the spirit of their song was kindled from the old classic lamps of Æschylus and Sophocles. Voltaire thought and wrote in the living present, gathering sacred fire from the heart-altars of his countrymen, and burning it in a bright concentrate flame upon his own.

Scotland, from the craggy north to Gretna Green, is vocal with mute minstrelsy. The wild life of the clans, the direful struggles of the Border are written in rugged characters upon Highland rocks and trampled Lowland muirs.

Scott read this wondrous history and interpreting, gave to the world a glorious past for Scotland. But a deeper life, drawn in finer characters, paints the flowers of the village meadows; softens with grace and beauty the roughness of those glens where worshippers of God met for his praise; or lies beneath the gray moss which time has spread upon the lowly slabs of the kirkyard.

These are records far more sacred to Scottish hearts; and Burns, with the divining rod of his humanity, found the golden lines, and read them—an “old mortality” to chisel from these moss-grown annals the incrustations of time. Surely only such a poet could truly represent this people of domestic affections.

Thus the nations have successively had some one to express in the language of the heart what is oftenest deep-hidden and unexpressed.

Now, who is the world's poet? Who of all the Parnassian throng, reflects most universally the endless shades and forms of man's kaleidoscopic soul? It is he whom the "faultily faultless, icily regular" artificial taste of Voltaire sneered at because so barbarously true to nature. It is he whose length and breadth, height and depth the world could not in one short century comprehend; and sent him down to us, at once their admiration and enigma. But though like Washington, Shakspeare's "fame is eternity, his residence creation;" though he represents truly in his own gigantic genius all the qualities of man universal; yet his nationality is as marked as his genius is transcendent. Not that Shakspeare's range is finite; but the English character is, in the universality of its attributes, infinite.

It is for the English race, then, whether east or west of the broad Atlantic, even as it claims to be the representative people of the earth, of the same blood that bulged the Saxon muscles of Shakspeare, as legatees of the same wondrous language that Shakspeare received, enriched and handed down, to claim him their own representative in the sphere of the heart's literature.

Thus while from every nation of the earth the

historian has gathered in scroll and tablet the annals of empires as they "rose, reigned, and fell," the poet has entered within the veil of the nation's life; and comes forth reflecting in song the sacred glory of the place.

He who most worthily sings such songs is the true representative poet.

## EXHIBITION OF 1862.

“The Essentials to Military Success,”

AUGUSTUS UNDERHILL BRADBURY.

“The Power of the Youthful Spirit,”

CHARLES LEVI BUCKINGHAM,

HENRY HASTINGS CURRAN.

“The Right of Private Judgment,”

SAMUEL TAYLOR CLARKE.

“The Law of Social Progress,”

JOHN MCLEAN.

“The Earliest and the Latest Poet Laureate,”

EDWARD WALSTEIN ROOT.

“The Source of Authority in the State.”

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## THE POWER OF THE YOUTHFUL SPIRIT.

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BY CHARLES L. BUCHINGHAM.

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WHEN Juan Ponce de Leon landed upon the shores of the third world, he saw a beautiful country and found a strange people. Here nature was lavish with the most delicious bounties of the tropics and seemed to realize the fairest visions of Utopian philosophy. But even this could not satisfy the longings of the Castilian spirit. Year after year it pushed on through sickness and death, until at last weary and despairing, the saddened wanderers laid the brave De Soto in his fitting burial cradle and abandoned the object of their



search. What could be the charm which led them ? Surely not the magnificent landscapes which broke upon their vision in the full splendor of their blossoming beauty; not alone the delusive dreams of that El Dorado where the mountains were pregnant with gold and all the waters flashed back the beauty of precious jewels. They kept on because they believed the wondrous tales of a magical fountain, one draught of whose waters would deluge the soul with floods of inspiration, and bring all the elements and forces of nature under the power of a perpetual spirit of youth.

Men and nations dread to grow old. There is a power in the youthful spirit which all men recognize, and hence arises a natural longing for a perpetuation of this spirit. An idolatrous people make their gods full of beauty and power, and then supplicate like favors for themselves. They cast their hopes upon the incantations of some arbaces ; seek satisfaction of subtle impostors ; and often like Sardanapalus curse the nature which will not renew a spirit wasted in debauchery and crime. In enlightened ages, men almost believe their fancies when they imagine the existence of some enchanted region where decay never enters. They love to review that old legend of the Fountain of Youth, whose waters are a panacea for all the ills of time. Here the mysterious Ethiopians gained an immortality on earth. Here sport the nymphs of wood

and water, and the Muses revel in the delights of never ending bloom. Oh, could they have known that the only spring of eternal life is in that land where there is no time; could they have realized that he who tasted of its waters would never step back from the fountain; Ponce de Leon and De Soto might have rested in peace in their own Andalusia, and the Father of Waters would murmur fainter mournings on its way to the sea.

However much there may be said about folly and rashness and indiscretion, men will believe in the power of the youthful spirit. "Lusty youth," they say, "is the very May morn of delight," and they would not wish to think otherwise. St. John affirmed its power when in words of love he said: "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong." Statesmen and philosophers affirm it when they rest upon it the safety and liberties of the people. All history affirms it, as in the bloody records of thick-crowding battle-fields, we read its sturdy triumphs over darkness and oppression.

We see then that all men recognize the power of the youthful spirit and strive for its continuance. In what consists this power which so enlists the desires and admiration of the world?

There is a faith in the spirit of youth which is not always seen in age. The young soul believes that the world was created for some good purpose; that man was sent into it to fulfill a mission; and

not to wildly wander in a wilderness of doubts. It looks back over the history of the race and sees a glittering record of the triumphs of truth. What should it do but rejoice and go at its work? And so it does; but even then with greater faith in the future than reverence for the past. Youth is not so skeptical as age about receiving new truths, though they may overturn theories which are the delight of the world. Hence we hear the Apostle of the Reformation exclaim, "We shall see the rising generation receive the true theology, which these old men, wedded to their vain and fantastical opinions, now so obstinately reject.

Hope is also an element of this power, and is wedded to faith in all the aspirations of the youthful spirit. Hope anticipates success, and in its warm glow toil turns to pleasure. Sometimes indeed it brings too strong assurances, but oftener it is the sure harbinger of victory. Faith gives an impulse towards truth, and hope brings a buoyancy to the spirits which ensures a noble struggle.

"Faith is the rainbow bridge across  
To the garden we stand in, singing aloud,  
And hope is the angel, that holds our hands  
Leading us up to God."

But faith and hope are not alone. There is a warm sympathy in youth—a sympathy which ripens into charity. It was this that sent the saintly shadow of Florence Nightengale, flitting on

its mission of love before the wounded soldiers of the Crimea ; and her noble example is now being imitated by Dorothea Dix and all the ministering angels who bless the hospitals of freedom in America. This sympathy too is reciprocal in its nature. It girds men together with the indissoluble bands of brotherly love ; and thus inspires holier thoughts, excites purer actions, secures nobler conquests.

These three then, faith, hope and sympathy, are the elements of power in the youthful spirit. They carry with them energy, enthusiasm, courage and all the qualities which ensure success. These three with truth as a sword, have battled and triumphed in every conflict with error and oppression. They drew the beauty and perfection of Grecian civilization out from the mists of pagan obscurity. They led the advance of God's Reformation against the dark and frowning walls of corrupt Catholicism, and to-day in our own land, faith, hope and sympathy are gathering the hosts of the republic and hurling them like bolts of love upon the fronts of the enemies of freedom.

Let us notice for a moment some of the achievements of the youthful spirit in the past ; some of the successes which the world calls the triumphs of early genius. In the realm of letters, we find that Bacon conceived the design of overthrowing the philosophy of Aristotle at the age of sixteen. At twenty-one Philip Melancthon had started a revolu-

tion of thought in Germany. Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke and Webster, all made their reputation in early life ; and so in history did Prescott, Motley and Macaulay. In theology we need but mention Martin Luther and John Calvin.

All poets are young—at least we love to think them young ; and fancy would almost tell us that Milton and Homer were made blind that age might never look from the windows of the soul.

So in the fine arts, with Phidias, we proudly remember our own Crawford. Raphael reädorned the walls of the Vatican and died while yet a young man. Before middle life, Giotto was loaded with riches at Rome for the beauties that he had left there ; and the towering dome of St. Peters will forever mutely speak of the youthful conceptions of Michael Angelo.

Turning to the science of arms, we find David and Jonathan leading the armies of the Lord in the days of Israel's kings ; Alexander leaving a conquered world, as the record of thirty-five ambitious years ; Hannibal and Scipio, in whom two civilizations faced each other before the gates of Rome ; and him whose requiem the mournful waves on St. Helena sounded when he went to answer for the triumphs of his power.

But we would not forget that not in youth alone are all the conquests of the youthful spirit. When the chisel of Phidias was polished to adorn the

Parthenon he found the guardian goddess of Athens with a grave and serious countenance; and realizing that in the ideal, wisdom must overcome decay, the new chryselephantine Minerva came from his hands triumphant in the bloom of joyous youth. So in life, those who approach nearest to perfect men, preserve through all their days most of the spirit of youth. What sublimer spectacle than that of Copernicus correcting his proof sheets on the couch of death; of Mozart writing his requiem while the dark angel was drawing the curtain before the visions of earth; or Humboldt watching with silent satisfaction the gradual decay of the body which binds his own soul to earth, and faithfully devoting his declining days to the completion of that Cosmos which is to stand forever in the literature of the world. Think too of Galileo as he turns his wondrous tube heavenward from the leaning tower of Pisa, and gazes upon the bristling mountains and frowning valleys of the moon, the imperial belts of Jupiter and golden rings of Saturn, and innumerable unknown lights, far in the realms of boundless space. Ah! ye disciples of Ptolemy, you may persecute and strive to subdue the noble spirit of that brave old man, but he can tell of a "music of the spheres" compared with which the janglings of your universe are the wildest discord; and to every forced recantation will be joined the proud, defiant truth, "*E pur si muove.*"

There is a youthful spirit in nations as well as individuals, and all revolutions are but this spirit breaking through the crusts of decay. The horrors which closed the last century in France were the mighty stumblings of a spirit that had been cramped so long that it could not walk alone. Our own country is not yet old, but we are suffering from the decay of rank growth. Out from the sorrows of this rebellion is bursting a new fire, which shall purge a nation from corruption and bless the race with another victory of truth.

So long as a nation preserves the spirit of youth the government and people are safe. Venice ruled the sea through all the centuries in which she maintained her pristine vigor ; now she sits in quiet on the Adriatic, dogeless and powerless. What a wonder to the nations was the early progress of Mohammedanism ? It was baptised in the youthful spirit. It was higher and nobler than the old, rotten and corrupt religions from whose centre it arose. With progressive waves of conquest it swept over Egypt and Assyria, Morocco and Palestine, Spain and Turkey, till it seemed as though the whole world was to pass under the dominion of the prophets of Mecca. But when confronted by another youthful spirit, disciplined in a healthier clime and strengthened by a higher and then purer faith, it faltered ; and Charles Martel on the field of Poitiers, and the Hungarians and Poles in that

terrible circle about the gates of Bellegrade, hurled back the proud hordes of Mussulmans in confusion and terror ; and said to them with sinewy strength and strokes of steel, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther."

We see then what the youthful spirit has accomplished. If it has not written all the books, it has discovered all the worlds. If it has not brought all the truths, it has led all the reformations. If it has not made all the laws, it has won all the victories. If it is not all wisdom it is the foundation of all power. Nor is its mission fulfilled. It has yet to go on working, discovering, conquering; yet to seek out the uttermost corners of the earth and push its piercing vision farther towards the bounds of infinity ; unraveling more and more perfectly, the mysteries of the world and the universe. It has yet to bring every people to a knowledge of the Father and the Saviour, thus belting the nations with the golden girdle of love. And when at last the dawn of its millennium approaches, it will ascend to sit forever,

" With the angel under the Seprioths  
Hard by the antique mystery door,  
Where the palms of a bright eternal youth  
Are blooming evermore."



EXHIBITION OF 1863.

"The Value of Authority in Matters of Opinion,"

SAMUEL HAWLEY ADAMS,

CHARLES VAN NORDEN.

"The Results of Discovery and Invention compared with  
the Conceptions of the Imagination,"

LINUS PARSONS BISSELL,

AUSTIN KNAPP HOYT.

"'Paradise Lost' and the 'Divine Comedy,'"

HORACE PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS BOGUE.

"The Effect of Political Revolutions upon Literature,"

DWIGHT MORGAN LEE.

"Conscience as a Legal Sanction."

"The Essentials to Permanent Political Success."

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"PARADISE LOST" AND THE "DIVINE COMEDY."

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BY HORACE P. V. BOGUE.

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NEAR the close of the middle ages, and after the Crusades had wrought such a marvelous change among the nations of Europe, and had given birth to the rich and various literature of chivalrous poetry, the father of Italian literature was born. His lot fell upon evil times; times when freedom and justice were contending against that hydra-headed monster, tyranny; when nations fought against nations; cities against cities; and families against families. Turmoil and bloodshed reigned supreme.

In such an age Dante lived ; upon such a stage did he act his part. Is it strange, then, that amid such exciting scenes, his ardent nature carried him into the very midst of the conflict ; that his intense love of freedom inspired him with a noble and determined purpose ; that he contended with such dauntlessness for the establishment of free principles ?

But, alas, right does not always conquer ; truth is not always victorious. Defeated and under doom of death, Dante, the high-spirited, noble-souled champion of liberty, is banished from his country. Yet for him exile is not oblivion ; it is the gateway to the immortal fame which crowns his name forever.

There in sorrow and the deepest bitterness, retired into the solitude of his own soul, he conceived and wrote the Divine Comedy.

More than three centuries after, England gave birth to a kindred spirit. Nurtured amid political struggles, acquainted with the corruptions of kings and courts, hating with the most perfect hatred every form of tyranny, Milton enlisted all his powers of mind and body in the sacred cause of freedom. Need we tell the fearlessness with which he battled for the right ; the vigor and boldness with which he assailed error ; the purity of the motives by which he was actuated ? He, too, fell a martyr. Milton and Dante were too great for the ages in which they

lived. Their motives were too holy ; their zeal too ardent ; the truths for which they battled too sublime. The people could not comprehend ; the kings dared not suffer them. Abused, neglected, proscribed, "pointed at by the slow, unmoving finger of scorn," Milton's calmness and stateliness of mind forsook him not. He was indeed immortal before his work was done. Then it was, that his genius shone forth with such unrivaled splendor ; then, that poor, deserted, blind poet wrought out in majestic verse the lofty conceptions of his mind.

The *Paradise Lost* is a grand epic poem, upon one of the noblest and most exalting themes which ever engaged the powers of man. The rebellion of that arch-traitor in heaven ; the terrible contest between the hosts of light and darkness ; the overthrow of Satan and his myriads ; the bliss and holiness of man in paradise ; his fall and misery ; are depicted to our amazed and wonder-rapt minds, in words of giant power. Such conceptions defy the genius of a Raphael ; never can they be delineated, even with all the colors of the rainbow. There are thoughts too deep for words ; there are thoughts too sublime, too grand, too ethereal for the canvas.

The *Divine Comedy* is an allegorical poem. It reveals those high mysteries, the terrors and joys, the punishments and rewards of the future life. With Dante as our guide, from circle to circle, from

gulf to gulf, down into the depths of hell we descend. We see and hear and feel the tortures of the doomed. Tossed in winds, sepulchred in fire, stormed upon by hail,

“ They feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce ;  
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice,  
Their soft ethereal warmth.”

Upward to purgatory, the realm between utter despair, and the highest felicity, we ascend. There the spirits of the dead are purged of sin ; and the hope that by the intercessions of those who still remain on earth, they may yet attain unto the blessedness of heaven, lifts up their hearts to God, and attunes their voices to praise.

Higher and still higher we ascend, even to the golden-gated paradise. From sphere to sphere, from heaven to heaven, from joy to joy we rise, until the glory and effulgence of Him who sits upon the throne, dazzles our eyes and seals our opening lips.

“ To awake and give vitality to all slumbering feelings, and affections and passions ; to fill and expand the heart, and to make man feel in every fibre of his being all that human nature can endure, experience and bring forth in her inmost and most secret recesses ;” this is art, the highest and noblest art. Thus the *Paradise Lost* elevates our thoughts, refines our feelings, and expands our heart. Our

soul seems to burst its confining bonds of clay, and to rise to other worlds and other spheres of action. Then, indeed, do we endure all that human nature can endure ; every portion of our being quivers with intensest emotion. The *Paradise Lost* is sublime ; it is more than sublime ; it is Godlike ; it seems as though heaven and earth were contending together for its high-born thoughts.

But does the *Divine Comedy* exhibit such art, exert such power, produce such effects? No ; that only warms the feelings and quickens the sensibilities ; it does not sustain the elevation and grandeur of the *Paradise Lost*, nor influence the mind with Miltonic fire. Dante's ideality is all stern reality ; not as spirits but as mortals, we penetrate into the deep mysteries of those distant worlds.

The *Paradise Lost* and the *Divine Comedy* are characterized by the most perfect unity. Satan's expulsion from heaven, his utter despair of regaining his lost position, incite him to wreak upon man that vengeance which was powerless against the Almighty. By subtlety and guile transformed into bird, into toad, into serpent, he pursues the accomplishment of his purpose. He tempts the mother of mankind ; she yields and eats the forbidden fruit. In that moment of sin, by that one fatal act, she drew down upon herself and posterity the wrath and curse of an offended Deity. Thus with the most complete fullness and perfect unity, Mil-

ton traces the cause, manner and means by which paradise was lost.

Dante has a nobler aim. He teaches that "time is enveloped by eternity;" that the portals of the grave are but the entrance to a future life which is determined by our life on earth. It is this idea which pervades his poem, and binds together in one complete, united whole its various portions. To unfold this idea in its fullest and broadest extent, he toils through the kingdoms of the dead. For this he endures all, suffers all. Does not the retribution of the Inferno, warn us of sin? Do not the burdens and sorrows of purgatory urge us to repentance? Do not the rewards and blessedness of paradise incite us to a pure and holy life? While Milton drives us with our first parents from the paradise on earth, Dante takes us by the hand and points us to that paradise above which is eternal in the heavens.

In invention, Milton and Dante are wonderful and sublime. We know not which most to admire. While Milton describes hell in its outlines merely, and by his mysterious indistinctness creates within us a sensation of awe and terror; Dante describes it with the minuteness of one who has threaded its labyrinths and seen its countless myriads. Where is there displayed grander invention, and more skillful and sublime description than in the battle between the angels? Nothing has ever surpassed

it ; nothing has ever equalled it. It stands pre-eminently alone, as a monument of the inventive genius of Milton. During the long weary hours of the first day, they fight and fight again, but fight in vain. Success flies hovering between the embattled hosts. But in the dread darkness of the succeeding night, there was conceived in the teeming brain of Satan, and fashioned from the mines of earth, a huge and terrible instrument of war. And when a new day's sun had heralded those hosts to arms, he ploughed the ranks of his enemies with his fire-belching monster. Back they recoil in dire confusion. But "rage prompted them at length, and found them arms. They ran, they flew, and from their foundations loosening to and fro, they pluck the seated hills with all their load," and hurled them upon those engines of war and the rebellious hosts. Dante's powers of invention are manifested in the manifold punishments of the wicked, and the ineffable joys of the redeemed. He does not startle us with the boldness of his conceptions, nor amaze us by the sublimity of his genius. Rarely indeed does he attain to the elevation and dignity of Milton. Yet as he describes his approach to the city of Dis, wherein heretics are burned in intensest fire ; as he describes the ireful gestures of those who stood guard on the walls and refused him entrance ; as he describes

their hasty flight before the angel sent to open the gates, he does rise to almost Miltonic sublimity.

In the agency of supernatural beings, the Divine Comedy is far inferior to the *Paradise Lost*. It is in originating and describing such characters that Milton obtains his distinguishing glory. Such are the creatures of his mind, such the power with which he endows them, such the majesty and baseness he imparts to them, as inspire us with dread and admiration, not only of themselves, but of that stupendous mind which gave them being, and which still governs them. Where in all literature can there be found such a character as Satan, so vile, so subtle, and yet in the very depths of his baseness, so grand? What hate, what envy, what concentrated wickedness abounds in him, pervades him, stimulates him! "Around him is thrown such a singularity of daring, such a grandeur of sublimity, such a ruined splendor," as well becomes a fallen arch-angel and potentate of hell.

Could Dante have created such a being, clothed him in such terrors, infused into him such satanic passions? His highest flights of imagination, his richest invention, his most fertile genius, could never have combined together in one created being, such wondrous attributes and powers. What is Dante's Lucifer in comparison with Satan? He is but a monster of terrible mien. Satan is terrible in his grasp of intellect and gigantic stature



Lucifer is horrible in his deformity ; Satan is sublime ; Lucifer loathsome and hideous ; Satan forms high resolves and dares their accomplishment ; Lucifer fulfills his destiny in champing in his vile and bloody jaws, the mangled limbs of sinners.

Milton and Dante are both master artists. Dante is delicate and complete ; Milton bold and suggestive. We admire the one ; we love the other. Their productions are a crown of glory to the nations which gave them birth. Many a genius have they kindled into life ; many a mind have they ennobled and exalted ; many a heart have they warmed and expanded.

Then let the *Paradise Lost* and the *Divine Comedy*, the offspring of two minds, among the deepest, broadest and grandest which have risen on the world, be forever joined together. Let them live, let them die together,—die only when the secrets of that invisible world of which Dante has sung, shall be no longer hid from our longing gaze, but shall be revealed amid the glory and effulgent splendor of eternity.

## EXHIBITION OF 1864.

"The Verdict of the People in Political Affairs,"

WILLIAM HUBBELL FISHER,

WILLARD PECK.

"The Increase of Knowledge in its Effect upon Poetry,"

HERMAN DUTILH JENKINS.

"The Intellectual Advantages of the Christian Sabbath,"

JOHN JAMES LEWIS.

"The Jew of Dickens, Scott and Shakspeare,"

ELIHU ROOT.

"The Providence of God in American History,"

HENRY MARTYN SIMMONS.

"Social Culture as a Measure of Civilization."

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## THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

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BY HENRY M. SIMMONS.

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THE philosophy of history is most unsatisfactory of all philosophies. There are laws of social and political development ; but laws can not explain history. Buckle may consider country, climate, character, as the conditions of a problem, from which to figure out a nation's destiny. Yet its solution reveals elements that submit to no mathematical despotism. One of these is man's free agency. But this is directed by circumstances. What disposes the circumstances ? What, prescribing the conditions of a nation's birth and

growth, regulates all laws? Is it Zeno's "Fate" and the modern Stoic's "Necessity?" Is it Epicurus' "Chance?" Or is it divine providence?

The doctrine of a providence supposes no miraculous suspension of laws, only the Creator's reserved power of controlling them. Gravitation is ever the same, whether seen in the rolling of worlds or heard in Niagara's thunder. Laws of light, heat, motion are unchangeable. But these, never conflicting, would stamp nature with the monotony of eternal repetition. All winds would be trade winds. Storms would be calculated like eclipses. Only the endless combinations of these laws produce this infinite variation of sunshine and storm. So these laws inherent in society, which prescribe the necessary stages of progressive civilization, and determine the influences of physical and moral forces on character, by unobstructed action would restrict each nation's progress to an orbit, and make universal history but the harmonious movement of a system. Wars would become periodical; prophecy, a demonstrative science. But a thousand mysterious coincidences of time and place are ever combining these forces anew, producing this grand kaleidoscope of events called history. In laws we see a God; but beyond, interweaving them in ever-changing relations for the accomplishment of special ends, a particular providence.

But what proof that this realm beyond the do-

main of law is not subject to the despotism of fate, or left to the anarchy of chance? The theory of a Creator overruling creation is most consonant to reason. Theology sustains it from revelation and the known attributes of God. But history's argument is the evidence of design. Many see providence only in the accomplishment of their ideal of good. But what is good? We cannot say. Many see it only in those startling coincidences that decide battles and national crises. But unnaturalness is not the highest proof of divine intervention. Besides, we are prone to magnify the importance of crises. There is something extravagant in the consequence Hugo attaches to a cowboy's blunder at Waterloo. As if a boy's word was to fix Europe's destiny. It might perhaps turn the tide of Waterloo. But Europe would have again appealed from that arbitration of shot and sword. The real forces were not marshaled by Napoleon and Wellington. Design is evinced not in events themselves, but in their relation to something higher and more permanent. Providence was doubtless as manifest at Bull Run as at Vicksburg. But a mourning nation saw it not. Only when defeat awakened the North to earnestness, when the confident, noisy patriotism first evoked, was refined and intensified by national sorrow, was its beneficent mission felt. History then reveals design only by its long series of events, each converging on some

distant result, some particular form of national development.

What design, then, does American history illustrate? Answer may seem presumptuous. We may indulge no profane ingenuity in warping events to our narrow notions of providence. Providence is not national, but universal. Not from detached records of nations or ages, but only when history's completed cycle displays the parts in their complex relations can the Creator's designs be comprehended. Still events have shown an unmistakable uniform tendency—the development of a peculiar, an exalted national character. And such development is the ultimate result to which we can refer history. Character is the fruit of all a nation's past, the germ of all its future. Institutions and events are only the expression of national character, are worth nothing only for their reaction—ever weaving new threads into this woof of character. To-day history is not the ripple and eddy of incidents, but the strong undercurrent of opinions and feelings. In searching a design, then, we must look beyond institutions, transitory at best, beyond events flitting across the page of history to that slow accretion of a nation's ruling beliefs, which we call character—that growth which alone gives unity to a nation's history—which is itself history.

Providence determined the elements of American

character. When civilization had passed its earlier external forms in Eastern power, Grecian subtilty, Roman magnificence ; when from its long sleep in the dark ages, it had awaked to second life, infused with the vitalizing principles of Christianity ; when democratic liberty, introduced in the free cities, was beginning to unfold through reform, yet checked by Europe's conservative forces—her time-honored institutions, her mountains, rivers, castles, eloquent in their old associations ; when these elements of progress needed a retreat beyond this mighty dominion of a past ; then providence, lifting the mists of ignorance, revealed the reserved continent ; its latent wealth and commercial advantages waiting to clothe a people in material prosperity ; its forest freedom, its bold physical features waiting to leave their grand impress on a national character. Hither the rising civilization was directed. Monarchy, feudal aristocracy, priestcraft were kept away. Only the progressive in European society was colonized—that whose germ was freedom of thought, whose flower had been religious reform, whose necessary fruit was democracy. The main element destined to give tone to society, came enlightened by education, sharpened by persecution, puritanically zealous for Christianity and human rights. It was located by providence, not where tropical clime or unearned wealth would enervate, but rugged nature make

strong and hardy, sterility, practical and industrious.

Revolutions result from forces introduced long before. Providence determines their time and manner. The American Revolution as a political movement was inevitable. It was the maturer fruit of that Puritanism that had deposed Charles, and wrung from royalty the Bill of Rights. At a thousand critical junctures heaven aided its success. But why was it permitted at such protracted national exhaustion? Here we would see a providence. The Revolution developed democratic principles already latent in American character; the war cemented that character. The colonized elements were scattered and various, with a common Teutonic origin, yet stamped with different nationalities; rallying around the great truths of Christianity, yet divided into sects. These peculiarities luxuriating unchecked on the new soil, would have produced as many forms of bigotry. As it was, Puritanism, with toleration its early watchword, became intolerant. But collision of opinions would eliminate error, while truth by its intrinsic vitality would endure. What could effect this consolidation? What but the sympathetic thrill of common danger could harmonize discordant views? What but the furnace of war could fuse these various energies into a national purpose, these scattered elements into a national character?

By the ultra effects of revolution, the tendency now became excessively democratic. The nation needed educating. Before political institutions were allowed to assume definite shape, providence, by long lessons of adversity, and by able statesmen, developed but not produced by the times, taught the people that democracy must be tempered by strong constitutional restraints. Thus educated opinions crystallized into permanent institutions.

The forces of American character, conserved, directed, strengthened by wise institutions, were then allowed, through long peace, to establish the new civilization. Each element revealed its mission. Slavery brought under cultivation immense Southern tracts, secured a monopoly of the cotton trade, and thus established that national credit which in turn invigorated every department of Northern enterprise. Puritanic industry diffused by Yankee versatility, found expression in widening agriculture, busy manufacture, fertile invention, noisy commerce—every form of material wealth. Southern aristocratic advantages of intellectual culture established a higher standard of statesmanship. Hayne's talents educated Webster's eloquence. Calhoun's logic sharpened the weapons of many a Northern champion. New England democracy promoting political and social mobility, made civilization as broad as society. While Puri-



tanic principles permeating the nation, developed a public sentiment, enlightened by free discussion, refined by education, elevated by religion, combining in its ideal the useful, the just, the true.

Did the national character need farther purification? The long summer of peace had nurtured the tares with the wheat, but must they be separated only by the fearful harvest of war? Yet the war is a necessary conflict of the nation's antagonistic forces. Slavery and secession are only its incidents. It is the violent consummation of the long struggle of classes. But how has providence controlled it? When the aristocratic element had accomplished its mission, while European complications precluded foreign intervention, then the forces were suffered to collide. The war in its progress has been overruled for good. It has developed the nation's resources, taught practical military and financial lessons, aroused a deeper patriotism. Above all it has reawakened the millions of the North, and made them *men* again. The storm, where the differently charged elements of national character seek an equilibrium, always purifies the social atmosphere. This unveiling of the nation's sins, this war of opinions, educating public sentiment, strikes at the root of social evils. Surer than legislation is the doom of slavery heard to-day in that tide of popular sentiment, not merely rolling through the North, but in Missouri, in Louisiana,

surging around the institution's very pillars. But the great good is in the issue toward which events point. When this common baptism of blood, consecrating the soil of every State to the veneration of every other, has bound all in a sacred sympathy, silencing, forever, clamorous State contentions; when reconstruction, bringing North and South in contact, intermingling institutions, manners, men, has achieved the grand consolidation of the nation's various elements; then the war shall exemplify that maxim of true progress, "From unity, through diversity, back to a closer unity."

Then American character, thus formed and educated, firm as New England granite, earnest as Puritanism, strengthened in peace, purified and cemented by war, must find expression in a yet higher civilization; whose institutions, recognizing equality of rights, yet diversity of powers, harmonize with the constitution of the race; whose end is utility and truth, the attainment of wealth, knowledge, virtue, and through these of happiness. Against this force of character, material opposition is vain. The river's force is inherent. Rugged banks may check, mountains may dam its course, but it *will find the sea*.

To-day, to the less sanguine, the prospect may be uncertain, even dread. But the providence so often so signally manifested, will not forsake us. And what though prosperity be deferred? Provi-

dence has time enough. True national growth is always slow. But events silently working through this medium of character will reproduce themselves in grander events. Carlyle has compared the slow influence of great men and their ideas, to the lunar influence on tides. Not until hours after the moon leaves the meridian is the great wave heaved along the ocean. So events are slow in their results, and to-day may seem fraught with evil. But hereafter, when their lessons have been incorporated into the national character as ruling beliefs; when these latent forces, awakened, intensified, are permeating, thrilling, moving the nation as a soul, toward its higher destiny; then, though the events are long past, shall be seen the grand tidal wave of their influence rolling through history; its crest sparkling in the sunlight of national prosperity. Then, when that sown in tears is reaped in joy; when this fearful maze of events, darkened by clouds of national grief, enshrouded in the smoke of a hundred battle-fields, is cleared of its mystery, and seen in its bearing on a higher civilization; then may be traced with clearer vision the Providence of God in American History.

## EXHIBITION OF 1865.

"The Insignificance of the Earth no Argument against Christianity,"

WILLIAM HENRY BATES.

"The Life and Labors of Samuel Kirkland,"

DANA WILLIAMS BIGELOW.

"The Author of Waverly as a Representative Scotchman,"

JAMES ALEXANDER FERGUSON.

"War as a Union Maker,"

BENJAMIN WILLIAM JOHNSON.

"Opinions Stronger than Armies,"

LUTHER ALLEN OSTRANDER.

"The Relation of the Distribution of Property to the Prosperity of the State,"

WILLIAM OLIVER WEBSTER.

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## OPINIONS STRONGER THAN ARMIES.

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BY LUTHER A. OSTRANDER.

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THERE is a vignette representing a heavy sword, thrown across a dozen quills, crushing and destroying them. In these thrilling times of war, the picture seems the illustration of truth, rather than an artist's fancy. When governments lay their hands on their sword-hilts, and nations marshal themselves in battle array, it is natural to believe the sword mightier than the pen, armies stronger than opinions.

We purpose to compare, in the broad light of history and reason, the strength of armies and opinions in their influence upon civilization.

Strength is a force known only in its results. An army is a gigantic force. It marches forth with roll of drums and proud banners streaming ; bayonets gleaming in sunlight ; earth trembles under its measured tread ; and it is full of grandeur : it sweeps to the battle with the fury of the tempest ; dark battalions roll together, squadrons charge with flashing sabers ; and dense sulphurous clouds hail iron : it returns with honored scars, torn battle-flags and shouts of victory, and is covered with glory.

But what is this power, what its effect ? Military strength is physical strength. It defies reason ; hews congenial states asunder ; chains in repulsive union the deadliest enemies. By the sheer force of invincible legions, Alexander grapples Asia to Europe ; Cæsar waves his banners over vanquished millions ; and Tamerlane piles his pyramids of skulls above the sepulchres of nations.

Military strength is temporal. Armies melt away ; despots are powerless ; conquerors die ; their kingdoms crumble to fragments. Stern Sparta, despotic Rome—where are they ? A nation's doom is sealed, so soon as it throws aside principle and governs by force.

Armies, preventing intellectual and moral culture, destroy the ability of the people for self-government.

The horrors of war are only too familiar. All know the sad story of woe and desolation of thousands bleeding on battle-fields, and thousands suffering in hospitals and prisons. Thus armies, sapping the strength of a nation, pave the way for a despotism.

Armies separate different governments. Military nations ever regard their neighbors as enemies. Hence there can be no sympathy ; no interchange of sentiments ; no universal brotherhood ; no union. True, conquerors, with the iron hand of physical force, may make a union of nations ; but that union is dissolved so soon as the force is removed. Before the Christian era battles raged ; vast kingdoms were dashed to pieces by Titanic powers ; and the effect was that the nations radiating from a common centre, moved on in lines continually diverging.

Such is the strength of armies. It is physical, temporal, demoralizing the people ; separating nations,—a power terrible for destruction and evil.

Demon of war, seated on thy blood-stained throne, God has signed thy death-warrant ! Thou shalt be subject to a power stronger than thine, to enlightened and Christian opinions, to the Prince of Peace ! Such is the prophet's bright view of the future ; such the fond hopes of the philosopher ;

“Such the immortal seraph's song sublime,  
Glory to God in heaven :  
To men sweet peace be given,  
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time.”

What is the strength of opinions ? Opinions are ideas—condensed thoughts. They are formed by experience, observation, analysis and generalization ; and are developed by schools and printing presses. They too are a force—but a force intellectual and enduring. Public opinion, firing all hearts, making all heroes cowards, and cowards heroes, rules the world. It becomes a custom, and monarchs cannot change it. Kindling the fires of fanaticism, it empties Europe on Asia, or wraps America in flames.

Much more powerful are enlightened and Christian opinions in advancing civilization. Inventing a press, they print a Bible ; and stamp progress on every page of history. Under their influence the hydra, terrible upon the waters, and the dragon, vomiting fire, are metamorphosed into the steamship and locomotive ; the savage becomes a man ; he dives into the profundity of philosophy ; flashes his thoughts over magnetic wires ; and with the airy lightness of genius soars to the farthest bounds of immensity.

Enlightened and Christian opinions are the firm foundation of free institutions. They are the strength of republics ; yet this strength does not consist, like a despotism, in a centralizing power. Yesterday Maine and California, the farthest removed from its centre, vied with each other in supporting our government, while the feeble majorities were given by the middle States. True the opinions of the masses are

neither enlightened nor Christian ; hence unqualified democracies lead to anarchy, the worst form of despotism ; and are therefore failures. On the other hand, representative democracies, whose liberties are in proportion to the intelligence of the people, which mortgage their wealth and education for the enlightenment of the masses, are the strongest forms of government, as God grant the United States may abundantly prove to a skeptical world !

Enlightened and Christian opinions unite nations. Before the light of Christianity the race was diverging ; now it is converging. A comparatively common language ; manufactories, creating a mutual dependence ; commerce, disregarding boundless oceans—these are some of the means by which enlightened opinions unite the nations. Christian opinions, illuminating the darkest portions of the earth, causing the isles of the sea to rejoice, and the east to answer the west with anthems of praise, bind them together with golden chains. Christianity is synonymous with peace and unity. Its full power can not be known, till man, made perfect in heaven, comprehends all the beatitudes of religion, multiplied by time and squared by eternity. Science makes union ; Christianity makes union ; enlightened and Christian opinions are the great union makers of the world. Are not opinions stronger than armies ? The convulsed lips of the



poisoned Socrates proclaim it ; the classic periods of Tully proclaim it ; the mute eloquence of the past and the fiery logic of the present proclaim it. It may be objected that Marathon, Yorktown and Gettysburg were glorious triumphs of arms. True, but were they not also glorious triumphs of opinions ? What were those conquering armies but embodiments of a lofty patriotism, the genius of liberty and the spirit of freedom ? Our glorious victories—what are they but drumbeats that keep time to the march of opinions ? Our armies—they are not composed of vassals, but of thinkers, voters, men,—high-minded men, who use the ballot as wisely as they do skillfully the sword, sustaining with brain-sweat and heart-blood their grand opinions.

Enlightened Christian opinions have crowded our thousands of heroes on to the field ; levied taxes such as no despot dare levy ; reëlected those determined to crush with iron hand the enemies of our government, thus striking a terrible blow at rebellion and holding at bay hostile nations. The American flag, with no stain upon its ample folds, represents one grand opinion, one great idea—universal freedom. That idea fires the hearts of patriots ; shifts the lines of freedom on the map ; strikes the shackles from millions ; clothes state after state in the white robes of liberty ; rears the pillars of national greatness upon the firm founda-

tion of equality and justice. Impelled by this idea America is grand ; and can proudly bid defiance to the world.

Nations have arisen to the plenitude of their power only when all their elements of strength have been bound together by the force of a great idea. With the Israelites it was a theocracy, with the Greeks democracy, with the Romans liberty, with America freedom. Such an opinion working silently among the masses for ages, at length bursts forth in storms of revolution in whose tempestuous fury liberty is born, in whose rough surges republics are cradled. A fiery despotism withers and burns, and desolates France ; silently the people think. A little cloud appears in the horizon, and, anon, the wild tempest of '89 tears France as the tornado does the forest. Opinions are stronger than armies.

Though armies sometimes support enlightened and Christian opinions, they are generally antagonistic to them. When force clashes with principle, where is the victory?

The patriots of the Netherlands, fired by a love of liberty, throw off the yoke of Spanish tyranny ; they rush to the field of battle ; the iron Duke of Alba cuts them down by thousands. Again they unfurl freedom's banner, and are scourged and scourged, and scourged again ; years pass ; the patriots raise another army ; Spanish veterans annihilate it at a blow. Surely armies are stronger

than opinions. But wait ; the patriots conquered. No! God fights this battle. For three ages they struggle on ; they tear down their dykes ; rush with the fury of madness upon their besiegers ; beardless boys become heroes ; timid girls, heroines ; daring, suffering all things, they at length triumph. Enlightened opinions are stronger than armies.

Three centuries ago a little monk stood before an assemblage of princes. Against him are arrayed the despots of Europe. He believes in his Bible and his God. He boldly proclaims the idea—liberty of thought. The effect of this opinion—who does not know it? It unlocked the treasures of the Bible ; shook the nations ; caused northern Europe, poor and ignorant, to beautify herself with cities, like a bride lavish of her diamonds ; and to become the great repository of knowledge ; while without it, southern Europe, with its clear sky and marble palaces, has sunk to wretchedness and imbecility. The sword of tyrants dripped with blood ; but martyrdom was power ; such is universal history.

“ Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,  
But that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his  
own.”

Christian opinions are stronger than armies.

Such is the strength of enlightened and Christian

opinions. It is mental ; enduring ; the palladium of democracies ; uniting nations ; and developing the great principles of virtue and freedom. Thus the history of civilization has been the record of the triumphs of opinions.

Armies are red swords and brute force ; opinions are sceptres of peace and intellectual power. Armies are war chariots ; opinions are locomotives. Armies are despotisms, barbarism, darkness ; opinions are republics, civilization, light. Armies conquer by crushing ; opinions conquer by convincing. The power of armies is the power of the whirlwind, fearful, all-destructive ; the power of opinions is the power of the sunbeam, gentle, all-preserving. Armies are weaker than the laws which control them, weaker than the despots who use them ; opinions are stronger than all laws, creating or abolishing them at pleasure, stronger than all despots, hurling them from their thrones. Armies are the towers of strength which men have built ; opinions are the surging waves of the ocean, which God has made, beating against those towers and crumbling them to dust.

The dim light of the past reveals to us the forms of gigantic empires, whose mighty armies seem omnipotent. A halo of martial glory surrounds them, then fades away ; their marble thrones crumble ; their iron limbs are broken ; their proud navies are sunk.

To-day history, dipping its pencil in sunlight, records the sublime triumphs of opinions. The sword rounds the periods of the pen ; the ballot wings the bullet ; schoolhouses accompany cannon balls ; and principles bombard forts and thunder from ironclads. Glorious is the morning dawn ! Science fringes the lands of darkness with a border of light ; and the sun of Christianity, glowing along the eastern waters, arches the bow of promise above the golden western hills.

Inspiration only can paint the future. But God grant that it may be no delusive dream, that the rays of light, gleaming along the horizon, may be but the morning glory of an effulgent millennial day ; that America shall conquer the world with ideas ; that senates shall become earth's battle-fields ; that new constellations, composed of brightest stars, shall emblazon the victories of liberty ; that science and religion, powerful as the law of gravitation, shall bind together the nations into one brotherhood ; that our banner and God's, eternally luminous, the proud standard of enlightened and Christian opinions, shall float triumphant forevermore.

## EXHIBITION OF 1866.

"Genius and Labor,"

BYRON WATTS BAKER.

"The Prometheus of Æschylus and Milton's Satan,"

HAINES DRAKE CUNNINGHAM.

"The Strength of a Republic,"

JOHN MILTON HOLLEY.

"The Statesmanship of Moses,"

ABEL GROSVENOR HOPKINS,

GEORGE NORTON.

"The Position of Holland in History,"

CHARLES STERLING MILLARD.

"Will a Knowledge of Moral Obligations insure Obedience?"

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## THE POSITION OF HOLLAND IN HISTORY.

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BY CHARLES S. MILLARD.

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WHO has not read Knickerbocker's History of New York? Who has not been won by its genial humor, its exaggeration of personal trait and national character; its quaint word portraiture of the Dutch forefathers of two hundred years ago? Two generations have read it; and from its mock historic pages have drawn their opinions of the Dutchman. This opinion is as unjust as it is popular. Washington Irving did not intend that his humorous, though symmetrically drawn figures of the Dutch should induce the belief that the Hollander

is an ale-drinking, tobacco-smoking, cabbage-eating individual, a synonym for inertia, obesity and gluttony. Thanks to John Lathrop Motley's history—that other splendid monument of American genius—this opinion is rapidly being removed. From the long hidden archives of the Old World, he has brought forth proofs that the Dutch have a real and earnest history, and that the history of the Dutch Republic is as proud a record as any nation need covet. In the Dutch, we see no more the pedantic rustics of our childhood, the sensual, inactive objects of ridicule and contempt, but in their stead appear the most enterprising and vigorous people in Europe; the most aggressive in spirit; the most independent in opinion; the most persistent in defending their rights.

The country of the Dutch occupies but an insignificant area on the map of Europe. On the shores of the German Ocean, it was literally wrested from the embraces of that ocean; and to-day, stands the trophy of a patient, industrious people. Its name tells us how, and its miles of dykes must have given it the appearance of a "hollow land." Where twice each day the sea asserted its sway, have for centuries stood the most flourishing villages, and the most opulent towns on the Continent.

A half a century before the Christian era, the warlike tribes of the Ardennes baffled the victorious Cæsar. But the great commander's sophistry was

more potent than his army, and by his statesmanship he linked the brave Belgae to his Roman car. This alliance was the first step toward Dutch civilization. Yet for fifteen hundred years the history of Holland is but a parallel to that of the other European nations. Steadily it grew in wealth, civilization and power. Now it makes rapid strides under the constructive genius of Charlemagne ; now it falters, halts, and almost retrogrades, under the imbecile reign of the House of Burgundy. Not until the sixteenth century does it assume its prominent position among European dynasties. That era, so prolific in great men and lofty ideas ; so fruitful in intellectual activity and gigantic enterprise ; so grand in its tremendous political and religious struggles, gave birth to the Dutch Republic.

The splendid empire of Charles V. was erected upon the grave of liberty. But during the reign of his successor, the spirit quickened, the sepulchre gave up its dead, and freedom rose triumphant. The fifteenth century, of dominant bigotry and absolutism, left Holland struggling under the tyranny of the House of Austria ; the sixteenth century, of budding reform and liberty, placed the Netherlands at the zenith of their power—independent.

The position of Holland in history then, is the position it occupied during this century. It may be truly said that it was then the most important nation in Europe. At that time England, France and



Spain were the three great monarchies of the Continent. The province of Holland held the balance of power; by the aid of which either of these monarchies could make herself mistress of half the world. The causes which gave her this power were numerous. Her geographical position was favorable, and her people were industrious, enterprising and intelligent. They had made their narrow territory the abode of agriculture and manufactures. Their commerce encircled with its golden chain the world. The coveted fabrics of the Dutch looms were carried by their adventurous sailors to England, the countries of the Mediterranean, and even to remote India. Their merchants became opulent, and their cities teemed with a vigorous, powerful, ambitious populace. Not only were they conspicuous in commerce, but also in science and art. The invention of printing opened its channels of influence to Dutch talent and erudition. The Dutch universities were fountains of learning and scientific discovery. Their poetry was hewn out in the graceful outlines of their magnificent cathedrals, and Dutch architects gave solidity and beauty to the abodes of merchant princes. Music was cultivated, and a Dutchman invented oil painting, to perpetuate the records of genius. Such was Holland's material and intellectual position at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Let us now inquire what was its political condi-

tion and relations. As yet it was not free. Although independent in spirit, and fully competent for self-government, the Netherlands were practically a part of that overshadowing power which then held chief sway over most of the Continent. The sceptre was held by Count Charles II., better known as Charles V.—King of Spain, Sicily and Jerusalem, Duke of Milan, Emperor of Germany, dominator in Asia and Africa, autocrat of half the world. The events of this brilliant reign are known to all. The ambition of the second Charlemagne was to force into discordant union nations antagonistic in history, customs and laws; to combine under one sceptre of central despotism, millions, for the sake of forming a grand family inheritance. But he came an age too late. The spirit of reform was too powerful to be subdued even by his iron will. The cause of the failure of Charles V. was his attempt to unite Holland with Spain, to make the two dependencies homogeneous, to link Dutch love of liberty with the uncompromising bigotry of the Spaniard. The royal despot attempted to force upon Holland the hated formula of the Romish Church. This attempt gave birth to that revolution which shook Europe to its very centre.

Charles V. sowed the seeds, and his successor reaped the fruits of this revolution. To Philip II. the Netherlands were but the source from which to replenish his empty exchequer. Not content with

reducing his prosperous subjects to penury by exorbitant taxation, he engendered their hatred by the most cruel religious persecutions. He established an inquisition with attributes still more terrific than even the atrocious tribunal of Spain. In short, in a single year, the treasonable acts of Philip fanned the smouldering embers of insurrection into a flame of open rebellion, and Holland's grandest struggle began.

History presents no record of more persistent persecution, and more determined defence than this war. Humanity shudders at the horrid recital. The haughty monarch laid waste the country. He destroyed its commerce. The inquisition deluged the land with blood. There was not a town in the province whose streets were not made appalling by the dangling victims of the gibbet, and the charred remains of martyrs of the stake. Cities were given up to the demoniac lusts of ruthless soldiery. In their lurid light shone forth the fixed determination of the bigoted fanatic. Within half a score of years eighteen thousand innocent victims were immolated upon the altar of Philip's despotism.

But Dutch patriotism was strengthened rather than extinguished by this oppression. The atrocious despotism of the king forced the strongest defenders of the state religion to espouse the cause of the patriots. Thus they became at once republicans and Protestants. Steadily the little province

of Holland gathered to itself the rivulets of discontented factions, the rills of tyrant hatred, and the mountain streams of religious freedom ; and mingling these in one mighty torrent, rolled them down against tyranny and sacerdotal bigotry, and swept them away forever. Religious persecution found its first resistance in the iconoclasts. From image breaking grew open resistance to the king's arms. The little bands attendant upon field preaching grew to powerful armies. In their extreme the revolutionists needed a leader. Providence sent one. He was the great William the Silent. He was the exponent of the spirit of the nation. Circumstances had peculiarly developed him for this position. For years the brightest star in Philip's court, he knew well the character of Holland's foe. To the patriot cause he brought a long experience, a powerful influence, and an unyielding determination. He organized the furious mobs into well disciplined armies. And with them dealt such mighty blows that even the Duke of Alva crouched and cowered. He obtained recognition from France, England, and Germany. He was their statesman and warrior, their diplomatist and financier. William the Silent it was who gave his country political existence, in spite of the arts of a Philip, the diplomacy of a Granville, the bloody acts of an Alva ; who nursed it into freedom, and who finally beheld it in the vigor and prime of its independence. In

his life, he was the Washington of the Dutch Republic ; in his death, its Lincoln.

Never did a nation make greater sacrifices or evince greater determination to win freedom than did the Dutch. For eighty years the conflict raged. Rather than submit to the grinding despotism of the tenth-penny tax, they gave all to throw off the tyranny of its imposer. In their eagerness for liberty they cut the dykes ; they chose to give Holland back to old ocean, rather than see it polluted by the hordes of Spain. Ostrawell and Valenciennes, with their butchery ; Harlem, with its heroic woman battalion ; Leyden, with its desperate reply ; Ghent, with its smouldering ruins, and seven thousand citizens slain ; Antwerp, twice besieged ; the great Armada with its twenty thousand sailors, conquered ; Newport, with its terrible hand to hand conflict ; all attest the sincerity of Dutch patriotism ; while Mons and Alkmaar, names hallowed by deeds of valor, to-day breathe as open defiance to despotism as Thermopylæ or Salamis.

Thomas Carlyle, in commenting upon this war, once said : “ The Dutch are the bravest people in the world. Men have run after the red rag of a Frenchman, but the defence of Dutch Protestants against Spain is the grandest thing in history.” “ Ah ! ” said he, “ when Philip sent the Duke of Alva and his popish cutthroats to do the business for Holland, those Dutchmen squelched him just as ye’ld squelch a rotten egg.”

From this terrible struggle Holland emerged one of the first powers in Europe, and took its position in history.

It had become conspicuous by its sufferings and achievements. It stood, the beacon light, to guide the nations to civilization. From the blood of its martyrs sprung a pure and undefiled religion. It had been the battle-field upon which liberty had conquered despotism. In its agony it acquired something for all mankind. The maintenance of right by Holland in the sixteenth, by Holland and England in the seventeenth, and by America in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, are all links of one great chain. The greatness of its people and the preëminent greatness of its statesmen, its warriors, its scholars and its artists, made its history enduring and glorious. Erasmus, the compeer of Luther ; Grotius, the brilliant star of a century later ; Van Tromp, the Farragut of the seventeenth century ; the great Prince of Orange, the first statesman of his age, and almost the first in history ; these are some of the names which adorn Dutch history.

In the year 1608 the persecuted Puritans fled from English despotism and bigotry to the freedom of action and belief which the Netherlands afforded. There they learned its lessons of self-government, and the conditions and duties of freedom. They gathered in their souls the spirit of the revolution which made Holland free. They were born anew

on Dutch soil ; and when they landed on Plymouth Rock they brought with them that which, taking root in the new founded colonies, grew and strengthened ; spread undivided ; became a power ; asserted its independence ; maintained and strengthened that independence ; reasserted it—lives, and is the United States of America.

Surely we, who are the heirs of civil and religious liberty, can appreciate the position of Holland in history.

## EXHIBITION OF 1867.

"Is the Character of an Author Revealed in His Writings?"

EDWIN BALDWIN.

"The Missionary as a Pioneer of Civilization,"

AMORY HOWE BRADFORD.

"The Reciprocal Influence of Races in the United States,"

DAVID RIDDLE BREED.

"The Rise and Influence of Great Cities,"

FREDERICK HENRY KELLOGG,

CHESTER JENNINGS LYON.

"The Legacy of the Federalists,"

SIDNEY ALLYN SHERWIN.

"Knowledge and Culture."

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## THE LEGACY OF THE FEDERALISTS.

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BY SIDNEY A. SHERWIN.

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IN 1783, the exodus from British domination was accomplished. The Children of the Republic had passed the Red Sea of War, and pitched their tents in the Promised Land. Upon what could they ground a hope of final rest after their bloody pilgrimage? They were without efficient government. Powerless to enforce the least of its decrees, Congress was begging for money, and getting promises; making treaties for the States to disregard. The States seeking to be sovereign, were slaves to mutual jealousies. Fearful of encroachments, they



stood at bay, eyeing each other as Athens eyed Sparta ; in the first days of freedom committing the last fatal error of republics. With the people, industry was paralyzed ; trade fettered. Foreign navigation acts driving our merchants from the seas, the commerce of the confederation had dwindled to a few hundred hulks beating their empty sides against our barren wharves.

The better to devise a remedy for this universal prostration of national energies, a convention was called ; two parties sprang, full-armed, into vigorous life ; opinions clashed, and the contest began for closer union of constitutional liberty with constitutional law. One party, justly suspicious of a community of States loosely thrown together, advocated a stronger bond of union through a grant of more effective powers to the general government. Assuming a name not suggested by the principles they held, these men are known in history as Federalists. Their influence upon the popular will, the impress of their principles upon the statesmanship of that day, the partial embodiment of those principles in the Constitution, and its development and practical working in our national life, constitute the legacy of the Federalists.

The Convention of 1787 had assembled to frame a new government. History was to be their guide. Hitherto government had been based upon a single idea. Greece deified liberty ; and when the goddess

had received in sacrifice every element of Grecian power and glory, she fled the altar. Rome deified law. She wrote law in her books; inscribed law above the gates of her temples; burned law into the heart of the citizen; branded law upon the backs of conquered nations; until the rigor of law broke the power of Rome. These two legacies the dead empires left to one nation. England took Grecian liberty and harnessed it with Roman law. Seven centuries of revolution followed. Liberty, in behalf of the people, rebelled. Law, in behalf of government, coerced. But a higher power held the nation steady and solved the world's vexatious problem—union of government with people—of law with liberty. At first, all rights and powers of the British realm were in dispute between crown and nobility. When the turbulent spirit of the feudal lord yielded to the kingly prerogative, the nation rose to power and influence. But when both king and aristocrat succumbed to the higher power; when the Englishman found himself making law, as he made liberty, subservient to his own well-being; when the sovereign was taken from the shoulders and placed in the arms of the subject; then for the first time the interests of the government and people became identical. Then the nation's song, *God Save the King*, (not the aristocrat the king) was written—a people's prayer for Him to save liberty and law.

Such was the picture on the canvas of the past. In the dim shadow of this higher power was recognized the builder of the broadest, freest empire on the earth. Catching the spirit of English growth, the Federalists held, as the mighty purpose of national existence, not liberty alone, not law, but progress. Said they : The people shall have liberty ; but it shall not be supreme. Supremacy shall clothe the law. Supreme law shall be vitalized, energized by executive power. This cohesive conservative power of coercion shall spring from the people, "the only pure fountain of legitimate authority." It shall be exerted upon the people, to restrain license, to conserve rights. It shall be exercised by one central, national government, to which the public welfare is confided. We recognize the rights of men, but the rights of a state aristocracy we ignore.

Opposed to this sweeping assumption of popular sovereignty, were minds wedded to the exploded theories of ancient Greece. Men, who confounding possession with abuse of power, saw national calamity in governmental strength. Every grant to central authority is so much shorn from the rights of States. For more than a hundred years, had not these States stood between the people and royalty's abusive hand? Had they not for more than a hundred years been virtual guardians of popular liberty? With popular liberty history associated

the highest achievements of the race. Secure in his individual freedom, behind the bulwarks of state sovereignty, the sturdy Greek breasted the assaults of eastern barbarism, while the throbs of his great free heart sent the blood of civilization coursing through the veins of Europe. Says the anti-Federalist: If you do not curb the spirit of your law, it will enslave liberty.

Divide Congress into two bodies ; create an independent judiciary ; answered the champion of progress.

But where is the final limit to these stringent powers ?

National law is coëxistent with national growth. Limit the future of the Republic, enumerate the dangers seen and unseen, include the last point where liberty broadens into license, there you will find the executive arm administering the legislative command.

Such was the Federalist's idea of "a more perfect union." Inspired by it, on the floor of the convention, they won their great victory. The Constitution was indeed a compromise. It did not fully express their views. But when it went before the popular tribunal, for final judgment, they were its only friends and advocates. They relaxed no effort, yielded no point, accepted no conditions, until the last State was pledged to rest in the arms of all the people. On that day state sovereignty

was driven to the wall ; and the destroyer of ancient republics, the million-headed, million-handed giant Genius of Democracy, bound hand and foot, was delivered up to the American freeman, the sovereign democrat, as a servant and bondsman forever.

The Constitution, as an exposition of political truth, was certainly incomplete. Yet, in that very incompleteness, the Genius of Federalism discovered the open door to progress. It was folly to bind the present to a dead past. It was madness to chain the future to a dying present. Therefore, while the opposition strove to limit national jurisdiction to the strict letter of the parchment, the Federalists asserted the imperative necessity of a more liberal construction. Chosen first administrators of the government they had formed, they popularized their creed, and rendered it a part of our political faith.

When a government lays down a principle as fundamental law, whithersoever the principle leads, the government must follow. Implied powers, then, are essential powers. By their seizure, kings become despots ; leagued, sovereign states, anarchists. France stood upon her right divine of kings. Beneath her monstrous falsehood she smothered all popular growth, until French aspirations became volcanic fires. In 1789 an explosion shook the Continent. Old foundations were upturned ; French politics were dislocated ; license

made havoc with law ; anarchy made havoc with France ; guillotine was king. Italy gave her destinies in charge of sovereign states. She has reared the first statesmen in Europe and banished them to the courts of her rivals ; the bravest soldiers in Europe, they led the bands of France and Germany ; the most enlightened philosophers, they shed their light on other lands through Italian prison-bars. She has inspired the sweetest, grandest poets and driven them forth, wandering Ishmaels of song. Yesterday, fleeing from state sovereignty, determined to have refuge even behind a throne, Italy went backward fourteen hundred years, when the Roman Empire, falling, crushed Italian unity.

Now, search our own history. What do we find ? Necessity becomes the freeman's plea. Marshall, discerning in the Constitution "more truth than is written there ;" Webster, asserting "government above and beyond all precedent ;" Seward, trusting in a "higher law ;" every statesman, whose name sheds lustre on our national renown, has heard, in free interpretation, the "Forward March" to progress. Every administration, from Washington to Lincoln, has pressed into service as the ally of law and defender of liberty, this doctrine of constitutional law implied. Jefferson saw no written word to justify the acquisition of Louisiana whereby the Spaniard found the gates of the Mississippi in better hands than his. Madison, in defiance of

New England's sovereign rights, enforced the first conscription acts. Andrew Jackson, in a free interpretation of constitutional law, revealed to recreant Carolina the Federalist plan of national salvation. Lincoln and the loyal North believed what Jackson taught. By implied power they saved the nation, put secession to the sword, strangled slavery, and four million freedmen bless to-day the Federalist doctrine of emancipation.

In our history, then, implied powers have been essential to civil liberty ; have upheld the government in all times of peril ; have strengthened the State ; freed the people ; and are, to-day, leading us forward, step by step, in steady progress, towards the government's ideal.

The body of the Constitution, as it stands recorded, the accepted interpretation, is the legacy of the Federalists. Who will compute its value ? Without it, what had our Union been ? A mere compact of States, which the first shock of adverse internal interests had shivered into fragments ; and the Republic, with its own ruins, paved the pathway of advancing empire. With it, we have builded a fabric of free government ; which, though winds without may blow and storms within convulse, will, I believe, stand through all ages, a monument reared to the genius and integrity of men who rocked infant liberty in the cradle of the law.

And now, when secession's carnival of blood is

ended, while the nation's wounds are healing, let Americans, from North, and South, and East, and West, gather together, members of one common brotherhood, and swear to preserve their priceless inheritance. Whatever misfortune another war may bring; if commerce is swallowed in the deep; if the wheels of manufacture cease their busy whirling; if the plow stands still in the furrow and the hand of labor is palsied; if every avenue of wealth is closed; nay, if national wealth itself vanishes like mist before the nation's eyes, still let the oath be recorded: "We will preserve the law." If liberty seems to sink into earth, preserve the law; and liberty will rise again. Resurrected law is bitter tyranny. Preserve the law, for "her throne is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world."

I would not detract from the honorable fame of men who love the milder creed. When freedom's star rose in our eastern sky, their vision caught the radiance of its beams, their souls thrilled with its immortal glow, and their voices rang golden tidings to the people in the land. Enshrined in our hearts with the liberty they love so well, their names can never die. But they will live in the work of their stern antagonists whom they feared and denounced as monarchists and conspirators. War's fires have consumed the veil which shrouded Federalist character and purpose. Returning peace casts a brighter



halo about the memory of Washington, the nation's first, greatest exemplar ; and Madison ; and Jay ; and Morris, that brilliant statesman, "the national extremist," when national men were few. But above and before them all shines the name of him, their gallant leader, the acknowledged exponent of the Federalist idea ; him, in whose active brain was centred the wisdom, prudence and daring of all the rest ; him, who labored early and long, with sword and speech and pen, to surround the people's rights with the safeguards of a people's law, Alexander Hamilton, the father and child of the Republic.

## EXHIBITION OF 1868.

- "The Democracy of Christianity,"  
HENRY EVERETT CASE DANIELS.
- "Roads a Symbol of the Age,"  
CHARLES FRANCIS JANES.
- "The Debt we owe Charles Dickens,"  
JOHN HENRY KNOX.
- "The Achievements of the American Navy,"  
MARTIN RUMSEY MILLER.
- "The Truth about Poland,"  
JAMES HAZLETON WILLARD,  
MYRON GILBERT WILLARD.
- "The Value of Humor to the Public Man."
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## THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

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BY MARTIN R. MILLER.

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THE annals of the American navy borrow their chief lustre from the achievements of recent date. Its early promises were resplendent with indications of strength, and coming readiness for the emergencies of national trial and defense. The laurels won in the Revolution and the War of 1812 on the high seas, were no mean tribute of honor to skillful officers and brave crews.

The Algerine war, which suppressed the most terrible system of piracy history records, and forced the Old World to acknowledge that "America had

done more for Christendom against barbarians than all the powers of Europe combined ;" the exploits of John Paul Jones, whose name alone was a "Marsellaise Hymn" to his followers ; the gallant actions of Lawrence, choosing death before cowardice, whose words became the motto of the American navy, and coupled his name forever with her grand honor roll ; and further on in our nation's history, Perry, with colors in hand, leaving the deck of the shattered Lawrence, 'neath a raking fire, leaping upon the old Niagara and snatching victory from the very jaws of death ; these achievements, ever fresh in the nation's memory, were wonderful in their day, characterized by unparalleled bravery, and involved the life or death of the embryo republic.

But to us, living at a period when fifty slain is called a skirmish, and to merit the name of a battle, demands the slaughter of hundreds, the conflicts of the Revolution, although enhancing our pride and glory, were comparatively small and inconsiderable. To us of to-day, the period between the years '61 and '65 is the proper standpoint from which to view the achievements of the American navy.

When in the spring of '61 the long threatened civil war became a reality, the executive proclamation declared the whole coast of rebeldom to be under blockade, the American navy, now the first

maritime power of the world, then consisted of seventy-six vessels, but four of which were within reach of its orders, manned by only two hundred and seven marines. This was the power, so scattered in foreign seas, so meager in material, so utterly deficient in men, that was to accomplish the Titanic undertaking.

As circumstances often make men, so casualties made the American navy. Merchantmen became men-of-war. The commerce of the lakes, the shipping of New York and Philadelphia,—all sent to the navy yards their representatives, which seemed to say :

“Build me straight, O worthy master !  
Staunch and strong a goodly vessel,  
That will laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.”

To the old navy,—insignificant, but not inoperative, this extemporized fleet was a powerful ally. The force was small, but constantly increasing ; the line was long, but still extending ; the attempts to break it were bold, but still augmenting ; till, as time rolled on, our navy grew in size, vigilance and activity ; till beacon-light answered beacon-light along the whole coast, and the Confederacy was shut in from the world. And what was this blockade ? It was the investment of a coast, whose continental line alone was three thousand five hundred and forty-nine miles, and, including the bays

and shores of islands within the beat of its sentinels, a shore line of eleven thousand nine hundred and fifty-three miles, a seacoast greater than that of half Europe. The political influence of France and England combined to break it. The manufacturers of the Old World gazed with greedy eyes upon cotton lying idle in Southern markets, hitherto obtained upon credit, now refusing even ready gold. The working classes murmured. The manufacturer trembled for his capital. The cotton famine was followed by the bread famine, and commerce received a check which made England and France shake to their very centres.

Within this watchful line lay the Southern Confederacy, rich in cotton, resin and turpentine, yet wanting the necessities of life. Without were the swift cruisers of jealous kingdoms, striving to open the commerce thus suddenly closed. Valuable prizes within and eager cupidity from without threatened it. Profound statesmanship and wily statecraft strove to neutralize it. The bitter hatred caused by the humiliation of two wars, augmented by envy at our commercial prosperity, cherished the desire and even made the attempt to destroy it. But these efforts were all in vain.

And now shall we hear the assertion, the blockade was incomplete, a tame affair, a failure? The blockade incomplete? Does the cavalier forget that extraordinary confession wrung from our

English "friends,"—aye, forced from them by deeds which can not lie, "that in no previous war had the ports of an enemy been so effectually closed by a naval force?" The blockade a tame affair? Witness the long list of prizes, the avails of which are over twelve millions of dollars, taken by its almost matchless skill and untiring vigilance. The blockade a failure? What was it that reduced the Southern States to penury; that banished the luxuries and rendered even the necessities of life almost inaccessible; that left whole families without food, clothing or fuel; that destroyed their commerce, checked their progress, exhausted, in short, the resources of the Confederacy?

This was the work of that complete blockade, which has not a parallel in the annals of naval warfare,—the greatest achievement of the American navy.

The events of our late war have tended to make us a naval rather than a military power. Yet as we review many of its fiercest struggles we find these two forces, like the arms of the human frame, supplementary to each other. Wondrously interwoven in the marches and countermarches of their campaigns, each moving harmoniously in its own orbit, yet pressing onward to the same great end. We would not distinguish between them. To consider one, we must regard the other. Envy and jealousy were swallowed up in true patriotism. In their unity was their strength.

The battle of Pittsburg Landing furnishes a glorious illustration. All day our troops had fought. Charge followed charge. Line after line advanced e'en to the cannon's mouth, then wavered and broke 'neath the raking fire of the enemy. Now the foe advance. On, like an avalanche, they come. Post after post yields. Regiment after regiment is captured. The right wing is beaten back ; the left cut open ; the centre breaks, and defeat seems inevitable. When, suddenly that seemingly omnipotent, victorious line halts, wavers, and retreats. From the right came a destructive fire of shot and shell, as from every gun on board the Tyler and Lexington rang out that terrible warning. All night long those fiery sentinels watched. And as in rapid succession those iron throated monsters spoke, each voice seemed the quick drumbeat of a retreating foe. Two great armies met and fought. Two great armies were routed, and fled, leaving only their dead and wounded in possession of the field, but the victory to our American navy.

During those long and perilous years which tried and almost destroyed the nation, years in which the whole land was shaken, and the great heart of the nation throbbed till every nerve trembled with the shock, there was a period when the safety of all depended on the navy. The army was in readiness, but separated from the conflict by the waters

of the restless ocean. The navy alone stood between the nation and her enemy.

You all remember when Norfolk was made the navy yard of the Southern Confederacy ; how the rebels contributed from their scanty means, and the best workmen of the South gathered there; and all to build a craft that should ride invincible on the wave. The hull of the old Merrimac was raised from its watery grave, rebuilt and iron mailed, and the new Merrimac sailed out from the harbor, freighted with the dearest hopes of the South.

How the nation quaked with fear as that “seemingly almost omnipotent monster” met and destroyed the Minnesota, sunk the Cumberland and turned northward in its path of death. Frigates could not oppose it. Forts could not beat in its iron sides. Destruction seemed inevitable. Just at this critical moment the little “Yankee Cheese-Box” arrived at Fortress Monroe. The stormy night, the rushing wind and the rolling wave had combined to destroy it. But the hand of God, who rules the wind and the wave, held the helm. The fort was reached; news of the battle heard; and the little craft steamed for the scene of action. As the stripling of Israel met the giant of Philistia, so the little Monitor, the monster of secession. Thrice the Merrimac rushed upon the Monitor to crush her with her iron prow. Thrice she is repelled, receiving the third time injuries which compelled her to



retreat. The Monitor follows, redoubling her fire, till that hitherto invincible "death-dealing" monster is driven back by the same way she came, never more to return. Ericsson was rewarded. The age of ironclads began. The nation was saved, and the praise belonged to an Almighty God and the navy of the United States.

The list of worthy names and heroic deeds is long. Yet can the gratitude of a redeemed nation forget the opening of the Mississippi, that grand masterpiece of naval warfare, that tore asunder the very vitals of the Confederacy; when Foote and Davis, with extemporized ironclads, swept through the heart of the South, leaving the victories of Fort Henry, Hickman, Island No. 10 and Vicksburg to illumine their path? And shall we forget how the nation grew wild with joy when Rowan and Goldsborough after a series of battles not more brilliant than successful, reconquered the shore of North Carolina; or when Dupont, circling through his magnificent and fiery ellipse, humbled the nursery of secession by replanting the flag on the batteries of Port Royal; or when Farragut, rushing through a sea of fire, silenced Fort Jackson, demolished Fort Phillips, annihilated the enemy's most effectual squadron, and reoccupied, in the name of the republic, the "Crescent City of the South?"

That power which in its infancy contended with the mistress of the seas, bravely and victoriously

upheld the young republic on the wave, and made a more successful crusade against barbarism than all united Europe ; that power which in its youth could boast of the name and deeds of a Perry ; that in its manhood, by its unparalleled blockade, saved the nation the humiliation of having the standard of secession planted over three thousand miles of our ocean frontier ; that began the age of ironclads ; that opened the Tennessee, the Red, the Cumberland, the Mississippi, and established itself the ruling force on the high seas ; this power was and is the American navy.

Lift aloft, then, that noble standard, which the brave old Porter carried at his masthead, bearing the motto, "Free Trade and Sailor's Rights ;" that inscription, synonymous with the honor of the navy, the freedom of the seas, the defense of the national commerce. Let this great and united nation, in its onward march, ever remember that "in fostering our naval power we are at once gratifying the noblest passion of our souls—the love of liberty, and are giving protection to those institutions which are both our safeguard and our glory."

The American navy portrays the bravery, patriotism and genius of the American people. From the Revolution till to-day it has existed, a mighty power. When civil war threatened the nation it was in the land. Necessity gave the command ;

the forests of Maine, the oak ; the bowels of the earth, the metal ; and the brain of the nation, the skill. The result was the mighty ironclad, which has changed the science of war and made peace more desirable and imperative.

Great, then, as the achievements of the American navy have been, the true triumph will be a task of pacific statesmanship.

As we walk through the war-worn frigates of our navy and see the tiers of guns, they seem to us as the pipes of some dread organ charged with the horrible dissonance of the past. As we walk through the aisles of a manufacturing hall and see the long rows of gold pens, they resemble bright banks of keys commanding the blessed harmonies of the future. The last gunboat will be laid aside before the power of the pen ; but the last pen will be abandoned only when the last man disappears.

## EXHIBITION OF 1869.

"The Relations of the United States to the Indian Tribes,"

CHARLES DENSMORE BARROWS.

"The Progress of Liberty in England,"

THOMAS WARNER FITCH.

"Reverence in the American Character,"

JOHN CURTIS FOWLER.

"The Prose and Poetry of the Sea,"

OTIS RANDALL GLOVER.

"The Achievements of American Artists,"

SIMON NEWTON DEXTER NORTH,

SELDEN HAYNES TALCOTT.

"The Sensational in Literature."

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## REVERENCE IN THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

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BY JOHN C. FOWLER.

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CONCEIT invites criticism. Our American failing in this direction, has acted, with other causes, to render it fashionable, in some quarters abroad, to pick flaws in American character and custom, to see rather the evil than the good phases of our development.

Among the accusations thus suggested, is the lack of reverence. Many foreign writers upon America claim that we have no reverence for antiquity, for authority in opinion, for the state, for parents, for God and religion, in short for anything.

Is there, indeed, no reverence in the American character?

Our fathers were reverent, and the pilgrims most of all. They revered God and His truth, nature and law, the holy charms of domestic life, and the nobility of freedom for body and soul. Have we lost our heritage of reverent faith?

The objects and manifestations of reverence differ with character and culture. They are indicative of national as well as individual tendencies. Chinamen, welded to forms, controlled by an absolute and minute despotism, are outwardly reverential by habit and compulsion; inwardly, there is indifference. This hypocrisy of reverence indicates the formal superficiality of Celestial civilization. Greece and Rome revered, each its peculiar symbols; but with imaginative Greek as with practical Roman, these were objective; in politics, the state, not the people; in religion, material, not spiritual power. Modern Europe reveres what is traditional; society is framed upon the past, so society worships the past. Feudalism was the beginning of advancement and power, so the people revere titles, rank, nobility; that is, they express such a reverence; its depth is doubtful. France showed little of it in '93. We doubt its healthy growth in Birmingham and Manchester. In religion, state and church are still interwoven; the formal reverence due the one is granted to the other.

Expressions are as varied as objects of reverence. The Chinaman reveres slavishly; the Greek and Roman, the one with artistic intellect, the other with self-abnegation for the state; the European reveres ceremonies hallowed by time, doffs the hat, bows the knee, is punctilious in titles.

Now all these, we own, Americans have not. We do not kiss the earth in salaams; exhale our lives in artistic excellence; silently die, to widen the bounds of empire; make genuflections to titles, or do obeisance to the past as it absorbs the present. Why should we? Our history is not that of tradition; our government was not formed for us, but by us, the people; we have no statics, we are all dynamics. How can we worship a past to which we owe so little; traditions from which we have cut loose; material rank and titles, acres and heritages to which we have proven ourselves superior?

But there is a reverence, born of our national life, sustained by our national circumstances.

Our history has been one of ideas, ideas crystallizing, overriding, overcoming, removing the merely material. These ideas are freedom and truth; freedom, full, large, universal, for body, thought and soul; truth, not present and fragmentary, but all-embracing, infinite. We care little for outsides if they do not mean these; and we know these ideas so well, that we look through forms and judge the

essence. So our life and our character lead us to revere ideas, not forms or ceremonies, or symbols, but substance, meaning the essential. What care we for officers, we who regard the office ; what for rulers, we who are ourselves sovereigns, carrying, within ourselves the ideas, the will which rules. Others may take for granted that things past are true; we are too much in earnest for truth to take anything for granted. We probe this past ; if there be truth, we honor, not the past, which merely held it, but the truth itself.

Our religious reverence is of the same cast. Love of freedom and eagerness for truth, are everywhere manifest, even in our mistakes. Each strives to work out his own salvation; churches do not do it for him. So we regard forms and creeds and churches less, and individual heart and life-piety more.

This freedom and sometimes reckless eagerness for truth, often leads to error ; and thus, the very desire to revere only the genuine, appears, to some, lack of reverence for religion itself. Despite its evils, this desire and reverence for spiritual truth is vastly higher and more ennobling than any respect for mere forms ; and do we not honestly come by it? If you doubt, go back with Tacitus into dim Germanic forests, and behold our far-off ancestry worshipping divinity unembodied and unseen, while the less noble Roman bowed to material effigies of sensual imaginings.

And, truly, whatever may be the faults or absurdities of some American creeds, there is here a practical reverence for religion rarely found abroad. God's name has never become a by-word in polite society, like the "*Mon Dieu*" of the French; or the Sabbath, a gala day, as all over Continental Europe. Enter any village of our state upon a Sabbath morning, and as you hear the church bells, amid hushed stillness all around, calling to worship, you will feel that we revere God's day; enter the unpretending church and you will feel that we revere God.

In narrower spheres of life the same conclusions hold. Too many young Americans, indeed, in appearance, show want of respect for age, and neglect of domestic ties. Yet do we not so judge wrongly sometimes, because we have fixed upon certain modes as the only modes of reverential expression? And do we not often mistake a repugnance for shams, for disrespect? Is there a land where honest gray hairs receive more tokens of practical regard? Do they not, on all our thoroughfares and marts, receive due meed of consideration, not extorted by custom, but granted from the heart? While there is here little of that clinging attachment to place, which is found in older countries; there exists a deep love for the affections and associations and comforts, which are the essence of home. Sometimes, indeed, father and mother are



rudely shoved aside, without honor of thought or word ; there is this danger in the free, independent culture of our youth, self-poised, self-reliant. But great as is the evil, it is too often magnified. Here, as elsewhere, in times of sorrow and need, parents find strong arms to lean upon, and loving hearts to comfort them ; and as many homes here, as elsewhere, are reared by filial hands, to cover the heads of aged loved ones.

As between man and man, it is said, we pay no respect to persons. It may be so. But we honor labor and worth ; we honor the golden speech of the orator ; the modest learning of the true philosopher ; the wise words of the pious preacher ; the unassuming strength of tried and tested virtue ; we honor true bravery, skill, endurance, foresight ; we honor all these, and pay our homage with a heartiness which proves it genuine. La Fayette, returning to view the scenes of his early pilgrimage for freedom ; Dickens, the representative of that English literature in which we claim lot and share ; Kossuth, the leader of a brave people crushed in a desperate struggle for liberty ; all these, surely our nation honored. Our own gifted and great, while we do not accept their thoughts as our thoughts ; yet we honor them and their memories. Washington and his compeers of the Revolution are as truly revered as if in marble piles ; Henry Clay is yet well-nigh worshiped by Kentuckians ; New Eng-

land flushes with pride of Webster ; and but four years since, a nation in tears, city and village and hamlet and farm, offered reverence, as the bier of Lincoln passed, from the banks of the Potomac, to the prairies of Illinois.

Yet we build few monuments. But we name our towns and children and lyceums and mountains, after our great men. Only here and there a column rises, half complete, perhaps, to tell posterity their fame. Yet it is not the reverence which is lacking, but those forms of expression to which older civilizations have given rise. The business of our national, as of our individual life, has been too much a struggle. We have too lately made firm our revered idea of universal brotherhood in universal freedom, for us to play very much with the elegant arts. But will they not all come in good time ; and then, will not the American reverence for ideas, lift our American art into higher spirituality and nobler beauty, than the world has known ?

Sincerity in essence, simplicity of expression, are the prominent characteristics of American reverence. It is our very sincerity which utterly refuses to be trammelled by mere forms. We will not worship shams. In our search for truth, we are so eager that we take strange paths, may be, but most of us right ourselves, by and by. Many as our humbugs are, they rarely live long. European and Oriental humbugs live forever. We adopt our creeds,

not for form's, but for truth's sake. We may have many strange beliefs; we have comparatively few merely formal believers.

This sincerity never courts expression; true worth is unobtrusive. We do not vaunt our reverence, but rather conceal it until occasion demands; and then, it is too real for trappings.

The ideas we revere need no fanciful adornments; the men we honor are their own best monuments; the homes we cherish have faithful memorials in our hearts; the God we worship, and the religion we profess, are too sacred for aught but simple earnestness.

The effects of this reverence are plain in our national life. Some of them seem evil. Forms are of value; they contain substance, and, sometimes, breaking the form destroys the substance. So young America gets to be rude and wicked; middle-aged America becomes opinionated and crabbed; so religion slips away from God's moorings and becomes "ism;" so search for truth becomes scepticism. But these evils are outward and occasional; are they not also temporary?

There are good influences of this reverence, which are essential, general, permanent. The power of public opinion is one. Nowhere else has it so tremendous a weight. This, inspired by our reverence for ideas, fought our Civil War; politicians could not cajole, failure did not dishearten it; to-day, it demands the full

fruits of its victory. Our regard for law is another token and result of our reverence. Our law has little paraphernalia, periwigs and maces, and but few myrmidons ; but break it, and see how its arms reach over the continent. The position of woman, the diffusion of knowledge, the wonders of our inventive skill, are all, both signs and outgrowth of our reverence for ideas. But grandest result of all, this reverence will mould the coming American mind. Our search after truth in perfection, with our glorious idea of freedom, is working out a grand composite character, bold, free, persistive, impressible, and with wonderful power of adaptation. This power of adaptation springs directly from our reverence for ideas, and consequent freedom from form. What matters the garb, when we revere the heart ; what the name, when we seek the essence ?

We conclude then, that granting the formal allegations of our critics, and regretting the truth of many of their statements ; we, yet, cannot plead guilty to utter lack of reverence in our American character.

There is not, indeed, reverence for those objects which the world has mainly revered, or those forms of expression sanctioned by centuries of use ; but there is a deep, earnest reverence for the great ideas which mould our history and life ; for God and religion ; for worth of mind and heart ; for pure affec-

tion and its abiding home. There is not form or ceremony, there is simple, sincere earnestness ; and, withal, we claim that this, our American reverence, grasping thoughts, rather than things, is noblest of all, as closest to that "which is unseen and eternal."

## EXHIBITION OF 1870.

“The Character and Causes of the Influence of New England in the United States,”

CHARLES ELMER ALLISON,  
SHELDON WILLIAM SWANEY.

“The Greatness and Littleness of Eminent Men,”

WILLIAM HENRY DESHON.

“The Effect of a Belief in an Endless Life upon Education,”

HENRY ALLYN FRINK.

“The Heroism of the Naturalist,”

JAMES HART HOADLEY.

“Chinese and American Civilization,”

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS SACKETT.

“The Conservative Influence of the Legal Profession.”

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## THE HEROISM OF THE NATURALIST.

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BY JAMES H. HOADLEY.

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WHO that has read Prescott's “Conquest of Mexico,” has not exclaimed as he finished the story, “heroic?” It has been generally allowed that the man who subjugated an empire which had lasted for three centuries, with a handful of Castilian soldiers, was a hero. If now we analyze the heroism of Hernando Cortez, we find underlying it a sublime faith. He believed in the success of his undertaking, and so he burns his ships, and turns from the ocean behind to the untried enemy before

him. Courage and persistency are the marked characteristics of that march to the capital: a courage that humbled the hitherto impregnable Republic of Tlascala; routed the combined armies in the plain of Otumba; and captured the king in his own palace: a persistency that was undaunted by the treachery of the natives; the mutiny of his own soldiers; and the hostility of Charles V. Such is the heroism of the soldier; a type most prominent in history, and most honored by the world.

Apply this to the naturalist. Has he the faith, the courage and the persistency that makes the hero of the battle-field?

Let example answer example. Is not Alexander Humboldt penetrating the undiscovered regions of the Amazon and Orinoco, pressing his way through dense and unknown forests, and climbing the rugged mountain peaks of the Andes, led by a heroic faith? He believed in a cosmos, and his faith will not let him rest until it has unfolded the mysteries of that cosmos. If courage and persistency are the tests, who will not say that the life of John James Audubon was heroic? History does not afford a nobler example of sublime courage and untiring energy. "For more than sixty years," we are told, "he followed with a religious devotion, a beautiful and elevated pursuit. In all climes, and in all weathers; scorched by burning suns; drenched

by piercing rains ; frozen by the fiercest colds ; in perils, in difficulties and in doubts, he faithfully kept on his path." Like the hero of Italy, he had "rather take one step forward and die, than one step backward and live."

The naturalist may indeed claim the homage due those qualities which go to make the heroic soldier ; but there is a higher type of heroism. Patience and self-sacrifice are indispensable to the true hero. Thirst for power has been the motor of most battle-fields ; and pride, impatience and selfishness, have characterized most conquerors. A truer heroism labors not for itself, but others ; it does not seek applause ; it is content to wait with patience for its exaltation and reward. The child who carried draughts of water to the wounded and dying at Inkerman, showed a nobler heroism than the chieftain who won the Crimea. So the devotion of the humble missionary, leaving the house of his love to tell the story of the cross beyond the sea, and laboring for years perhaps, in patience, amid discouragement and suffering, before one indication of success appears, is a type of heroism to which mere physical courage can never attain. And here again, the naturalist has fairly earned the title of hero.

In geology, botany, zoölogy, in every department of natural science, great names crowd upon us. Names of those who have sacrificed position, wealth, friends, comfort and even life itself with



unparalleled devotion. Names of those who patiently endured hunger, thirst, heat, cold, disappointment, opposition, weariness, sickness, peril, privation of every kind, undismayed by delay and undaunted by defeat. What sought these men for themselves? Honor? They had left it! Fame? They had renounced it! Wealth? They had despised it!

Honor came indeed to some. A few great names won the admiration of the world. Men wrote their lives; and nations, proud of the record, preserved their memory in song and chronicle and marble. But, alas! the greater number died unknown. Many never came back from their adventurous wanderings; and some returned enfeebled and crippled to die in their native land. Ye are at rest, O hero-martyrs in the cause of science! Sleep on in your unknown homes, with icebergs for your monuments, with the soft seaweed for your pillows, with desert sands for your covering. Your names we have never heard; but we shall see you in that vast assembly where every man's work shall be revealed.

We have seen that the naturalist possesses all the elements of the heroic spirit. He enters on his mission with a sublime faith in the object of his pursuit. In courage and persistiveness he is not surpassed by the soldier. While by patience and self-sacrifice he establishes his claim to heroism in its nobler form. But we can not assign the

naturalist his place among the heroes, without considering the character, the difficulties and the results of his work.

The sphere in which the naturalist labors, is the sphere of mind. True, there is much that is physical in it. He breaks the rocks ; he examines the flowers ; he collects the shells ; but these are only means to an end ; they are the materials upon which he builds a mental structure.

As when a child, gathering in its lap the colored blocks its father gave it, learns to put the bits of wood together and spell out the words ; so the naturalist brings into his workshop his alphabet blocks, stones, minerals and shells, plants, insects and animals. The letters are many shaped. Each kingdom speaks a dialect. Yet the language of nature is one and harmonious. To ascertain that harmony, to read that language, is his work.

No mean labor this ; it requires intellect of the highest order. Profound investigation, thorough analysis, and careful and correct synthesis, are necessary to solve the problem. But the men who undertook it were worthy of their task. With the same heroic devotion with which they ransacked the globe for data, they classified and systematized their discoveries.

Day after day Hugh Miller labored on with untiring zeal in the completion of his "Testimony of the Rocks." Hours after midnight, the light glim-

mered through the windows of his study, which within the same month was to witness the close of the volumes, and the close of the author's life.

We have spoken of Humboldt's faith in nature, and the ardor with which he entered her service. Let us again recall him. He is no longer a young enthusiast. Eighty years have silvered his hair, and wasted his strength ; but the heroism of the old man surpasses that of the boy. Already his published works are a library in themselves ; but still behold him, with unwearied energy, devoting his declining days to the completion of that "Cosmos" which is to stand in the first rank of literature.

Animated by the same indefatigable spirit, Cuvier wrought out his system of classifying animals and plants. And to-day our own Agassiz, "upon whom the mantle of Cuvier seems to have fallen," is developing and unfolding the system still further, with an intellectual acumen which has challenged the prizes of two continents.

The heroism of the naturalist, however, appears not only in the character of his work, but in the peculiar difficulties with which he contends. These arise partly from his isolated condition, and partly from the nature of the natural sciences.

It is true, as almost every writer has remarked, that "man is a social being." It is also true, that he is largely indebted for heroic action to the presence and encouragement of his fellow man. He is

indeed, to a certain extent, the creature of circumstances, for a sublime occasion has made heroes of the veriest cowards. Now, it must be admitted, that he who is independent of men and circumstances ; who does not fail for, but makes occasions ; in short, who carries his inspiration in his own soul, is the greatest hero. And this is precisely the difference between the soldier and the naturalist.

Marshal Ney, leading the charge at Waterloo ; under the eye of the emperor ; in front of two armies ; with the gaze of all Europe turned toward that scene, exhibits heroism of a very different type from that of Dr. Livingstone meeting the wild beasts in the solitude of an African forest.

The soldier is inspired by the array of armies ; the glitter of weapons ; the roar of cannon ; the strains of martial music, and all "the pomp and circumstance of war." Not so with the naturalist. He goes forth alone to win his battles ; alone he encounters danger ; alone he penetrates the arcana of nature ; alone he works out through weary hours the plan of the universe. Difficulties arising from the very nature of the natural sciences, baffle the student at almost every step.

Natural science rests upon investigation, testimony and experience ; but these are not invariable. Investigation has not been completed. Testimony does not always agree. Experience varies. And so previous generalizations are sometimes contra-

dicted ; old systems invalidated, and new classifications demanded. But the naturalist, undaunted by defeat in one direction, strikes another path. He reëxamines, remodels—perchance reconstructs from the beginning. Perplexity does not dishearten ; contradiction does not silence ; failure does not intimidate. Failure ? He never fails. The heroism that ever returns with fresh courage to the contest, out of failure achieves success and turns defeat to victory.

But “by their fruits shall ye know them,” is the test to which men and systems are to be subjected. Though the naturalist exhibits all courage and endurance ; though he push his labors into the highest realms of thought ; though he conquer single handed the greatest difficulties ; aye, though he sacrifice life itself a willing offering ; yet if he leaves no lasting good to benefit mankind, he deserves not in the true sense of the term the epithet of “hero.” That is heroism, and that alone, which bears and suffers for the advantage of others. He is a hero, and only he, who falls in the cause of truth.

But the naturalist shrinks not from the trial ; for it is in the light of this test that his heroism turns into immortal glory. We have said he is the interpreter of a language—the unfolders of a plan. That language is a communication from above ; that plan is a divine arrangement. Fired with a nobler ambition than that of him who said, “I

paint for immortality ;" he portrays upon the canvas of the human mind, which is itself immortal, not his own colors, but the truths of a self-existent and eternal Master.

To prove from the testimony of the universe, the existence and personality of the Supreme ; to exhibit His character and attributes ; to show the wisdom and goodness of His government—this is the work of the naturalist—this the fruit of his heroism. Compare it with the grandest achievements of man. Who will listen in the ages to come, to a recital of Cæsar's campaigns ? There may come a time in the dim future when the plays of Shakspeare, and all the brilliant achievements of genius in the past, will be forgotten. But the work of the naturalist will remain. Those problems which he has already solved, and those upon which he is still heroically toiling, will have a freshness and an interest throughout eternity ; for the contemplation of God in His creation and government will be forever our employ.

## EXHIBITION OF 1871.

"Sir William Hamilton and His Contributions to Philosophy,"

ROBERT LUCKY BACHMAN.

"The Capture of Constantinople by the Turks,"

ELBERT WILMOT CUMMINS,

CHARLES JUDSON PALMER.

"Fiction as a Means of Inculcating Religious Truth,"

JOHN EDWARD FROST.

"The Nature of Shakspeare's Dramatic Superiority,"

ALBERT COSSIT PHILLIPS.

"The Career of Napoleon III.,"

CHARLES LUKE STONE.

"The Future of Romanism."

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## SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON AND HIS CONTRIBUTIONS TO PHILOSOPHY.

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BY ROBERT L. BACHMAN.

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IN the Senate Hall of the Edinburgh University there is a new, well-chiselled bust. The face is strong, sober, thoughtful. The eyes are large, with heavy, massive brows. The head is of finest Grecian mould, noble looking, classical. It is the true, marble likeness of Sir William Hamilton.

Born on the eve of great political events, educated when the Jacobin's cry of "No God, no immortality" had just ceased its reign of terror be-

yond the Channel; ushered into manhood when Napoleon I. made Europe tremble with the tread of armies, he nobly espoused the highest interests of humanity. For it he acted a hero's part, not on the field of battle, but in the solitude of the closet. There he was a devotee, not to ambition, but to learning; a master, not of armies, but of thoughts.

Forty years the world has known him, wondered at his erudition, acknowledged his gigantic intellect and judged of its achievements. But it has known him only in his intellectual greatness and his intellectual coldness.

A traveler, passing over the Cumberland mountains, saw the battle-renowned Lookout, towering grand, lofty, but grim against the sky. It was bordered round with frowning, God-built battlements. Its sides were steep, rugged, forbidding. Approaching it, he found it was not all as in the distance seemed. From beneath its mossy cliffs, from among its tangled brakes, and along its deep ravines, pure springs and streams flowed, beautiful, musical, life-giving. Its summit, lofty and cloud-capped, was crowned with nature's own garlands; the very home of beauty, love and learning.

So, passing in review the many scholars and philosophers of modern times, we see Sir William Hamilton, the intellectual giant, towering far above them all. In the distance, he appears as the abstract thinker, merciless critic, disgusting egotist



and dangerous opponent. But when we approach and become more intimate with him, a glorious transformation takes place. What was cold and repulsive, becomes warm and attractive. What was angular and affected, rounds off into beauty and sincerity. Fear changes to admiration, respect to love. The great philosopher becomes the good man.

His social, private and public life exhibit the nobility of his character, the true virtues of his heart and the grand simplicity of his nature.

In society he was the modest, retiring gentleman, more a listener than a talker. But when the subject and occasion demanded, he manifested such enthusiasm, judgment, learning and conversational power as to at once rank him the "Great Lion" of the literary circle.

Discussion was his delight. In it he was a very "Anak," so skillfully arranging arguments and so strongly supporting them by authority, as to be almost invincible. With all his polemical power, he rarely descended to the vindictive, the personal. He fought error and ignorance, not men.

His friends never felt the greatness of his mind, but they both knew and felt the goodness of his heart. The inexperienced students of Glasgow and the learned book-searchers in the old Advocate's library, alike experienced his aid and kindness. The love and admiration he won from his numerous

associates, was only second to that of his bosom friends of Oxford days, Alexander Scott and John Lockhart.

Possessed of such a generous disposition, so seemingly unconscious of his own superiority and so willing to assist those in distress, he may justly be called the "golden-hearted man."

Great as was his attachment to society, it could not usurp his love for home. To him it was the dearest of earthly abodes, the repository of his greatest joys. Nor was he thought of there as the untiring student, learned scholar, or profound reasoner, but only as the kind husband and loving father. He discussed domestic questions with as much zeal and earnestness as the greatest philosophical problems. And whether searching the records of the past, or refuting theories of the present, he ever found time to write his beloved soldier boy, and say a hearty "God bless you."

His public life was one of singular purity. It was always characterized by faithfulness, honesty of purpose, and devotion to duty. And while nobleness and conscientiousness of soul lifted him far above petty ambitions, he possessed an earnest desire to bless the world by being one of its leaders in learning and thought. Energy and perseverance brought gratification to this desire, when the fame of his achievements came sounding, not only from the mountains of Scotland, but from the two hemispheres of the world.

Years brought to him honors and sorrows strangely blended, but detracted nothing from his great life aim. Neither pecuniary distress, nor the paralytic stroke that shattered his powerful body, could break his manly spirit, or weaken his noble nature.

“Time, which matures the intellectual part,  
Had tinged the hairs with gray, but left untouched the heart.”

The man seems truly great, when we consider that in all his grappling with profound, metaphysical problems and in all the sober, candid conclusions to which he came, his Christian faith wavered not. While many philosophers were dashed on the dangerous rocks of scepticism and pantheism, he securely anchored to the “Rock of Ages.”

To understand what Sir William Hamilton contributed to philosophy, it is necessary to briefly notice its history and condition before his time.

The religious convulsion that began in the sixteenth century, not only shook the death grip of popery from the church, but released the human mind from its long bondage, and bade it go, do service in the field of speculation. Willingly did it obey; and at once arraigned before a bar of severest criticism all theological and scientific authority; boldly cast down Aristotle, worshiped for two thousand years; and made nature and the Bible, companion, universal text-books.

This ushered in the age of Francis Bacon, the

father of inductive philosophy. His method, fruitful of good results in the study of matter, was first applied to the study of mind by Thomas Hobbes, and soon plunged him into the maelstrom of materialism and fatalism.

Then came the good and great John Locke, the most illustrious sensationist, marking one of the greatest eras in English philosophy.

Following him, was a reformer in Bishop Berkeley, the chief of idealists. He saw nothing but God and truth as beautiful, unchanging, never-dying.

After him sprang into being the philosophical and religious scepticism of David Hume ; the one to be applauded, the other deplored. One aroused men from their lethargy, exposed fatal errors and brought forward new problems. The other confused his great mind, shattered all his beliefs and left his soul drifting, without the anchor of hope, on the restless ocean of doubt.

Orthodox, metaphysical Scotland could not long brook such philosophy. The foundations of truth were shaken, reason dethroned and speculation paralyzed. There must be a change. And soon it came in the genius and originality of Thomas Reid, followed by the grace and eloquence of Dugald Stewart. One bold stroke of immediate perception and the scepticism of Hume was annihilated.

Descartes, contemporary with Bacon, gave to the Continent deductive philosophy, in his "Cogito,

ergo sum," and hypothesis of "Occasional Causes." This became complete pantheism in the hands of Benedict Spinoza. But when the independent Leibnitz, with his theory of preëstablished harmony appeared, Spinoza's pantheism vanished. The eighteenth century closed with the philosophy of Kant; and the nineteenth began with his gifted follower and disciple, Fichte. Then came the lofty idealism of Schelling and Hegel; and "to German metaphysicians nothing seemed left but the empire of the air." But had philosophy reached its consummation? Must speculation cease? "No," said Cousin. And with a master's skill, he grouped his powerful theory of eclecticism, boldly transcended himself, explored the region of the absolute, and saw God in thought and consciousness.

Thus for more than two hundred years, the battlefield of speculation had resounded with the clash of profoundest philosophical opinions. Here materialism conquers; there idealism. Now is heard the shout of scepticism, then the cry of realism. At last the field is won, and the world subject to the absolute.

The lull of peace had scarcely come, when a new philosopher appeared, bearing a banner with this strange device, "All human thought is conditioned." The world was astounded and again rang with conflict, as he boldly attacked the absolute, and denied its supporter the power to transcend

himself and see God in purity and essence. "To think," said he "is to condition." "As the greyhound cannot outstrip his shadow, nor the eagle outsoar the atmosphere in which he floats and by which he is supported, so the mind cannot transcend that sphere of limitation within and through which exclusively the possibility of thought is realized." By great learning, power of argument and incisive criticism, he hewed down the bridge spanning the gulf between ontology and psychology; left the absolute on the hither side; and made pantheism impossible. Devout and sincere, shut up between two inconceivables, seeing everywhere nothing but mystery and mental incapacity, he yielded to a sublime Christian faith and *believed* what he could not *know*. He said we can know God in part only, not as absolute, and that this partial knowledge is sufficient for our present state of existence. He considered his doctrine of the conditioned compatible with the purest theology and promotive of the greatest good. While this admits of doubt, we are compelled to acknowledge its unequalled power, its mighty influence on modern thought, and its appearance as marking one of the most memorable eras in the history of philosophy. So profound was it that Cousin declared, not fifty men in England were competent to understand it.

Following this contribution, came his article on perception. Already had he proclaimed his nega-

tive philosophy, the limitation of thought. Now came his positive philosophy, the relativity of knowledge. By the one, he attacked Cousin and pantheism ; by the other Brown and idealism.

He so completely appropriated and thoroughly developed Reid's obscure philosophy, as to give it a meaning, force and character never before possessed. He assumed consciousness as the basis of all mental phenomena ; established its duality ; defined the facts to which it would testify ; and declared that only on its authority must we believe or disbelieve.

By this scholarly analysis, he opened up a broad road between the internal and external world ; brought philosophy and common sense to a level ; banished idealism ; did service to religion by firmly establishing primary beliefs ; made the Scottish school world renowned, and himself the most illustrious realist in history.

Then came his masterpiece on logic ; and Dr. Whately seemed a child in the grasp of a giant. He reformed the science, distinguished it from all others and placed it on firm, abiding principles.

These three contributions supplied a great want in the thinking world, and stand enduring monuments to their author's genius, learning and integrity.

But Sir William Hamilton's greatest contribution to mental science was made in the year 1836, when,

as professor in the Edinburgh University he gave *himself* to philosophy. Then, for twenty years, he impressed, inspired and moulded the minds of his hearers ; opened up to them new fields of thought ; swept away old errors ; enthroned new truths ; and reformed the metaphysics of Scotland.

For the first time ancient and modern philosophy found a true exponent. Bacon and Descartes had disdained all authority, banished their predecessors and given their own thoughts to the world. Locke, Reid, Stewart and Brown were woefully deficient in history and taught their followers to despise the research of all past philosophers. It was for Sir William Hamilton to bring the thinkers of the "long ago," not into authority, but into knowledge ; to link the past with the present ; and save from oblivion most valuable information.

Like the heroic Livingstone, plunging into the forests and jungles of Africa in search of the Nile's beginning, he went far beyond the sight of men among the volumes of the fathers and schoolmen ; explored the fields of medicine, jurisprudence and physical science ; traversed the most intricate labyrinths of forgotten logic ; and climbed the most difficult heights of speculation, all in quest of truth and knowledge.

To know that he thus became possessed of choicest philosophical facts and opinions, that he could survey the whole world of literature with as



much ease and exactness as our gifted Peters sweeps the starry heavens in search of Ate and Iphigenia, we may well regret that he did not give a contribution in the history of philosophy. But this regret pales to insignificance, when we remember the historic spirit he awakened, the method of inquiry he instituted, the impetus he gave to modern thought ; how he bound together the speculations of Greece, England, Germany and France ; and set the seal of a master's hand on the forming philosophy of youthful, practical America.

Whoever would know what is good, great and ennobling in man, whoever would search after truth and understand mental science, must study and understand the life and philosophy of Sir William Hamilton.

## EXHIBITION OF 1872.

"Marcus Tullius Cicero,"

JOHN HAMPTON HOPKINS.

"The Teutonic and Gallic Characters as Illustrated by Their History,"

ARTHUR STEPHEN HOYT.

"The Use of the Imagination in Science,"

GEORGE FREDERICK LYON.

"Commerce: Its Growth and Influence,"

BRAINARD GARDNER SMITH.

"The Influence of Dramatic Poetry,"

MELANCTHON WOOLSEY STRYKER.

"Jewish Civilization in the Age of Solomon,"

JACOB FRANKLYN TUFTS.

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## COMMERCE: ITS GROWTH AND INFLUENCE.

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BY BRAINARD G. SMITH.

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IN all Greek literature there is no legend more celebrated, none more fruitful as a theme for speculation or poesy than that of the Argonautic expedition.

Leaving vine-clad Thessaly and their native lands, yielding not to Lemnian blandishments, neither terrified by giants and harpies, nor disheartened by adverse winds and tempestuous waves, the heroes of the Argo passed the Cyanean rocks, sailed over an unknown sea, accomplished stupendous labors, and secured the Golden Fleece.

Embodied in this myth we see a desire that has ever actuated men, born with the race, common to all people, influencing all nations; the desire to accumulate wealth. Controlled by the religion, the government, the situation, or the genius of a people, it has assumed various forms among different nations. Its earliest and most common form, when men were rude, was plunder and piracy. The acquisition of property taught its value; then came laws in defence of its rights, and plunder became trade, piracy commerce.

It is our province to consider the growth and influence of commerce.

A desire for the wealth of the East, the silks of China, the jewels of India, the spices of Arabia—luxuries, not necessities—first gave an impulse to commerce. And so, through the straits of Ormus, through the Persian Gulf, up the Euphrates, across Chaldea's plains rolled the tide of trade. It enriched Babylon, made Palmyra a queenly city in a dreary desert, and poured its treasures into Syrian and Tyrian coffers.

“Situated at the entry of the sea,” Tyre grasped this commerce and became “a merchant for the people of many isles.” Phœnician galleys brought the gold of Ophir, the silver and ivory of Tarshish to Solomon; and Phœnician navigators conducted Necho's triremes around the coast of Africa. Creeping along the shores, or guided by the stars,

these fearless sailors carried Phœnician commerce westward, and founded Carthage; thence into Spain, rich in silver and corn and wine; then passing the gates of Gades, sailed northward to the Baltic.

By the Macedonian conquests and the destruction of Tyre, the channel of commerce was turned from the Persian to the Arabian Gulf; from Asia into Africa. Through Alexandria passed the treasures of the East, and Carthage was for ages the great commercial seaport of the world.

Rome despised commerce. She was a nation of soldiers. But when her legions had conquered the world, when Greece and Egypt and Carthage were her provinces, she then protected the industry she scorned, and commerce flourished. Yet Rome fell. Attila and Alaric with their barbaric hordes, swept down upon the imperial city, and the light of civilization was extinguished. Nations united by Roman power were divided; the lawless exactions of the feudal system precluded all trade, and pirates drove commerce from the seas.

But armies cannot conquer, oppression cannot destroy the spirit of commerce. It may, indeed, be crushed, but it will rise again, and with renewed vigor assert its supremacy. The Italians were now the first to feel this power. Taking advantage of the peace that attended the reign of Charlemagne, they effected and maintained a commercial inter-

course with Constantinople, with the seaports of Syria, and with Alexandria, and European commerce was firmly established.

It remained, however, for the Crusades to give to it its grand impulse. By uniting men in one great cause, by leading multitudes from every corner of Europe, they opened a way for Lombard merchants to introduce among the nations of the north, not only the rich productions of Italian labor and skill, but, what were more valuable, Italian ideas.

And now we see commerce advancing with rapid pace; extending its influence in ever widening circles. Holland becomes the naval depot of Europe. A new spirit of industry is excited in the Netherlands, and Flanders grows opulent through her trade in woollens. Across the waters England sees these vast results. Under the wise guidance of Edward III. she forms a confederacy with the continental states, and aided by Flemish artisans introduces manufactories. Encouraged alike by the wisdom, the avarice and the vanity of English rulers, the spirit of commerce becomes the controlling spirit of England.

In the fifteenth century the practical application of the magnetic needle causes a revolution in the commercial world. Portugal and Spain enter the field and demand a share in the spoils of the East. To the south sails Vasco da Gama, rounds the southern extremity of Africa, takes *good hope* that

he shall reach India, and thus turns the course of commerce from the Red Sea and the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic. Westward sails Columbus and a new world reveals its treasures to wondering Europe. Spain, Holland and England rush to secure the prize, and the spirit of commerce is abroad in America.

Henceforward we see commerce become almost universal ; in Spain rise to grandeur till crushed by the tyranny of Philip III ; in Holland sweep the seas ; in England rule the main, subsidize Europe, colonize all continents ; and in our own land grow with wonderful rapidity. It extends all along our seaboard, through our chain of lakes, down our rapid rivers ; piercing mountains, crossing prairies, ever growing, ever extending, until the stars and stripes float from American merchantmen in every port, on every sea.

Such the growth of commerce. It now remains to ascertain its influence.

Commerce is civilizing. Its very germ is an acknowledgment of a diversity of powers in nature and men. The recognition of an interlocking of human interests, whereby, no one being complete, each one furnishes to the other. Thus it has founded and blessed a thousand cities by the sounding sea ; has stretched the solid pomp of dock and warehouse and mast along a hundred riversides ; has guided a myriad caravans to green oases, there

to rear abodes of luxurious culture. It has roused to useful industry energies else spent in war, or chase, or loitering idleness. Creating cravings for conveniences, for culture, and for luxuries, it has put in operation countless agencies to sate them; fostering and encouraging invention and skill, bearing arts and sciences everywhere. Quickening minds, brightening brains, it effects what the love of knowledge suggests. Dispelling prejudices, appeasing animosities, refining and elevating, it is the Gulf Stream of civilization; doing for progressive humanity what this mighty current does for the ocean world.

The history of Italy verifies these assertions. Through the gloom of the dark ages she appears to us dismembered, torn by dissensions and petty wars among her bandit barons. "Every man's hand is against his neighbor." Laws unknown, useful arts neglected, luxuries despised, she lies steeped in ignorance and brutality, a plague-spot upon the fairest portion of Europe. What power potent for her cure? Northward the spirit of commerce is advancing. It reaches Italy; she feels its heathful influence, rouses from her lethargy and moves on in a new career of honor and glory. Dismembered states are reunited, wars cease, manufactures and the arts flourish, literature revives, law and order prevail. Milan and Pisa and Genoa are

regal in power and splendor, and Venice becomes

“A ruler of the waters and their powers.

The exhaustless East

Pours in her lap all gems in sparkling showers;

In purple is she robed, and of her feast

Monarchs partake, and deem their dignity increased.”

Commerce fosters the spirit of liberty and equality; has ever been the companion and champion of freedom. By its influence were swept away the false distinctions, the oppression and savage slavery of the feudal system. Surrounded by plundering nobles and stupid serfs, from the marshes of Holland rose the free cities of the Hanseatic League, “whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers the honorable of the earth.”

Hamburg and Lubeck and their sister cities demonstrated to the world that free confederacies, the result of intelligent coöperation, ruled by merchants and defended by artisans, were stronger than castles, more powerful than armies of vassals; that none were better fitted to conduct the affairs of state than they who could well conduct the affairs of trade.

The influence of commerce destroys the aristocracy of birth and rears the aristocracy of brains and consequent wealth. The history of England proves this. Encouraged by avaricious Henry VII. commerce flourished, merchants became a power in the land, and the Commons for the first time



had a voice in the government of the kingdom. This influence is felt no less to-day than then. It is peacefully revolutionizing England. Her merchants are her lords, her lords are becoming merchants.

“The Duke of Norfolk deals in salt,  
The Douglas in red herrings;  
And guerdoned sword and titled land  
Are powerless to the notes of hand  
Of Rothschild and the Barrings.”

Commerce gives to a nation two most important elements of stability: wealth to arm and defend; common interests to unite.

Greece deified art, philosophy, war, and agriculture; but the teachings of her sages were hostile to commerce. Xenophon doubted its advantages to a state. Plato excluded it from his imaginary Republic. But when the conqueror of the world was forced to besiege the peaceful city of Tyre seven months, he saw and acknowledged the power of commerce as an element of strength. And when the iron hand that had held together the Macedonian states was laid low in death, then was seen in dismembered, mangled Greece, the folly of that policy which despised commerce as an element of unity.

Guarded by what power did Alexandria remain for nearly two centuries the centre of learning and civilization? What made Venice for fifteen

hundred years a bulwark for Christendom? United by what interests did the cities of the Netherlands resist so long and successfully the oppression of Philip II.? Only when their commerce was wrested from them by the resistless force of progress did their glory and their strength depart.

Commerce not only arms and defends, but through its attendant institutions its influence is powerful for peace and against rebellion. A nation does not rush blindly into war, whose treasures in manufactories and mills, locked up in warehouses, or floating in ships, fall an easy prey to an eager enemy, a pillaging soldiery, or the torch of a mob.

Look at the English, the only purely commercial and manufacturing people on the globe, and compare with them the French or Irish, agricultural in their tendencies. It is the difference between a people of practical wisdom and a people of theories; between a people united in a common cause of getting, where interests of employer and employee are one, and a people who regard their landlords as their natural enemies. In times of the greatest misery, when half-starved English operatives can get but quarter-days' work, even then is violence rarely done. Master and man are alike losers, and the latter knows full well that destruction of factory or machinery makes starvation complete. The same misery in Ireland would cause bread riots all over the island; in France, a revolution. Do you

say that commerce did not protect the United States from a rebellion? The South were ever agricultural. They took up arms with the rashness and readiness of a people who know their lands will remain whatever be lost.

But nations established, freedom gained, a government enduring, are little without the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ; and so we claim as the crowning glory for commerce, its powerful missionary influence. It has often been the pioneer, always the aid of Christianity. It spread Greek art and the Greek language so that the Apostles spoke to the world when they spoke their Greek gospels. Since the days when Paul went down to Rome in an Alexandrian merchantman, wherever commerce has spread her sails, there floats the banner of the cross.

In the interests of commerce the earth is girdled by railways, grooved by canals, netted by the telegraph. India and the East come four thousand leagues northward through the completed channel of the Pharaohs. Exclusive Celestials open their ports to outside barbarians and people our shores; the Occident and the Orient clasp hands. By a grand system of division of labor, the business of each nation becomes a specialty, and all mutually dependent. Nations come face to face; old prejudices disappear; religious antipathies are forgotten; a highway is prepared for the missionary and the

Bible. Bodies so radiate and receive heat that all, giving and taking, come to the same temperature, and still give and take. Commerce will yet do as much for mankind ; for with commerce of material will come commerce of strength and experience and sympathy ; and by and by, there shall be one race, one brotherhood, better than a “federation of the world ;” and war drums and battle flags shall be unused, because there shall be but one cause and one king—God over all.

## EXHIBITION OF 1873.

"The Indebtedness of English Literature to the Bible,"

OLIVER ERNESTO BRANCH.

"The Battle of Gettysburg and its Results,"

RODOLPHUS CHARLES BRIGGS,

WILLIAM DELOSS LOVE.

"The Relations of Labor and Capital,"

EDWARD DAVID MATHEWS.

"Representative Orators,"

JOHN WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

"The Unification of Italy,"

LANSING LEE PORTER.

"Cardinal Richelieu."

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## THE INDEBTEDNESS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE TO THE BIBLE.

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BY OLIVER E. BRANCH.

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"THE Bible," says a distinguished writer, "is the basis not only of all true belief, but of everything permanent in human thought and action." History verifies the truth of this remark. Nowhere is it illustrated with more singular beauty than in the development and growth of English literature.

There are three particulars in which English literature stands indebted to the Bible: in language, thought, and spirit. With some writers this indebtedness is direct and vital; with others, indirect and

accidental ; with all, it is an essential element of excellence, for it emanates from a divine source.

For three centuries the languages of two opposing civilizations struggled for supremacy in England. Now it was the Saxon, simple, solemn, picturesque, with its dark legends and wild traditions. Now it was the Norman, easy, airy, Romanesque, with its ideas of law, chivalry and honor. Unable to coalesce, these languages, modified by use and mutual contact, at last mingled. The result was a new language, in structure composite, in nature assimilative ; yet too weak for sustained poetry, too harsh for graceful prose. What was wanting to this wondrous language, born of the gloomy north and nurtured in the south ? Vigorous without grace, strong without beauty, in form complete yet wanting in character, it needed the moulding hand of genius to harmonize its discordant elements and form it for the ends of national thought and speech. Chaucer, Norman in thought, Saxon in style, failed to make the language of the "Canterbury Tales" the language of the people. Not until the Bible, with its Hebrew grandeur of thought and richness of expression, stood translated into the new tongue, did the English language become fixed in the heart of the nation. "England had found her book," and with it a voice.

The change wrought in language by the translation of the Bible was followed by a total revolution

in thought. It began with Wycliffe, when he raised his voice against a corrupt priesthood, threw open the doors of the monasteries, and gave the Bible to the people in their native tongue. Stifled and crushed by the power of papal might, it reappeared in the sixteenth century, when the human intellect throwing off the lethargy of ages, awoke to new life and action. It was the age of printing, and the Bible of Tyndale, known and read everywhere, was moving the hearts of men to nobler aims and aspirations. What now to poets were the dim and hollow forms of mythology, the idle deeds of chivalry, when truth, eternal and unchanging from the heart of the Infinite, could lead the Muses up to loftiest heights of poesy and song? Why should philosophy longer lose itself in unending speculation, when the light of revelation was pouring its radiance through every maze of uncertainty and doubt? Previous to the sixteenth century the cultured thought of England found its most perfect expression in cathedral architecture. The stately piles of York, Salisbury and St. Paul's were something more than shrines, they were the embodiment of the whole æsthetic and devotional thought of the age. In every stone and column of these massive structures, from crypt to choir, from roof to pinnacle, was embalmed some sentiment of adoration which mediæval darkness could not obscure. The light and graceful shaft, the windows,

filled with the pictures of saints and martyrs, the heavenward springing arch, the delicate and airy spire, typified the upward, soul-absorbing thoughts of men which language could not express. The awakening spirit of the Reformation and the consequent dissemination of the Bible, revolutionized ideas; and thought, which before had formed the sensuous language of cathedrals, blossomed into a literature which made classic the age of Elizabeth.

Through every literature there runs some central idea, a reigning spirit, peculiarly its own. With the Grecian, it is the noble life of heroic paganism; with the Roman, imperial law and order; with the Italian, it is the fiery, restless patriotism of Dante. With English literature, this spirit is preëminently Christian. For this it is indebted to the Bible. How it stirred the great soul of Milton and raised him to those epic heights, from which he saw a "Paradise Lost" and a "Paradise Regained." How it haunted the breast of Charles Dickens, never ceasing until he had carried the story of England's "friendless poor" into every English home. It animated the marvelous intellect of Francis Bacon, and he organized that system of philosophy which broke the tyranny of scholasticism and set learning free from the thralldom which had bound it for ages. Like a line of light it pierced the gloom of Bedford jail, where sat John Bunyan; and the



Pilgrim's progress ended at last, upon the serene heights of the Delectable Mountains. Shakspeare, looking with clearest vision upon every side of human nature, could scarcely have realized his grand conceptions under the cold light of Grecian ethics. But he felt something of that spirit of purity, generous love and fine humanity, whose divine essence the Bible alone contains ; and to-day the world applauds the proud virtue of Claudio's sister, and weeps with Lear at thought of Cordelia's unswerving filial love.

The waters of the *Ægean* bore one summer morning to their shore the stark and motionless form of Shelley. In his pocket was found a book, whose well-worn pages told a story of earnest, thoughtful study. What was that book ? Was it Rousseau ? Was it Paine ? Was it Voltaire ? Far from it. It was a Bible, a token of maternal solicitude and love. A professed atheist, proclaiming to the world his unbelief, he stood entranced with the beauty of Scripture poetry ; and who shall say how it stilled the wild unrest, the passionate longings of his heart, as it upbore the pinions of his strange, mysterious fancy. Byron, dissolute, wayward, misanthropic, found the sources of his deepest inspiration in the simplicity of Moses' narratives and the sublimity of David's Psalms. How they thrilled his impulsive soul is sung in the "Hebrew Melodies," and written on the burning brow of "Cain."

But the Bible has left a fairer imprint upon the lyric song of England than that revealed in the passionate school of Byron and Shelley. The purity of Young and Browning, the sweetness of Cowper and Hemans, the peerless devotion of Pollock and Wordsworth, the pathos and tenderness of Tennyson, are but the reflex of that ennobling principle of love which they found and felt in the gospels of Christ. Subtle, chastening, pervasive, subduing the sensuous, sustaining the spiritual, it lightens "The Task," cheers "The Castaway," and lays an "In Memoriam" upon the early grave of friendship. What though cold rationalism drove Thalia frightened from the shores of France! She had yet followers in England. From Zion's hill they caught their brightest glimpses of Parnassus; and mingled the waters of Castalia's fountain with the brook

"—that flowed fast by the oracle of God."

Not alone in poetry and philosophy is the indebtedness of English literature to the Bible revealed. It pervades the domain of science and criticism. It reaches to the sources of forensic achievement. It is the life and soul of pulpit triumph. Newton ponders by day and night over the Old Testament and startles the world by his discoveries. Locke studies the gospels and the prophets and builds up a system of logic. Addison pours over the simple stories of Joseph and Ruth, and the *Spectator* becomes

a model of classic elegance and grace. Did Chatham seek for a type of lofty eloquence? He found it in the sublimity and grandeur of Isaiah. Did Burke search for an example of profound reasoning and resistless argument? He looked not alone to the oratory of Demosthenes, but to that which made Felix tremble and almost persuaded King Agrippa. Barrow and Jeremy Taylor, Tillotson and Richard Baxter have bequeathed to English literature a priceless legacy; for the quickening spirit of the Bible animated them and unloosed their tongues for bravest utterance.

Wherever we turn in English literature, whether to fiction or song, allegory or tragedy, epic poetry or philosophic prose, there the Bible has left its impress. Here it borrows the language; there the thought. Here it catches the spirit; there the style. Here it takes an allusion and points a moral; there a character and weaves a romance. The wife of Ahab is transfigured in the wife of Macbeth; the Rebecca of Moses' charming story is the Rebecca of "Ivanhoe." The virtues which light up the Parables shine through the "Faery Queen;" and the shouts which ring in the Messiah of Isaiah are echoed in the "Messiah" of Pope.

When the monks of Lutterworth had burned the bones of John Wycliffe, they threw his ashes into the little stream that sang and murmured by the good man's door. And the Swift bore them to the

Avon, and the Avon to the Severn, and the Severn to the sea. So the Bible, which Wycliffe labored to give the world, has extended its influence through a thousand channels, until it warms and colors the whole vast ocean of English thought. It sustains law, directs science, inspires music, elevates art, vivifies letters. Read from the sacred desk, in the closet, around the hearthstone ; lisped in childish accents at a mother's knee ; falling in broken tones from patriarchal lips ; it finds its shining way into every heart, and lifts man up to heaven and God.

## EXHIBITION OF 1874.

"The Supernatural in Literature,"

ABEL EDWARD BLACKMAR,

EDGAR AI ENOS.

"John Stuart Mill : The Man and the Philosopher,"

CHARLES CARROLL HEMENWAY.

"The First and Nineteenth Centuries of the Christian Religion,"

GEORGE WILLIAM KNOX.

"The Siege of Londonderry,"

JOHN PHILLIPS SILVERNAIL.

"President Lincoln and his First Cabinet,"

PERRY HIRAM SMITH.

"Shakspeare and Goethe."

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## THE SUPERNATURAL IN LITERATURE.

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BY EDGAR A. ENOS.

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**A** BELIEF in the supernatural is common to all ages and peoples. The Indian prostrate before his idol ; the Greek hymning praises to his hero gods ; the Norseman encompassed by the deities of earth and sky ; the Hebrew obeying the voice of an unseen and mysterious Providence, are alike significant of man's instinctive belief in a higher power. That this all-embracing faith should appear in literature, was inevitable ; for literature, in its higher forms, is but the mirror in whose sur-

face lies reflected humanity with all its thoughts, hopes, passions and beliefs.

The supernatural as an element in literature, presents three phases : the practical, the poetic and the religious. In its practical phase, it appears as an agency disposing events. Clothed in some awful guise, it moves through a story, or broods over a poem, like the spirit of destiny. Revealing itself at intervals, it thwarts the designs of the wicked ; advances the fortunes of the virtuous ; and with scimitar edge cuts the knot in which the characters seem hopelessly bound. By a dream or a vision, a spectre or a prophecy, the literary artist reverses the whole current of imaginary life ; shapes the character and movement of his plot ; or hurries the march of events in converging lines to the final catastrophe. By means of a dream, Fitz James discovers the retreat of the Douglas ; and by a vision, Alroy finds the hidden sceptre of Judah. The prophecy of Cassandra is decisive of Agamemnon's fate ; and the ghost in Henry's court at Kenilworth brings to justice the traitor knight of Blondeville.

But the supernatural has a higher function in literature than that of mere framework or machinery. It furnishes material which contains the rarest elements of poetry. Fused in the poet's brain, or moulded by the story-teller's plastic touch, they spring into life ; assume a thousand varied shapes, inspiring emotions of beauty, sublimity or terror.

As the light streaming through the stained windows of some old Gothic church, colors every object with its magic tints, so the supernatural appearing in a work of literary art, fills it with its presence, illuminating every scene and character with an unearthly radiance. In Shakspeare's *Tempest*, it idealizes human life; in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, paints the fantastic shapes of fairyland. The nymphs and fawns, the goblins and sprites, spirits of the mountain and the river, music in the air and voices of the night,—all the superhuman creations which crowd in ancient myth, or cling to time worn legend, find a shrine at last in the temple of poetry.

Glance at the conceptions of the beautiful which here find embodiment. Few elements in literature present such wealth of form or range of aesthetic power. Beauty is here in all its diversity of character and type; now soft and sensuous, lulling us with a dream of houries, now of a severer cast,—*Bel-lona* beside *Mars*, or *Juno* descending from *Olympus* in her chariot. At one time we are lifted to ecstasy at the sight of elves and fairies, dancing in *Titania's* court to the music of unseen players; at another, thrilled in every fibre of our being as the enchanted palace of *Triermain* rises slowly upon our vision.

Transcending the sphere of beauty, the supernatural brings to literature creations of true sublimity. These are of two kinds, widely dissimilar in character. In both, the essence of sublimity

lies in the manifestation of power ; in one case this is displayed in the physical world ; and in the other in the spiritual. One is a sublimity of matter, the other of intellect. One finds illustration in Virgil's Jupiter, throned on a cloud, darting his thunderbolts, while the ocean roars and the mountains, toppling from their bases, fall in universal ruin. The other is seen in Milton's Satan, lying in dim and shadowy vastness upon the burning marl of hell ; fallen, yet unsubdued ; triumphing over an agony of suffering by dint of his unconquerable will ; and with far-reaching ambition, maturing new plans of rebellion.

But it is in the realm of terror that the supernatural as a poetic element finds its freest exercise. Upon literature in all its stages, from the finished products of classic art to the wild fragments chanted by scald, or warlock, it has left its awful imprint. Here it is the witches in Macbeth, prompting the murder of Duncan ; there Clorinda's blood, flowing from the wounded cypress. At one time we are horrified by a struggle like that between Michael and the adversary ; at another, by a weird and portentous repose like that which reigns over the House of Usher. Viewless forms and impalpable shapes meet us at every turn, and invest the most familiar objects with a supernal spell. Life itself gathers a fearful meaning when made to yield its secret to Frankenstein's transforming skill ;



and death presents new terrors when some disembodied spirit, breathing the atmosphere of another world and holding the mysteries of the future, glides before us.

But the supernatural element has a significance above the reach of mere utility however efficient, or poetic art however lofty and inspiring. Its mere presence in literature is at once the sign and proclamation of a divine idea. The rude mythology of the north, spreading its runic tracery over Scandinavian and Celtic song, witnesses to the fact that religion is man's necessity ; while the more finished creations that crowd the pantheon of Hellenic poetry, emblem the central truths of revelation. Zeus, sitting above the lesser gods,—invisible, supreme,—points to a primitive monotheism. The Delphian oracle is an echo of the response by Urim and Thummim. Hades, with its Elysian fields and Tartarian gulf, affirms the doctrine of a future life with its rewards and punishments. In the sentence of Prometheus we read the curse of Adam ; and the mediation of “great Loxias” shadows forth the necessity and hope of a reconciling God-Man. The spirits and divinities which move in epic life, or sweep through the ever-shifting scenes of ancient tragedy, represent those attributes which rest in the Infinite and are imaged in the human soul. In Dike, we see eternal justice ; in Themis all-pervading law ; in Nemesis, sleepless retribu-

tion ; in the Furies, swift vengeance ; in black Ate, the irreversible decrees of God.

As these vague conceptions of the unseen found a voice in the writings of classic paganism, so the more definite truths of Christianity became expressed in the literatures of the new Romanic and Gothic nationalities. The longings and premonitions of faith, its martyr-devotions, its struggles and austerities, suddenly flowed in a tide of song from Dante's burning heart, and formed that fiery symbol of mediæval catholicism,—the *Divine Comedy*. In its matchless pictures are portrayed the spiritual ideas of the middle ages,—the awfulness of sin and retribution, expiation through purifying fire, and the rest and refreshment of paradise. Goethe's tragedy of *Faust* with its *Mephistopheles* and spirits infernal and celestial, is the exponent of a subtle, religious philosophy ; and Milton's "cathedral epic" rings with supernatural music whose sublime burden is "eternal Providence and the ways of God to men."

Such is the supernatural as a religious element in letters. It is an inner life witnessing to divine things,—a soul which shines through and reveals with greater or less distinctness the spiritual condition of man in any given age. In the ancient *Vedas*, it is a note of wonder and superstitious fear ; in the heathen classics, it assumes the outlines of a belief ; in Christian literature, it is a clear and dom-

inant faith, pointing to the altar-throne where Christ lifts up his face—royal, messianic.

It is related that a certain king was accustomed at times to visit the tomb of Catherine of Sienna, and to carry away with him on each occasion some precious relic of the saint, which became in his hands a talisman of wondrous virtue. So the literary artist repairs to the shrine of the supernatural, and bears away some spiritual token with which to move the minds and hearts of men. By its agency he orders and controls the events of mimic life, kindles poetic feeling, and proclaims the deathless truths of religion.

## EXHIBITION OF 1875.

- "Æschylus and Shakspeare as Masters of Tragedy,"  
FRANK SAMUEL CHILD.
- "The Transportation Problem,"  
SAMUEL WILLIAM EDDY,  
JOSIAH AUGUSTUS HYLAND.
- "The Bible in Art,"  
MILTON WATSON GEORGE.
- "The Opening of the Mississippi in 1862,"  
WILLIAM EBENEZER LEWIS.
- "The Humorous Element in the History of Reforms,"  
CHARLES KIRKLAND SEWARD.
- "Ancient and Modern Heroism."
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## THE HUMOROUS ELEMENT IN THE HISTORY OF REFORMS.

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BY CHARLES K. SEWARD.

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ALL things human are capable of improvement. The imperfections of man leave their impress upon his works. The history of religion, politics, social science, of civilization, is but a series of amendments of the defective, vicious or corrupt; a history of reforms. Some have been vast upheavals, which have shaken society to its foundations. Others have taken place so quietly, that their existence has been scarcely known. In this extensive field, what has been the place of the humorous element?

Humor is too subtle for definition. In its broadest sense, it is inborn in the human race, and touches a responsive chord in every nature. It is a characteristic that distinguishes man from the animal. It was shown in the will of Rabelais, "I owe much ; I have nothing ; I leave the rest to the poor." It appeared in the dying words of Saint Lawrence, broiling on the gridiron, "Turn me, for I am done on one side." No occasion is too solemn for its manifestation. The humorous has entered into all reforms. In some, it has been almost imperceptible. In others, it has been a leading feature. Only when the other elements are brought into due prominence, can its proper sphere be determined.

The great reforms of the world's history have been few. Eighteen hundred years ago, Christianity supplanted paganism, and from the ashes of the old, arose a new and purer civilization. A mighty reformation had taken place ; but only the perverted faculties of a Nero could discover humor in the religion of "the man of sorrows."

Fourteen centuries passed away. There came another mighty reformation, and the same religion arose, purified from the corrupting touch of man. Here, too, the humorous has but little place. It is dwarfed into insignificance by the mightier forces which are at work. Erasmus may have laid the egg of the Reformation, but he also tried to break it. He scornfully asserted that the much revered

handkerchief of Thomas à Becket, was not, at best, exalted above the orthodox youth of that indispensable article. He accused the priests of kissing the saints' old shoes, but not reading their books. He drove the monks to frenzy. But it was Luther, nailing his defiance to the door of the cathedral, who sounded the first note of the Reformation.

Luther, springing from his bed, at the gnawing of a mouse, and searching with lighted candle for the devil; Luther, dashing his inkstand at the head of that same sulphurous personage, might create a smile. But there is a dreadful reality to the scene. Think of this man, weighed down with horror, wrestling in mental agony with the personification of the powers of hell. Search the history of the Reformation in every land, and it is with the same result. Did the Beggars of Holland provoke laughter by the absurdity of their costume? Yet the spirit that animated those men was the spirit that animated the bloodiest battle-fields of history and surrendered their native land to the cold embraces of the sea.

Trace the history of revolutions, those stupendous political reforms which have shaken the whole structure of society. The author of "*Lilliburlero*" boasted that he had rhymed a king out of his kingdom. But it was only a boast. James II., backed by the bayonets of France, was not laughed out of a throne. In that bloody attempt to proclaim

"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," Barère saw humor; but it was a humor that would make

"Hell's burning rafters  
Unwillingly reëcho laughter."

When men are willing to die for an idea, when life, when all that they hold dearest, is at stake, the humorous element fades into nothingness beside the soul-absorbing interest.

There are reforms which fill no glowing page in history. Not less important, they nip those evils in the bud, which, developed, would demand severer treatment. Ever in progress, their name is legion, their mission the gradual improvement of the human race. Here vital interest does not engross. Here mightier forces are not at work, and the humorous element rises into prominence. Its objects are as numerous as its appreciation is universal, embracing alike the petty weaknesses of mankind, and the most powerful political institutions. It sneers at vice and folly from the faultless metres of the poet who could say,

"I own I'm proud—I must be proud to see  
Men not afraid of God afraid of me."

Appearing in fiction, in Dr. Sangrado, it struck an effective blow at the heroic school of medicine which, adopting the motto, "kill or cure," bled and blistered refractory patients until it could truly boast, that chronic invalids were unknown. It

overflows in the genial pages of Dickens, ridiculing hypocrisy in the sleek Pecksniff, unable to eat without going into a pious rhapsody over the beautiful machinery of digestion, and spouting streams of maudlin morality, under the soothing influence of milk punch. It exposes the terrible defects of the English courts, pares the claws of Dodson and Fogg, or destroys the brutal schools of Yorkshire, by a faithful portrayal of the Squeers system of education.

Rising to a higher sphere, humor appears in political reforms. In the scathing satire of Swift, it railed at the misgovernment of Ireland. In the sparkling wit of Sydney Smith, it forced the Reform Bill to an issue. In our own times, it is personified in the caricatures of Nast, solving the conundrum of the would-be statesman, "What are you going to do about it?" In the progress of reforms, humor has been an important element. It points out and prunes off the excesses and inconsistencies which would impede the progress of the original idea. Written with the deliberate intention of ridiculing the Puritan reformers, *Hudibras* did not check Puritanism, but made it a greater power, by removing a fatal hypocrisy which would "compound for sins it was inclined to, by damning those it had no mind to." So with that well-known description of the meeting of the "Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance As-



sociation," where the women were "drowning themselves in tea," and the secretary was "blowing himself with toast and water;" where Mr. Weller mournfully remarks to his son, "If this here goes on much longer, Sammy, I shall feel called upon as a human bein' to rise and address the cheer. There's a young 'ooman, on the next form but two, as has drank nine breakfast cups and a half, and she's a swellin' wisely before my wery eyes." The intention was to ridicule the "tea-total" principle; the result was to remove from temperance reforms a mass of inconsistencies.

As there have been false religions, so there have been false reforms. Some are wrong in principle. Others are but the unreasonable development of a true principle. Here is the grandest sphere of the humorous element. Here, transcending all other uses, it becomes the touchstone which detects truth, even in the midst of error. The true it may temporarily distort. The false it utterly annihilates. It has railed at Bergh, as a man whose compassionate nature would melt into tears at the thought of beating an egg. Yet, despite ridicule, he has rooted out the old Italian idea which excused acts of the most fiendish cruelty on the plea "that animals were not Christians," by showing conclusively that their tortures are still less entitled to that appellation. But when another philanthropist proposed to restore to suffering humanity all its

lost virtues by a strictly vegetable diet, the wag-gish cry of "squash-head," and other opprobrious vegetarian epithets, annihilated alike the reform and the peculiar logic of its originator. One was the consistent development of a true principle. The other was the inconsistent development of a Greeley principle.

This truth receives its fullest illustration in that feminine shriek for independence, as embodied in the woman's rights movement. It has been greeted with a merriment so universal as to goad the venerable Miss Anthony into calling the lords of creation a disreputable set of "male despots." Yet ridicule has but distinguished the true from the false in this so-called reform. It has not prevented woman from obtaining a protection which she needs, or an occupation for which she is suited. It has checked the false ideas which demand for her everything from the right of voting to the right of shaving, which abolish marriage and other old foggy institutions, and by annihilating sex, seek to correct the bungling hand of the Creator. They quote Scripture with a facility which might make Satan wag his traditional tail with joy. To all argument, they reply with the illogical vituperation of an infuriated virago. But they fall before the fire of a ridicule which designates their leaders as "morbid old maids," sums up their character in Mr. Tappertit's epithet of "scraggy," and suggests

that marriage partakes of the nature of sour grapes, whose acidity has permeated their disposition. Ideas, costume, language, all the absurd incongruities of this pseudo-reform have been so unmercifully ridiculed that its fate is sealed, and ere long its advocates will have to say, with the victim of connubial infelicity, that the appropriate sphere of woman is celestial.

Such has been the humorous element in the history of reforms. Its power is in showing the incongruous. Its action is essentially destructive. Attacking corrupt men and institutions, it has cleared the way for reform by removing the obstacles in its path. Appearing in reforms already in progress, it lops off their suicidal inconsistencies. Retiring to a higher sphere, it has been the test before which a true reform has been unharmed. A false reform has withered at its touch, as the human bodies, exhumed from Pompeii seemingly perfect, at the touch of air crumble into dust. In all it has existed, but in widely different degrees. In the mighty reformations of the world's history it has been overshadowed. In the lesser ones it rises into prominence. Here has been its appropriate sphere, not in those raging floods which have swept everything before them, but in the innumerable tributaries, which unite to form the mighty stream of human progress.

## EXHIBITION OF 1876.

“Catherine de Medici and Mary Tudor,”

CLARENCE LIDSLEY BARBER.

“The Language of a Nation a Source of its Power,”

JAMES FAIRBAIRN BRODIE.

“The Pathos of the Bible,”

HOWARD PARMELEE EELLS.

“The Place of Music among the Fine Arts,”

ARCHIBALD LONGWORTH LOVE.

“The Humorous Side of American Politics,”

HUMPHREY MCMASTER.

“The Transit of Venus in 1874,”

EDWARD CHARLES STRINGER.

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## THE PATHOS OF THE BIBLE.

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BY HOWARD P. EELLS.

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PALESTINE, to-day, is a land of ruins. Fields, once fertile, are desert; hillsides, once clothed with vineyards, are barren and unsightly; cities dismantled; harbors choked with rubbish and the refuse of the sea. All is worse than solitude, accursed, “trodden under foot of the Gentiles;” yet, the hills are musical with words that shall outlast them an eternity. Traverse the valley of Hebron,—there lie the bones of the patriarchs; visit the borders of the Dead Sea,—its sluggish waters roll over the cities of the plain, and trace the fire-storm

from heaven. And there, beautiful for situation, the Holy City stands, Jerusalem, whither the tribes went up ; the guilty city, where He warned, and healed and pleaded, over which He wept ; the fated city, desecrated by man's darkest crime, consecrated by the marvelous manifestation of redeeming love. As the verification of prophetic truth ; as the centre of memories tenderest, most sacred ; these ruins are nature's tribute to the pathos of the Bible. They recall the touching narration of holy writ, whose sympathetic influence is felt wherever the word has gone forth. Divested of its pathos, the Bible were but a compilation of social ethics.

An ancient legend has it, that a tyrant of the East went forth to battle with the Greeks. Gazing upon the mass of living millions enlisted in his cause, the monarch's heart was melted. He wept, he knew not why. The tears came not, as he supposed, from any inference of reflection. They rose spontaneously, as they will at times, amid the bustle of a crowded thoroughfare. Our own emotions are reflected back from other hearts. We feel the thrill of spiritual contact, the mighty presence of life. Such is the pathos of the Bible, the underlying tenderness which makes the book of books, the book of human nature ; sounding the depths of human sympathy, universal, indefinable, profound.

Poetry and pathos in the Bible are subordinate. It never controverts its sacred office, nor makes ef-

fect a purpose. The tender and poetical are humble instruments to seal the truth upon the consciences of men. The child, who cannot comprehend the love divine, is melted as he hears from mother lips the sweet story of Him who was Himself a babe at Bethlehem, who loved and blessed the children. The man, who, scarcely better than the child, can know the wonders of the same inexplicable love, is impressed by the simplicity and tenderness that mark that strange, eventful life.

A pathos akin to the sublime, is carried with the inspiration of the Bible. Not of their own power, not in their own strength, but as the spirit gave them utterance spake the holy men of God. An angel touched the prophet's lips with an altar coal. Amid the glory of the rushing chariot, the mantle fell on the waiting disciple. We feel the magic of that Presence, revealed on Sinai, and on Calvary, which dwelt between the cherubim, and led the chosen people like a flock.

The attempt were futile to analyze or include the pathos of the Bible. The delicate sentiment which pervades the holy book defies disintegration. Whatever wakens a responsive echo in the heart, evokes the tender feeling. At the approach of formal scrutiny or cold analysis, it vanishes.

In illustration of this Bible pathos, we instance from the lives of some whose names are household words, the portrayal of a single passion. " Bless-

ings be with them, and eternal praise, who gave us noble loves."

We scan the sacred pages but for a moment, for an instance of fraternal love. A palace in the land of Egypt ; the famine years of Pharaoh ; a ruler of the land, and a poor company of Israelites from Canaan. The story rushes to the mind : the trial of the guilty brethren ; the finding of the cup with little Benjamin ; the final recognition when Joseph, who was sold a captive, weeps upon his brother's neck. This is no solitary instance. Few eulogies are so affecting as the lamentation of the Psalmist for his friend :

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan ;  
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me ;  
Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.'

But in the life of David there are stories of a love whose springs lie deeper. To their pathos many a father's heart will testify. He has an infant son, the child of his old age, the only one of her whose place was first in his affections. The Lord has claimed his own. The king, with face upon the earth, wrestles all night for the dear life ; but no "amen" is sent. Silence has fallen on the house, bearing on its wings the dreaded truth. With trembling lips he asks, "Is the child dead?" They answer, "He is dead." But when they looked to see him overwhelmed,

“ Behold his face grew calm,  
He silently went in and shortly came,  
Robed and anointed, forth, and to the house  
Of God went up to pray;  
And when they marvelled, said,  
‘ The child is dead, and I shall go to him,  
But he will not return to me.’ ”

Again his yearning heart is bruised, and by a son's ingratitude. At length has come a final struggle with the rebels. The battle rages in the wood of Ephraim ; and David sits between the gates at Mahanaim, awaiting anxiously the end. Tidings of victory at last ; but Absalom is slain. The injured king is lost in the stricken father. The agony in that little chamber over the gate at Mahanaim will ever be a type of the parental grief which passes all description and finds vent in the one wail, “ O Absalom, my son, my son ! ”

Recall the scene of Moses' death, an instance of the patriotic love which marked the life of him who, as youth, disdained adoption by the heathen king, choosing rather to suffer with God's persecuted people. The Promised Land, hope of those forty weary years, stretches before him, almost attained. With lingering look the prophet gazes, then bows un murmuring to the Almighty will. Traditions crowd in to fill up the blank ; but the silence of the sacred narrative refuses to be broken. In that strange land, “ the land of Moab, Moses, the servant of the Lord, died according to the word of the



Lord. And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab." Apart from countrymen, unhonored by funeral obsequies, unvisited by grateful pilgrims, "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Seek the grave on Nebo, or the tomb on Golgotha; darkness envelops the sacred spot.

The tragedy of Jephthah's daughter finds a parallel in classic legend. Contrast the Jewish maiden's fortitude with the despair of Sophocles' Antigone. To both, a childless death had all the horror of traditional disgrace. But one accepts, without a murmur, the conditions of that fatal vow; the other exclaims in helplessness and misery, "I shall be married to Acheron!" The sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was not the offering of a reluctant victim, as when the living Gaul or Greek was buried in the Roman forum. Hateful in itself to God, it had that feature of pure filial love, which gives to the story its tenderness, to the character its nobleness.

"How beautiful it were to die  
For God and for my sire!"

Amid much of Bible narrative that is foreign to our life and thoughts, the story of Rachel is as fresh and natural as if it happened yesterday. As if, in some deserted city, we came upon a home strewn with household vessels, children's toys, pillows retaining the impress of heads which lay upon them but an hour ago. Jacob's love for Rachel was the one self-sacrificing affection of his

life. For her sake the seven years of trial seemed as nothing, "for the love he had to her." Dearest of all on earth to him, her children seem to have been dearer for her sake than for their own.

But all images of feminine purity, tenderness and courage seem rough and poor beside that maid of Galilee, wending her unnoticed way to the mother of John the Baptist, her own soul full of mother love. Alone, with the hope of the world in her heart, she crossed the hills to meet the one other woman who might share the secret of her joy. No lilies sprang in her path; no millennial lambs and lions did her homage. But God himself was with her, "a thousand liveried angels lackey her," and all along the solitary way her soul did magnify the Lord, and her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour.

Is there not a depth of pathos in the narrative of these historical events that cluster about the one event which began all Christian history, that He to whom every knee in heaven and earth shall bow, once lay, at Bethlehem, a babe on this poor Galilean woman's breast?

## EXHIBITION OF 1877.

"The Destruction of Jerusalem a Fulfilment of Prophecy,

FRANK DORR BUDLONG.

"The Humor and Pathos of the American Revolution,"

HARRY WIRT COCKERILL.

"Realism in Literature,"

GEORGE HODGES.

"The Moslem in Europe,"

CHARLES SUMNER HOYT.

"The Present, the Golden Age,"

WILLIAM CLIFFORD MCADAM.

"The Heroism of General Havelock,"

FRANK VANDERMOOLER MILLS.

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## THE HEROISM OF GENERAL HAVELOCK.

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BY FRANK V. MILLS.

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HEROISM needs not to be defined. Yet there is a distinction worth while to note, between the man of heroic deeds and the man of heroic life. The heroism of the former is that of Mark Antony or Benedict Arnold; that of the latter is signally illustrated in the brave, unselfish and blameless life of Henry Havelock.

His career in India is bright with deeds of valor. From the day he scaled the walls at Rangoon until his death, his life was a series of unparalleled exploits. Yet the bravest of his deeds takes on a

brighter glory from the heroic nature of the man ; from the spirit and high purpose of his life. There is something sublime in the patience and resolution with which he trod the path of duty. Rarely has one of such genius and energy, with such a brave heart and wise head, been so little honored by the government from which he deserved so much. After fever and shipwreck ; after campaigns in the mountains of Afghanistan and on the burning plains of the Persian Gulf ; after a score of years service in India, he held but a subordinate position in the army. His heroism was not that of the self-seeking place-hunter ; it was tarnished neither with selfishness nor unholy ambition. Not until England mourned the gray haired veteran whom her people loved and trusted, not until our own flag was lowered to his memory, did Parliament grant to him those honors, alike ennobling to the heroes who receives and the government who confers them. Parliament perceived his conspicuous heroism only in time to lay honors upon his tomb. But in India and among his companions in arms, there was quick and constant recognition of his heroic life. Lord Bentinck, Governor general, promoted him "because he was the fittest man for it." To the officers at Cabool, he was the "guiding spirit of the army." Sir James Outram, appointed to command at Cawnpore, in admiration of his brilliant deeds in arms, offered cheerfully to wave superior rank and ten-

dered his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer.

A stern commander, a thorough disciplinarian, he enforced the strictest obedience. But when he laid aside official character, the tender and kind but not less manly qualities of the Christian man appeared. As he tosses upon his sleepless couch, in a struggle between love for his family and duty to his country ; as he shares the last drink of water with a perishing comrade in the fatal Bolan Pass ; as he weeps over horrible scenes at Cawnpoor, and with his own hand ministers to the wants of the dying warrior, we see the husband and the father ; the self-sacrificing soldier ; the tender-hearted commander ; the heroism of a noble and unselfish life. No wonder that weary soldiers, lying in the streets to catch a moment's rest after the battle of Bithoor, spring to their feet at sight of him and cry, "Clear the way for the General." No wonder that the cheers that rend the air as he passes down the line, are followed by the earnest prayer, "God save the General."

To culture and a thorough knowledge of his profession, General Havelock added a quick and unerring judgment, great caution and sagacity.

But his heroism was not alone displayed amid "the pomp and ceremony of war." His was not the heroism of mere physical courage ; but to that he joined the sublime courage of him, who, fearing

to do wrong, has no other fear. He was as good as he was great. Whatever his circumstances or position, his Christian character was always evident. Refused promotion, on account of his religion, stigmatized as a Baptist; scoffed at by irreverent officers and men, he still meekly but bravely bore the banner of the cross. Religion was vitalized and throned within him. It governed his actions and gave character to his life. Out of the small pay of a subaltern he consecrated the scriptural tenth to the Master. Let the march be ever so long and wearisome he would ever find two hours for devotion. In a heathen temple he leads his troops in the worship of God. Shipwrecked upon the Bay of Bengal, he gathered passengers and crew to render thanks for deliverance. Everywhere, a noble type of the Christian soldier, he "wears the white flower of a blameless life."

The influence and power of such a character upon his men is illustrated by an incident. General Campbell, calling for a certain troop, was told that they were too drunk for service. "Then," said he, "call out Havelock's saints, they are never drunk and Havelock is always ready." The bugle sounded; the "saints" fell into line; the ranks closed grandly up, and under the lead of him who had so often led them in prayer they charged upon the enemy and put him to flight.

After proceeding from service to service, from

victory to victory, exhibiting his wisdom and bravery in a hundred Indian battles, General Havelock enters upon his last campaign. Its object was the relief of Cawnpoor and Lucknow, besieged by a host of rebel sepoys. The task demanded great energy, and courage and military skill. The little army commenced its march. Beat upon by scorching sun and driving rain, wet and weary, often they laid down at night without food or tents. Here they lift their heavy guns over swamps and morasses; there they train them upon the enemy and drive him from his strongholds; and so, over deluged fields, through swollen rivers and across burning plains, they press steadily on towards their beleaguered friends. A splendid march—one hundred and thirty miles in seven days—in the midst of a tropical summer, and they are almost in sight of Cawnpoor. Four battles are won; the last barrier removed and the heroic leader waits for the day, to take the city. But hark! The roar of cannon rends the night air. The army rushes forward and enters the town, but alas! instead of the enemy they see on every side the mangled forms of women and children and old men slaughtered by the treacherous Nana Sahib.

Thus ended the first act of the terrible tragedy. The last displays in even brighter colors the heroism of Havelock. Cawnpoor is now to be garrisoned and Lucknow relieved. It was work requiring a brave

heart and wise head. The Ganges, overflowing its banks, must be bridged and crossed under the fire of the enemy. Then forty miles of hostile country, swarming with rebels, lie between them and the city. There is pestilence in the air. The heroic march accomplished, Lucknow itself frowns upon them. In rifle pits, on housetops, behind breastworks and palace walls, forty thousand barbarous and blood-thirsty men, who keep no faith and show no mercy, await their coming.

“ Will he dare it, the hero undaunted,  
That terrible, sickening fight,  
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze  
In his veins at the sight ? ”

Twice the attempt is made ; twice the gallant army, weakened by disease and disseminated by pestilence is compelled to retreat. The dangers of the position demand a sublime and calculating courage on the part of the commander. Conflicting arguments, interests and emotions beset him. On the one hand are the prayers of the beleaguered garrison and the orders of the government ; on the other, the terrible torture of delay and the taunt of faint-heartedness. This way lies the goal of ambition ; that way, the loss of his command. To advance was to ensure a personal triumph, but a military failure, while a retreat promised humiliation for himself but ultimate success for the army. Now the heroism of the man finds its sublimest exhibition.



Disregarding all personal interest, laying all upon his country's altar and with an eye single to her advantages, he decided the momentous question and determined to wait for aid.

At length it came. The toilsome journey is done. Lucknow stands before them and the march of of death begins. On, along the elevated road, raked by the enemy's fire, across the bridge, through narrow, tortuous streets lurid with discharge of musketry, over bristling breastworks, "right into the jaws of death," on they sweep! "Grape and canister, shell and shrapnel rain upon them. On through the gardens, over the palisades, across the rifle pits, strewing their dead like autumn leaves," for two miles through the city, on, on they go. Barrier after barrier is broken; the smoke rolls away; the great gate swings open, and with shouts of triumph the column enter the residency. Lucknow is relieved; the immortal victory is won, but fatigue and exposure had brought the victor low. He was now to meet the last enemy to whom all must yield. Having called his son to "come and see how a Christian could die," in the hour of his great triumph, while the people for whom he had given his life were rejoicing in their deliverance, he "fell asleep," covered with as much glory as ever surrounded the name of a British hero. And it was said, "Mourn not for him, for a nobler, braver, purer spirit never winged its way to God."

## EXHIBITION OF 1878.

"An Ancient and a Modern Battle as Typical of the Old and New Civilizations,"

SEWARD DUANE ALLEN,  
CHARLES RAWSON KINGSLEY.

"The Ideal Element in Literature,"

HENRY WHITE CALLAHAN.

"The Pennsylvania Miner,"

JAMES ALTON DAVIS.

"Four Scenes in the Life of Washington Illustrating his Character,"

GEORGE WILLIAM ELLIS.

"Remorse as Delineated in English Poetry,"

WILLIAM LORENZO PARSONS.

"American and English Humor."

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## REMORSE AS DELINEATED IN ENGLISH POETRY.

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BY WILLIAM L. PARSONS.

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REMORSE in English poetry is unmistakably a voice of warning. It holds up to evil doers the terrors of the law. Mirrored in its clear expanse, guilt sees its blackest image, and retribution stalks with swift and certain step.

Shakspeare was a moral teacher. He was the poet of conscience, and the still, small voice speaks from his pages, trumpet-toned. But the voice is

not uniform. Now it takes on a sad melody, wooing to repentance ; oftener it loses itself in the thunder of denunciation ; it is relentless justice, pronouncing the damning sentence ; it is remorse.

Macbeth's murderous dagger has struck deeper than the heart of Duncan. It has cut through and through the armor which "fate and metaphysical aid" have cast about the cowardly heart of the assassin. A wounded and awakening conscience gives the lie to the shallow pretext of fatalism. Pent up remorse rushes upon its victim, and guilty thoughts make for themselves material habitations. To Macbeth's frightened senses, the howlings of the storm are human tones :

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more !  
Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care.  
Still it cried 'Sleep no more !' to all the house ;  
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'"

It is the remorse of a noble nature, overborne by seeming fatality. Enveloped in the shadow of destiny, inflamed with prophecies of future greatness, urged on by the taunts and entreaties of Lady Macbeth, his faltering purpose yields. Yet Shakspeare does not teach fatalism, else remorse had never held sway in the heart of Macbeth, or raised before him the ghost of murdered Banquo. And for the woman who waits in the castle hall, that dag-

ger thrust has swept from the future, hope and peace. The deed is done ; ambition has snatched his crown, and her strained nerves relax before the blow which has quickened the coarser nature of her husband into unwonted courage. True, in her waking hours, she rises superior to guilty terrors. But when the body sleeps, and the will of adamant has wandered from its stony citadel, then conscience rules. She dies at last, with the dreadful spectre of remorse at her side, closing up the vista of hope and blighting her farewell to earth with a curse.

Richard III., unlike Macbeth, could look his guilt squarely in the face and say, " I know thee and I love thee ;" more diabolical than human, his intellect Titanic, his heart Satanic. No pretext there of destiny ; no shrinking from the consciousness of crime. A being to laugh at sympathy and scorn pity ; his soul the throne of a relentless demon, urging him on to continued crime. But the voice that speaks in both man and devil, still lives within the soul of Richard, and on the dreadful night at Bosworth Field, the arch-fiend yields to its enchantment. Then the ghosts of murdered kinsmen come thronging back into remembrance. Unerring memory brings the accusations and conscience sits in judgment. Before that awful tribunal Richard makes confession :

“My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,  
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree,  
All several sins, are used in each degree,  
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!”

Joseph Cook, borrowing from Victor Hugo, calls remorse “the laughter of the soul at itself,” and in Richard's midnight dream, we hear a sardonic outburst of self-hatred and self-scorn. It is the echo of a fiendish chorus chanting a derisive requiem over a fallen soul.

Theologians speak of the “prophetic office of conscience.” It is a merciful glance into the future ; the beneficence of conscience, foreshadowing, by a single pang, the slow, wasting, lengthening days of remorse. Macbeth's air-drawn dagger is a symbol of coming woe. Hamlet, just stepping over the brink of time, starts back. Conscience holds before him the vision of the future :

“To die, to sleep :  
To sleep ! perchance to dream !”

Like a weird, fitful light, the supernatural broods over Shakspeare's delineations of remorse. The horror within will not image itself in earthly objects, but steps beyond the grave to meet its fearful embodiment. Remorse in Shakspeare is distinctively imaginative. Conscience has left the domain of emotion and holds its seat in the imagination.

Thomas Hood, the quaint, kindly poet and philanthropist, has doffed his jester's cap and assumed an aspect of unwonted sternness. When he tells the "Dream of Eugene Aram," he clothes himself in Shakspeare's garb. Here again, as in Shakspeare, a diseased imagination calls up visions of empty air to picture the terrible thoughts within. The nervous structure is shattered. The criminal can not rest. The spectre of his victim is ever at his side. The white, dead face lives in his memory ; the sightless eyes pierce through and through his soul, and the dying moan of the murdered man sounds like thunder in his ears :

"The universal air  
Seems lit with ghastly flame :  
Ten thousand, thousand dreadful eyes  
Are looking down in blame."

Milton, the Puritan poet, has taken a loftier flight than Shakspeare and Hood. Refusing, in the proud individuality of his genius, to picture human remorse, he has listened to the mightier throbbings of Satan's heart, and told of the pangs which angels feel who fall.

Satan's soul is a scarred battle-field, and evil has won in the strife. But confusion reigns supreme. Holier instincts, though conquered, still send out their feeble protest. Satan's remorse is not repentance, neither is it pure remorse. Faith is gone, but hope remains ; sorrow is there, but it is sorrow

for conquered pride ; sorrow without repentance, yet lighted up with a yearning for repentance. But pride once humbled, still rules and will not yield to sweeter-voiced humility. The arch-rebel can not rest, yet knows not where to flee. His burning thoughts encompass him with a wall of impassible flame :

“ Which way shall I fly,  
Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?  
Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;  
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,  
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.”

The remorse of Satan akin to repentance, veils the repulsiveness of his nature. He is a devil still, but with something of the angel left in him.

Coleridge was a dreamer. To him the world of imagination revealed its wonders. He has given us two pictures of remorse. His formal attempt to delineate in tragedy an angered conscience is a failure. But when he drifted away on dreamland's sea, fancy brought before him the glittering eye of the ancient Mariner. Infused with the weird mysticism of its author, glowing with the lustre of supernaturalism, the Rime of the Ancient Mariner sheds forth a ghostly light. Remorse in Coleridge, though purely imaginative, is yet psychological and moral. The Christian philosopher has taken up the poet's pen. Remorse is insanity. The agony of

soul which he delineates is not only a sketch of retributive justice, it is a speculative fancy.

Remorse in Byron's poetry is clearly subjective. The types of misery seen in *Manfred*, in *Childe Harold*, in all his characters, are not mere fanciful pictures. They represent the living, suffering reality—Byron. Early sin had recoiled into his heart, there to be the never decaying germ of agony. The delicate fibre of his nature was a matchless target for the barbed shafts of conscience. There is a pathos in Byron's remorse—the pathos of reality. Before him ever walked a tireless phantom. Now the victim yields to his power and the story of *Manfred* speaks his agony ; now he would thrust him from his sight, and the tales of Venice seem to tell of a light and joyous heart. But the dreadful undertone of self-accusation sends forth its hideous echo and the song of merriment sinks into voiceless woe.

“ There is no tragedy comparable with the tragedy of Byron's own heart,” says Castelar. That joyous spirit, which, with a vein of sadness, made Hood's life a melodrama, never smiled on Byron's gloomier lot. Remorse with him was the condition of all thought ; a mood deep-rooted in his nature. Not, as in Shakspeare, in dreams and visions of the night, does the haunting voice of memory ring through his soul, but in the light of busy day. Byron's remorse is beyond repentance. An in-



pregnable pride has made Manfred contemn the holy words of hope. The sorcerer dies, his last words a defiance of the power of the spirit, an enunciation of a retributive creed :

“What I have done is done ; I bear within  
A torture which could nothing gain from them.  
The mind, which is immortal, makes itself  
Requital for its good or evil thoughts.”

Terribly has Byron symbolized remorse :

“The mind that broods o’er guilty woes  
Is like the scorpion, girt with fire ;  
In circle narrowing as it goes  
The flames around their captive close.  
So writhes the mind remorse has riven,  
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,  
Darkness above, despair beneath,  
Around it flame, within it death.”

## EXHIBITION OF 1879.

"The Romance of Lord Beaconsfield's Career,"

THEODORE HAND ALLEN,  
GEORGE FENNER CRUMBY.

"Shakspeare, the Poet of Conscience,"

EDWARD SANDFORD BURGESS.

"Bryant and Poe: the Lessons of Their Lives and Works,"

GEORGE EARL DUNHAM.

"What Poetry owes to a Belief in a Future Life,"

JAMES WALTER MOREY.

"The Heroism of General Jackson,"

ROBERT SCHELL RUDD.

"Labor and Invention."

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## THE HEROISM OF GENERAL JACKSON.

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BY ROBERT S. RUDD.

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GREAT names recall great deeds. History in the popular mind is individual names, isolated biographies rather than philosophic record of consecutive events. Each epoch has its hero; a man in whom centres the conscience and purpose of the generation. In 1776 it was Washington, epitome of the personal virtues, resolute courage, and conservative patriotism which inspired his time. In 1860 it was Lincoln, incarnation of that spirit; moderate yet firm, he made the war the vindication of an indissoluble Union. Midway between these

typical men stands another, whose name is synonymous with two pivotal events in American history. The one the consummation of the work of Washington ; the other the commencement of the labor which Lincoln was to complete ; the Battle of New Orleans and nullification—these are the events ; Andrew Jackson their hero.

For two years the War of 1812 had dragged its weary length. Though harassed by her war with France, England had constantly defeated our land forces. The Federalists, opposed to the war from the first, grew open in its denunciation. Our Treasury was empty ; our credit impaired ; public sentiment divided when the startling news arrived that Napoleon had been defeated by the allied armies ; and England, now free, had determined to crush America in one grand decisive campaign.

Soon British fleets hovered off our coasts. The national Capitol was burned, and the Southern coast paralyzed with apprehension. Men-of-war floated in the Gulf of Mexico, and many a heart was chilled when the news came North, "New Orleans is threatened." New Orleans, the lungs of the West and South, was to be wrested from us. Such was the condition of affairs when Andrew Jackson entered the Crescent City. Coming from a guerrilla warfare with discontented Indians, his mettle had been tested without proving his fitness for the impending crisis. He came to a city but

recently made part of the United States by purchase. Its mixed un-American population was distrustful of itself, and of doubtful loyalty to a Union which had bought its allegiance. It was in a state of intense excitement. No steps had been taken to fortify the city, vulnerable by land and river ; no discipline prevailed among the raw recruits ; all was confusion, suspicion, anarchy. A leader was needed, a Cromwell, a Warwick, a William of Orange ; and he had come. He had come worn with disease and fatigue, more fit for the hospital than the field, but with the mien and will of a master. His iron spirit triumphed over disease and trampled upon difficulties.

From the hour of his arrival the city underwent transformation. As the touch of Midas turned the merest dross to gold, the presence of Andrew Jackson evoked energy and confidence from the nerveless and despairing citizens, and soldiers learned to love that gaunt, taciturn man, clad in a shabby blue coat and leather cap. Night and day he inspected the outworks, disciplined the troops, strengthened the fortifications. Watchful, sleepless, his pale jaundiced face, rigid with unremitting pain, won sympathy and created confidence.

A month passes ; the eighth of January arrives. The British have determined to force the American lines and march to the city. Contrast the contestants. On the one side a land force of 15,000 men

fully armed ; perfectly disciplined ; eager for battle ; confident of victory. This regiment is fresh from the fields of the Peninsula ; that marched with victorious Wellington into France ; while these faces were recently illumined by the glare of our burning Capitol. Opposed to them is a motley, untrained, ill-equipped force of 3,500 men—backwoodsmen from Tennessee and Kentucky. Their courage is unquestioned ; their ignorance of warfare complete. But they have a leader who knows no defeat. His invincible will is a bulwark which his veteran antagonists have never met. “Desperate courage makes one a majority,” and it was this spirit which prompted Jackson’s reply when the legislature demanded, “What will you do if defeated?” “Do ?” he roared, in indignant voice, “do, if I thought the hair of my head knew, I’d cut it off. Go, tell your honorable body that if disaster overtakes me, and the fate of war drives me from my lines to the city, they may expect a warm session.”

Early on the eighth the English are in motion. A dense fog shrouds the field. Steadily the enemy advance. They are within two hundred yards of the extemporized breastworks. There is silence, intense and awful. Suddenly comes a discharge of musketry. An instant more and the whole line is ablaze with deadly fire. The unerring aim of the western hunters is irresistible. The compact lines of English grenadiers are mown to the earth.

Column after column of the advancing enemy is smitten with irretrievable ruin. More quickly than voice can tell, more quickly than eye can see, the battle is over. In a short half hour the field is a struggling, writhing, ghastly mass. Twenty-five hundred English have fallen, while within the breastworks but fifteen are not rejoicing in the glorious victory. New Orleans is saved. The war is over. The decisive blow is given, and the struggle, begun at Lexington, is ended at New Orleans.

Throughout the country Jackson was hailed as a hero. And was he not? History or romance has no spectacle more heroic than this at New Orleans. A man, past his prime, stricken with disease, with irresistible determination, transformed ill-disciplined, unexperienced levies into an army; and drove back, with terrible slaughter, the proudest American expedition old England ever equipped. It was not great generalship, perhaps, but it was fertility of resource, personal magnetism, inspiring courage, invincible will, vitalized by pure patriotism, and its reward was a victory so complete, so overwhelming, that history has hardly its parallel. This was the heroism of Andrew Jackson at New Orleans.

Let us turn to Jackson's civil victories to find a kindred heroism. Twenty years have passed since New Orleans. Twice the popular voice has summoned Andrew Jackson to the presidency. In

politics as in war, his policy has been aggressive ; his administration distinctively personal and characteristic. "Old Hickory" has become the rallying cry of one party, the abomination of the other. On the threshold of his second term, a new issue is thrust into American politics. They call it nullification. The logic of the doctrine is that the Federal Union is a league of independent States ; a cheap contrivance of mock nationality ; a rope of sand. Nullification ! it means secession, disunion, treason. Nullification ! it means an internecine war, a mountain of debts, a desolate land, a million mourning houses, and a decade of bitter sectionism.

For several years nullification had been vaguely hinted as a possible solution of the tariff question. Jackson's views were well known. They were epitomized in the toast of 1830, "the Union, it must be preserved." Although the doctrine had been announced and discussed, the action of South Carolina was a surprise. It was in November, 1832, that a body composed of the Haynes, the Pinckneys, the Butlers, unanimously passed the notorious ordinance of nullification. The news reached Washington in December. The president was confronted by the solemn declaration that if the tariff is enforced "the people of South Carolina hold themselves absolved from all connection with the Union, and will organize a separate government." Close upon the State's proclamation followed its

governor's fiery appeal, calling upon all true Carolinians to resist the Federal power to the last. Andrew Jackson loved the Union. His love was no sudden growth ; no spasmodic sentiment, but a conviction deep rooted in his very being. This attack upon the Constitution he had sworn to maintain, aroused again the latent energy, and colossal will that had triumphed at New Orleans. His conception of duty was instinctive ; his decision instantaneous. Although his implacable enemy, Calhoun, was the head and front of the offending body, Jackson rose above political prejudice and personal resentment. His proclamation was conceived in a spirit of the sublimest patriotism, supported by unanswerable logic. With bold, resolute hand, he swept aside the cunning sophistries of Calhoun and Hayne. He refuted all their arguments, and forstalled many not advanced until 1860. He appealed to every sentiment of honor, sectional pride and local prejudice ; and his words ring with sincerity and truth. "I adjure you," he wrote, "as you love the cause of freedom ; as you prize the peace of your country and your own fair fame, retrace your steps. Snatch from the archives of your State the disorganizing edict, bid the convention reassemble and promulgate the expression of your will to remain in the path, which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honor. Tell them that compared with disunion all other evils



are light. Declare that you will never take the field unless the banner of your country floats over you ; that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and scorned while living, as the authors of the first attack upon the Constitution. Its destroyers you cannot be. You may disturb its peace, or cloud its reputation for stability ; but its tranquility will return, and the stain upon the national character will be transferred to remain an eternal blot upon the memory of South Carolina." No compromise was suggested ; no alternative considered. South Carolina must submit, and she did.

Recall the administration of James Buchanan. What a contrast. Where in '32 we find courage, decision, patriotism, we find in '60 timidity, vacillation and intrigue. Jackson's whole proclamation breathes indomitable will. It is the same spirit that conquered the Creeks and Seminoles ; that destroyed the centralization of the United States Bank ; that in 1815 repulsed a nation, and in 1832 controlled a State. It was not great statesmanship, perhaps, but it was heroic determination, and it won the day.

Thus in peace and war did the heroism of Andrew Jackson manifest itself. Not intellectually great ; not mentally the superior of his contemporaries ; he possessed qualities which distinguished him even in the day of Webster, Calhoun and Clay. One word, familiar to the great senatorial triumvirate,

was unknown to Jackson, compromise. Reared in poverty, he early learned the salutary lesson of self-reliance. Whether as the lawyer, soldier, senator or president, we find him the same simple, independent, honorable man. "I care not for clamor," he once said, "I do what I think right," and his life is the proof. He was ambitious ; but his ambition rested upon virtue. He was prejudiced and partisan ; but it was the prejudice of a strong mind, and his partisanship rose above party servility. He was an autocrat ; but he loved the common people with deep, passionate devotion. He was full of faults, but they were the faults of strength. He was of the people and for the people ; he was their hero.

## EXHIBITION OF 1880.

“Garrison and Wilberforce,”

MATTOON MONROE CURTIS.

“The Race Problem in the United States,”

CHARLES ALEXANDER GARDINER.

“The Siege of Antwerp,”

WILLIAM MORTON GRIFFITH,

SETH GROSVENOR HEACOCK.

“‘The Highest Good,’ as Taught by English Poets,”

PHILIP ADAM LAING.

“Shakspeare’s Two Delineations of Mark Antony,”

WALTER BARNARD WINCHELL.

“England and the First and Last Napoleon.”

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## THE RACE PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES.

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BY CHARLES A. GARDINER.

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RACE conflict began in the early days of man, and, rolling its destructive waves down the centuries, swept away the most powerful nations of the globe. From the desolated plains of Asia, from the battle-fields of Europe, a cry of anguish has pierced the centuries, imploring man to stay this deadly scourge. The wise and good of antiquity turned their hopes to the future. In some mystic, golden isle, some distant land beyond the sea, they beheld the races of men mingling together in one common brotherhood.

In this republic are already gathered the most diverse elements of national life. The Indian, proud and haughty; the negro, dragged from his native land; the Chinese, swarming our western seaboard; all merged into one nationality and swayed by the man preëminent, the intelligent, civilized European. Four distinct races, differing in character, color and origin. How these conflicting elements can be reconciled, how they may enjoy equal rights in society and government, such are the vast issues of the race problem in America.

A few centuries ago, the European race first touched these shores. It spread timidly along the Atlantic seaboard, then combining its forces, the homogeneous elements uniting under one banner, led on by the energetic, aggressive Anglo-Saxon, it broke over the Alleghenies, rolled in mighty inundation through the western prairies, leaped the Rocky Mountains, and was checked only at the Golden Gate of San Francisco. Standing to-day the supreme power in this land, it owes a political, social and ethical duty to the inferior races on this continent.

Three hundred years ago began our Indian warfare. A proud, independent people, filled with all the instincts of humanity, refused to bow before European aggression. They asserted their rights, they loved the home of their fathers, they would die rather than submit. Then rang out the cry of "extermination." It sounded through the colonies,

was caught up by the young republic and floated from every outpost on the western frontier. Extermination is the logical result of the persistent policy of our national government. See the Indian fleeing from his New England home ; see him making a last, desperate stand on the Ohio ; see him in Georgia pleading for the graves of his ancestors ; see him hurled beyond the Mississippi ; everywhere, robbed and murdered, denied his rights, and thrust from the pale of civilization. Not content with such outrages, Congress declared the Indian tribe no longer an independent power. Four hundred existing treaties were deliberately broken. To-day the tribe has no legal autonomy. The Indian is denied the courts of justice, denied citizenship, denied the rights of property. He is a being, neither alien nor citizen ; he is a mere child, a ward, a pure anomaly in the American government. How can this nation decry Indian treachery, when it has broken every obligation and violated every treaty ? How can it point to a Custer murder, when it goads the Indian to desperation and leaves no redress but appeal to arms ? The Indian problem can be solved only on principles of humanity and justice. Call him a doomed race, inferior in intellect and ability, still recognize him as a human being, surround him with civilization, educate and Christianize him, and as soon as he demands a place in our body politic, grant him all the privileges of an American citizen.

Throw open the courts and the Indian will appeal to law, rather than arms; grant him land in severalty, and he will acquire property. Replace forts with schools, and the army with teachers; let our policy be education, and not annihilation, and the Indian will abandon his barbarous life and become a civilized man. Let citizenship be the highest goal of attainment. To force the ballot to-day upon all classes of Indians is unjust and impolitic. Let it be the ultimate and not the initial point, the end and not the means of his progress. Has he ever refused civilization or rejected humane treatment? Tell me if Revolutionary history does not shine with glorious deeds of Indian allies. Tell me if this valley of the Oriskany be not dotted with monuments to Indian fidelity. Not possible to civilize the Indian! Is not the Indian Territory, rich in agriculture, filled with schools and colleges, with seminaries and churches, is not this sufficient proof of Indian ability? He can be civilized, he can be educated; thus qualified, he will become a citizen, superior to thousands who swarm upon us from the Old World. Our national honor and duty to God, the claims of a broad, Christian humanity, all constrain us to preserve these last remnants of a once powerful people.

Far different is the condition of the negro race in America. Imported as a slave, and tolerated as a serf; emancipated, enfranchised, with all his poverty

and ignorance, he has been brought face to face with the great problems of national life. What has been the result? His progress is marvelous. Opposed by prejudice the most bitter and organized, he has acquired property, established schools, enacted laws, and asserted his power in the national Congress. In fifteen years, he has risen to a higher level, than white serfs of Europe have attained in centuries. Shall the negro be disfranchised? No! For six generations accustomed to society and government, he was better qualified to cast his first ballot than are the most advanced Indians of to-day. If a mistake to enfranchise him, what justice in correcting the error, after he has passed his political tutelage? Rather let every energy of individual and state be exercised in founding schools and spreading knowledge. The immediate result will be the increased intelligence and morality of a million illiterate voters. It will dispel the vast cloud of darkness that hangs like a pall over the Southern States. Education and emigration, a repeated "exodus" under the softening influence of time, will become prime factors in solving the difficulties of the negro race.

Chinese immigration marks an epoch in human history. Two great streams of migration, starting four thousand years ago, one flowing eastward, the other westward, after belting the globe, now meet and mingle. What shall be the future relations of

these two powers, the oldest and the youngest in the family of nations? Shall America prohibit Chinese immigration? The present bearings of this question are economic, rather than political. The Chinese are decried as a vicious factor in the community. What danger do we fear? Is it Chinese conservatism? America can receive no greater blessing. Let this nation deal justly. So long as we admit the dregs of Europe; so long as we welcome the thousands and hundreds of thousands, who are pressing through the seaboard towns of the Atlantic, swelling our cities and filling up our great interior; so long as we welcome the Russian and nihilism, the German and socialism, the French and communism; so long as we maintain our present immigration laws, just so long must we permit Chinese immigration.

Consider now the practical phases of the race problem. A fundamental tenet of this nation declares that all men are created equal. Never was a proposition less true. All men are not created equal. Yet Christianity, permeating every stratum of society, lifting the lower classes from their degradation, is guiding man to that perfect life where equality reigns supreme. America is one of God's great agents in this movement. By a war that rocked this continent, we have established equal rights before the law. But mere legal rights do not always ensure political equality; and without politi-



cal equality race antagonism will never cease on this continent. The negro is to-day under the ban of political servitude, suffering indignities more abject than when he bore the shackles of slavery. How long will this continue? How long shall we brand the Indian and Chinaman as aliens? Until the dominant race conquers its caste, pride; and annihilates race prejudice.

This problem involves assimilation. But is assimilation possible? What was ancient Greece, that flourished in the morning of the world; that built Athens, with its golden temples; that crowned the Acropolis with grace and beauty; that dotted the land with shrine and monument; that blossomed into the most marvelous civilization of antiquity? Was not Greece the home of countless tribes? Were not the warriors of Rome, issuing from the Imperial City and conquering the world, were not they representatives of every nationality? What gave England constitutional liberty; what makes her a broad, liberal, Christian power? The union of distinct races.

Away with the false plea that political equality requires social amalgamation. Let the sons of Black Hawk and Tecumseh, still wrap about them the stoic mantle of their ancestors; let the negro retain his emotional nature, and the Chinaman his Asiatic frugality; let each race preserve its peculiar characteristics; but let Christianity lift them all into

a community of faith; let an American ballot create in them a national patriotism; then will these very characteristics become enduring elements of national stability.

Ancient rivals in glory, the negro and the European; the only rivals to-day, the European and Mongolian; what shall prevent the political harmony and equality of these three races? What shall prevent their union in one common government?

Every nation has a moral mission to perform. Our national duty is twofold. To inferior races, we owe the blessings of civilization, the comforts of society; above all, the pure gospel of Christianity. To ourselves, our first duty is preservation. If, as the years roll by, the waves of immigration threaten to sink our ship of state; if on this continent Germans are arrayed against French, English against Irish, negroes against Chinamen; then our first duty will be to shut down the flood gates, and stop foreign immigration.

May that necessity never be realized; may America never be closed to the world. As the millions of Europe gaze from their crowded shores; as the masses of Asia cast longing glances over the sea, may they ever behold this land, the home of freedom, the refuge of all tribes and races; may it be the shrine of justice, its people speaking one language, reverencing one law, worshiping one God, forever America, the beacon light of humanity.

## EXHIBITION OF 1881.

“The Mormons and the United States Government,”

ROBERT WALLACE HUGHES,  
HERBERT PETER WHITE.

“What the Nineteenth Century owes John Wycliffe,”

FRANCIS WAYLAND JOSLYN.

“The Defects and Merits of our Public School System,”

LEE SANDERS PRATT.

“Savonarola and Wolsey,”

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

“The Surrender of Cornwallis,”

ALONZO JAY WHITEMAN.

“The Historic Results of Glory and Duty.”

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## THE MORMONS AND THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

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BY ROBERT W. HUGHES.

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MORMONISM is the anomaly of the age ; a child of ignorance in the midst of intelligence ; a despotism permitted by a democracy ; an absolute hierarchy in a nation that recognizes no particular faith ; the most abject slavery in a land whose very air makes men free.

Mormonism was organized in the Empire State on the 4th of April, 1830. It began with six members. Converts rapidly increased. Its antagonism to existing social and religious institutions, forced

it continually westward. Finally, beyond the boundaries of civilization, it found a refuge in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. The few thousand fugitives who, in the summer of 1847, settled there, have increased until they now number a hundred and fifty thousand, while an equal number are scattered among foreign nations, and their missionaries are in every part of the world.

The civil power of the church of the Latter-day Saints has kept pace with its numerical growth. Founded by a worthless character, with a stolen manuscript in his hand, and a lie on his lips, it has successfully opposed our institutions, nullified our laws, openly steeped itself in crime, publicly declared its treason to our government, is represented in Congress, and boasts that the nation is powerless to prevent its rule.

The doctrines of Mormonism, which are directly inimical to the United States government, are polygamy, with its attendant evils; atonement for offences against the church by the destruction of the offender; and the political rule of the Mormon priesthood.

The Christian home is the foundation of all civilized society. Upon its perfection depends the loyalty of the citizen, and the character of the man. The Mormons know no home. The sacred ordinance of marriage is made a license for immorality. Man becomes a brute, woman a slave. All the

elevating and ennobling influences of the Christian family are destroyed.

The deliberate taking of a human life, is, under our laws, a capital offence. For thirty years the Mormons have deluged Utah with innocent blood. The Mountain Meadow and Morrisite massacres, the atrocities confessed by Hickman, and the murder of Robinson, Yates, Hatch, Payson, and Bowman are terrible illustrations of the crimes perpetrated by these Latter-day Saints. Could the plains, the mountain sides and cañons, whose

“Red-ribb’d ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,

And echo there, whatever is ask’d her, answers, ‘Death,’”

tell of the scenes which they have witnessed, we would have a record of horrors, which, for cold-blooded cruelty, not even that of the Inquisition could rival.

Behind polygamy and the doctrine of blood-atonement stands the system of which they are the fruits—the Mormon priesthood. This is the prolific cause of Utah’s evils. The political rule of this arbitrary, despotic, and absolute hierarchy, is the curse of the territory, a danger which even threatens our national life. Ever since the Mormons have had a name, this priesthood has ruled them. At times its power has been modified or abridged ; but ever it has risen again to wider sway and more absolute dictation. In word and deed this priesthood is the declared

enemy of our government. Hatred and treason against the United States are preached from its pulpits and practiced by its pews. Says the most learned Mormon, Orson Pratt, "Any people attempting to govern themselves by laws of their own making, and by officers of their own appointing, are in direct rebellion against the kingdom of God." And Mormonism claims to be the kingdom of God on earth. Said Brigham Young, "Our ecclesiastical government is the government of heaven, and incorporates all governments in earth and hell. It is the fountain, the mainspring, the source of all light, power, and government that ever did or ever will exist." John Taylor, the successor of Brigham Young, at the Mormon church conference, held in Salt Lake City, January 4th, 1880, declared, "Polygamy is a divine institution. It has been handed down directly from God. The United States can not abolish it. No nation on earth can prevent it, nor all the nations of the earth combined. I defy the United States. I will obey God." He asked those who assented to his words to raise their hands. Immediately every hand in the vast throng that filled the tabernacle was lifted.

Polygamy, murder, treason—these are the crimes of which Mormonism stands arraigned. These offences against humanity, government, and God, are the ordinances through which the Latter-day Saints claim the right of expressing and practicing

their religious faith. Evil, in any form, is the enemy of a free government. The crime of Mormonism is doubly insidious and hostile when, with shameless blasphemy, it is called the fulfilment of divine commands.

Another evil of Mormonism is suffrage. The Saints are largely of foreign birth, but marriage and not length of residence, proper age, or fealty to the government is the requisite of suffrage. Thus the ballots of an ignorant and fanatical people are cast as their priesthood wills, thereby strengthening and extending its dangerous power.

Through its coöperative mercantile institution, Mormonism influences, by large patronage, the leading business men at our great centres of trade. Its agents are in every State. They are members of great monied corporations in America and Europe. George Q. Cannon, a polygamist and "First Counselor" of the Mormon president, has, for years, been Utah's delegate to Congress.

It is now thirty-four years since Brigham Young and his followers settled in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. It was said that Mormonism bore within itself the elements of its destruction. But a few ill-clad, half-starved, fanatical fugitives grew to a numerous, wealthy, and dangerous people. Civilization was to purify the country of this pest. But civilization, with its railroads, telegraphs, and all its wonderful amalgamating power, has reached

and surrounded Utah ; yet Mormonism remains, in thought and action, more isolated than before. At the death of the "prophet" the church would certainly lose its power and fall in pieces. Brigham Young died. Younger and abler leaders took his place ; and never was Mormonism more united, powerful, and aggressive than now. It is true, the Mormons number, at most, but a hundred and fifty thousand of the nation's fifty millions. But their missionaries are in every land, offering to the ignorant and destitute a home and plenty. Thousands of these deluded proselytes are arriving annually at Salt Lake City to become the tools of the Mormon church. Already it controls Utah, has the balance of power in Arizona and Idaho, and is rapidly peopling Washington, Montana, Wyoming, New Mexico, and Colorado. At the last election George Q. Cannon, by a brief order, elected the man whom he wished for member of Congress from Idaho. Let the Mormons alone, and, in another score of years, they will control nearly the whole region west of the Rocky Mountains, more absolutely than they now control Utah. None but Mormons could live under this despotism ; and nothing less than a civil war, more terrible and bloody than the Rebellion, would restore this vast western empire to the government of the Republic.

Is the nation defenceless against the pernicious aggressions of Mormonism ? Must we remain in



helpless inactivity while all that we hold most dear and sacred is violated and supplanted by this monster of barbarism? No. The remedies are in our hands. Non-interference has resulted from no ignorance of facts, no want of proof, no lack of power. No question of law, no doubtful clause of the Constitution, no doctrine of State rights, presents an obstacle to prompt, decisive action.

The law of 1862 makes polygamy a crime. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the law is strictly constitutional. Our Constitution guarantees to every State and Territory a republican form of government. Experience has proved that this persistent, malignant evil will yield only to an inexorable remedy. The decisive step is to supplant the political rule of the priesthood. This may be done, either through a commission, as suggested by ex-President Hayes, or by denying the right to vote, hold office, and sit on juries, to those who practice, or uphold any unlawful doctrine of the Mormon church. Statesmen of great wisdom and discernment, and invested with large discretionary power, should be placed in authority. Polygamy must be suppressed. The great obstacle has been the difficulty in obtaining such proof of plural marriages as the law requires. The ceremony is performed in secret. Witnesses are bound by oaths which even apostate Mormons dare not violate. Let Congress make the fact of living together

as husband and wife sufficient evidence, and this obstacle is removed. Men and women already living in polygamy must separate. Indemnity against punishment should be granted to those who at once comply. The polygamous wives and their children must not be deprived of former support. The children must be legitimized. Personal and property rights must be carefully protected, and the least possible suffering fall upon those who have sinned through ignorance. Rigorous punishment should be inflicted upon all new or persistent offenders.

Let decisive, unwavering action be taken, and Utah's evils will disappear. If assured of protection, many Mormons would gladly aid in the reform. While the great body of the people doubtless are sincere, the leaders know that Mormonism is a fraud. Large numbers of both sexes, among the youth, have begun to breathe the air of a purer civilization. Opinions from the society and press of the non-Mormon world, are waking them to a sense of the degradation and shame in which they live.

“Utah is not Turkey or one of the Barbary States.” Above it waves the American flag. Into it, from every side, is wafted the atmosphere of intelligence and freedom. Now is the time to act. Utah must soon become a State. She cannot be admitted as a hierarchal despotism. President Garfield is in favor of determined measures. Let

Congress atone for past neglect by giving him prompt, efficient aid.

Our Constitution must be respected ; our laws enforced ; and their rigor never relaxed until polygamy, and the political rule of the Mormon church, are utterly, and forever, destroyed. Then, and not till then, will the United States government have fulfilled the duty which it owes to the nation, to humanity, and to God.

## EXHIBITION OF 1882.

"Russia's Problem,"

FREDERICK LINCOLN DEWEY.

"Nelson and Farragut,"

ANTHONY HARRISON EVANS.

"The Weakness and Strength of the Constitution of the United States,"

HENRY ORLANDO JONES,

CALVIN NOYES KENDALL.

"The True Place of Great Corporations in a Representative Government,"

WORTHINGTON COGSWELL MINER.

"Shakspeare's Estimate of Greatness and Goodness,"

HERBERT HUSE PARSONS.

"Fate and Providence in Literature.

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## NELSON AND FARRAGUT.

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BY ANTHONY H. EVANS.

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IT was the year 1798. Napoleon was sweeping everything before him. Already had he conquered Italy, and, crossing the Tyrol, compelled Austria to make peace. To the east lie the extensive commerce and power of England. The land of the Pharaohs becomes the object of his ambition. Landing with his veterans at Alexandria, he captures it; and in a few days wins the famous Battle of the Pyramids. The gates of Cairo lie open to the conqueror; Napoleon is master of Egypt.

The din of battle had scarcely died away when England's brave admiral appeared at the mouth of the Nile. Here begins his part in the great drama—that drama whose closing scenes shall tell of an exiled Napoleon and of a peaceful Europe. Before him lay the French fleet. Instantly he grasps the situation and promptly orders an attack. Fierce and bitter the conflict; complete and decisive the victory. Like an electric spark, the news flashes over Europe. Nations vie with each other in doing him honor. Well they might; for he had struck a blow which shook the power of France, checked her most successful general, and fired the courage of the Continental armies. He had reached the pinnacle of a brilliant career. He had become the idol of his country and the terror of his enemies. What an eventful life! At twelve, entering the king's service. At fourteen, a midshipman, braving the climate of the East Indies. At twenty, commander of a brig, and, before he is twenty-one, all the honors of the service in his reach. Summoned to the Mediterranean at the close of the French Revolution, he saves Corsica, takes the island of Elba, aids in the destruction of the Spanish fleet off St. Vincent, and finally overshadows all by his memorable victory over the French.

Remarkably similar was the life of the heroic American. Like Nelson he was orphaned at an

early age, and thrown upon his own resources. With a mind naturally observant, with a devotion to duty untiring, with a spirit resolute and manly, forty years of ceaseless activity had peculiarly fitted him for his great mission.

On the morning of the twelfth of April the rebels fired upon Fort Sumpter. Immediately Lincoln calls for troops. Farragut hears that call, and, with breathless anxiety, awaits Virginia's answer. "God forbid," says he, "I should raise my hand against the South." At last his adopted State secedes. Will he, too, desert the government? Ah, no! With that stanch patriotism, firmness of character, and decisive promptness so typical of the man, he expresses his intention of "sticking to the old flag."

The events of '61 proved disastrous to the Union army. A substantial victory must be won. The hope of the North must be raised; the strength of the South weakened. How shall it be done? Who will do it? New Orleans must be captured—New Orleans, the emporium of the South, the portal of supplies to the army. Farragut is to be the hero. Appearing in the Mississippi in the spring of '62, he bends every energy to the task. For five long days the mortars boom, but seemingly with no effect, upon the forts on either side of the river. Impatient for the conflict, he determines to run by them. At two o'clock on the morn-

ing of the twenty-fourth the signal is given, and the anchors are weighed. Proudly the flagship, with its gallant commander, falls into line and wends its way up the river. Passing the obstructions, he runs the forts, conquers the rebel fleet, steams up to New Orleans, compels its surrender, and leaves the American flag floating over the city. What the battle of the Nile was to Nelson, New Orleans was to Farragut. Both were actuated by the same motive and animated by the same spirit. Worshipers at the same shrine, duty was the keynote of their lives. Not like the meteor which flashes through the sky and then vanishes, but like the north polestar, it was an ever true and faithful guide. To die at their posts and at peace with their God, was to garner life's richest harvest. It was the patriotism of Leonidas, sacrificing his life for Grecian independence ; the inspiration of John Huss, battling against the Roman church ; the long and patient suffering of Washington during that cold and cheerless winter at Valley Forge. It was thought crystallized into manhood ; bravery immortalized ; principle made Godlike. Their unflinching devotion to duty can be best illustrated by the crowning acts in their lives—the battle of Trafalgar and the battle of Mobile Bay.

Early in the year 1801 France was at peace ; but her avaricious monarch could not rest secure while England ruled the sea. He succeeds in unit-

ing Russia, Sweden and Denmark to overthrow her supremacy. But his hopes are baffled. Nelson, sailing into the harbor of Copenhagen, frustrates their plans by crushing the naval power of Denmark. Still the emperor is not content. He plans an invasion. The French fleet is to protect his transports in the Channel. The hero of the Nile is again on the alert, gives chase, and, after pursuing them up and down the seas, blockades them off the coast of Spain. Like an eagle watching its prey, he now waits his opportunity. The fatal morning comes. The flagship leads the way. The hearts of the sailors are all aglow. Suddenly there comes from the Victory a signal, "England expects every man to do his duty."

"Aye, the throb of no battery ever has stirred  
The world's mighty heart like some stout English word,  
Wherein a brave utterance, sandaled and shod,  
Has marched down the ages for freedom and God."

In a moment the gallant Victory is in the thickest of the fight, dealing broadcast her deadly blows. Look! She's breaking through the enemy's lines. Alas for her brave commander! Little thought he that he was opening the door upon whose threshold he should lay his life. He falls in the heat of the conflict. Wounded and bleeding they bear him away, and gently lay him down to die. Like sweet music comes the victorious cheers of his comrades; the last guns boom out a mournful requiem; and



with a fervent "Thank God, I have done my duty," the soul of the brave Nelson goes home.

August fourth, 1864, finds Farragut before the forts guarding the entrance to Mobile Bay. Already, through his energy and skill, New Orleans had been captured, Vicksburg surrendered, Fort Hudson capitulated, and the Mississippi opened. At half past five in the morning the order to fall into line is given and answered. The cheery voices of the sailors are hushed into painful stillness. Firmly the men stand at their guns eagerly waiting for action. Moments seem ages. Suddenly there comes over the sea the booming of guns. At seven o'clock the battle is raging. The scene becomes sublime ; while over the rattle and roar are heard the shouts from the flagship as she drives her broadsides into the rebel batteries. Now she is within the range of the enemy's gunboats. The leading ship suddenly stops and reverses steam. The vessels in the rear press forward. Confusion follows and disaster seems imminent. Where is the man for the emergency ? There, lashed to the maintop of the Hartford. Quick as flash he sees the danger, passes the Brooklyn, assumes the head of the line and leads the fleet to victory. The difficulty is overcome. The ships resume their order, and with terrible cannonade soon silence the rebel batteries. The hope of the Confederates now centres upon the gunboats, but alas for their trust ! The white flag appears at the turret of the rebel

ram Tennessee, and as the sun goes down, the battle of Mobile Bay passes into history.

As the painter delights to portray the well-developed and symmetrical form, so the historian loves to dwell upon the lives and deeds of illustrious men. It is neither fame nor honor that makes the world's heroes, but action inspired by a lofty sense of duty. No two men ever accomplished more in their spheres than Nelson and Farragut. As commanders they were prompt, decisive; the one more daring and dashing, the other more deliberate and careful. As men, they were types of gentleness, kindness, and sturdy manhood; the life of the one, marred by licentiousness, that of the other pure and holy. As patriots, both stand out on the page of history with a record unsullied, with their grand missions accomplished, with their trusts nobly fulfilled; the one fighting for British supremacy, inspired by the cheers of a united people and the hearty sympathy of his kindred; the other abandoning home, friends, and State, with duty as his soul's inspiration, and God as his guide, that the blest flag of our Union might once more wave in triumph over every foot of American soil.

As a reward for valorous deeds, pagan Rome deified her heroes. Christian England and America, with a sentiment no less loyal, with a gratitude none the less enduring, and with a memory as unswerving, crown Nelson and Farragut with the laurel and the immortelle.

### SUBJECTS OF 1884.

“The State and the Convict.”

“The Services of William T. Sherman in the Civil War.”

“The Tragedy of Thought, and the Tragedy of Passion in Shakspeare.”

“Four Scenes Illustrative of the Good and the Evil in Benedict Arnold's Career.”

“Napoleon Bonaparte and Martin Luther as Representative Forces in History.”

“Byron and the Greek Revolution of 1821.”

## EXHIBITION OF 1885.

"The Power of a State as Determined by Manufacture and  
by Commerce,"

UDELLE BARTLETT.

"The Battle of Monmouth,"

WAGER BRADFORD.

"Hildebrand and Cromwell,"

SAMUEL POTTER BURRILL.

"Shakspeare's Representations of the Human Will,"

WILLIAM ADDISON LATHROP.

"The Railway in American Politics,"

EMORY WOOD RUGGLES.

"The Mission of Thomas Carlyle,"

IRVING FRANCIS WOOD.

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## THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

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BY WAGER BRADFORD.

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ON a raw November morning, not many months ago, the people of New Jersey gathered to dedicate a monument to their heroic dead. That granite shaft commemorates one of the most stubborn of revolutionary battles. It tells of a peaceful Sabbath turned to a day of wrath, of God's sweet sunshine dimmed by the smoke of war, of patriotism battling for a principle, of sublime self-sacrifice, even unto death. Upon its site, where now the busy life of Monmouth ebbs and flows, Washington

withstood the shock of battle and wrested victory from seeming defeat.

Go back to the twenty-seventh of June, seventeen seventy-eight, and stand at evening, beneath the lintel of Monmouth's ancient courthouse ; in the waning twilight, an army's tents show white against the earth, and the rude voices of a camp disturb the quiet of the summer night. Five miles away the scene repeats itself ; another wayworn army halts and sleeps.

The British under Clinton had evacuated Philadelphia, and were retreating through New Jersey. For ten days the army had dragged its serpentine length northward, and for ten days, Washington, like a gathering storm, had hung upon its flank. On the eve of Saturday, the twenty-seventh, the British reach Monmouth. On the Sabbath morning that follows, the pent-up fury of the tempest breaks.

Weary of pursuit, Washington determined to force a battle with the reluctant foe. Lee was ordered to advance at daybreak, fall on the British rear, and bring the chase to bay. Washington, after the first cannonade, would hasten forward with the main army and bring on a general engagement.

The mists of early morning still hovered over wood and field, when Lee and the gallant Wayne rode forward to reconnoitre. Before them stretched the plain of Monmouth, and, lo ! upon its ample

green was marshaled all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." To the stern music of the fife and drum that royal host moved on ; squadron after squadron swept into line, with bayonets flashing in sunlight and banners tossed by the fitful morning breeze.

Upon this stately quarry Wayne let loose the dogs of war, and soon the baying of their iron throats told Washington the battle was begun. Thus far his plans were realized, and all seemed well. But Mars is fickle, like his sister Fortune. As Lee advanced to Wayne's support, the entire British rear wheeled and met him face to face. The aid-de-camp of the king of Poland had little relish for such odds. As the grenadiers advanced, his faith in patriot courage wavered, and fairly quailing, he ordered a retreat.

Washington had dismounted and was watching his columns as they swept along the road. The heat was stifling, but he knew it not ; with eager ear he listened to the welcome roar of battle. It rose and swelled, and then grew faint and fainter, until an ominous silence settled on the sultry air. Anxiously he waited. What could it mean, this fatal quiet? Suddenly a horseman dashing up exclaimed : "The Continentals are retreating !" It seemed incredible ; there had been but little firing ; Lee had sent no messenger. Would a veteran general pour five thousand troops upon the reserve without a word of warning ?

A dark suspicion flashed through the mind of Washington. Lee had vehemently opposed his plans. Could this retreat be premeditated? His face was awful in its wrath. Springing to his saddle he swept like a whirlwind up the narrow road. Before his eyes there rose the past, the present, aye, and the future! Was it for this that Valley Forge had been endured; that Steuben, through winter cold and summer heat had drilled his half-clad troops; that Franklin had won the aid of France, and he himself suffered the venomous malice of the cabal? Defeat meant ruin. Had that ruin come? The passion ever slumbering in his mighty soul flung back defiance in the teeth of fate. From Lee's defeat his hand should wrest a victory. His anger kindled as he rode. Reining his foaming horse at last, with face suffused and blue eyes flashing fire and voice that stung his hearer like a blow: "For God's sake, General Lee," he cried, "what means this ill-timed prudence?" Staggered for a moment, Lee at length replied: "These Continentals can not face the British troops." "They can, and they shall!" thundered Washington. Turning, he spurred among the retreating columns, and by his simple presence brought them to a halt. "Long live Washington!" burst from the army's lips, and as the shout of welcome rang along the lines, the hero knew the day might yet be saved. As by magic doubt gave way to confidence, confusion

changed to order. Spurring in front of Osgood and Stewart's regiments, he said: "On you I depend to check this pursuit." Ramsay, in the vanguard with the artillery, he bade defend his position to the last. Throughout the lines the determined presence and decisive words of the leader roused new courage. Order once restored, the generous impulses of Washington's great soul triumphed above suspicion. Riding back to Lee, and pointing to the steady columns he had marshaled, he said: "Sir, will you command these troops?" "Yes," was the answer, "nor will I be the first to leave the field."

Once more the battle opened. With front unyielding as the brows of fate the British advance. Foot by foot they drive the patriots back; yet, still with lines unbroken, the raw militia face the grenadiers. In the front ranks Ramsay mans his guns, nobly defending the trust imposed upon him. But now, the mad horses of the royal guards are dashed in headlong charge upon that stubborn line. Before the shock it wavers, trembles, would have broken, but at that instant Washington hurls forward the reserve. On the left and right the guns of Stirling and of Knox pour in their fire, while on the centre "Mad Anthony Wayne" falls like a thunderbolt. The spirit of their glorious leader is in every patriot heart; each soldier is a hero; nay, in that stern hour, woman forgot the gentle ties of peace, and all untrained took up the art of war.



Moll Pitcher, bringing water for the thirsty gunners, saw her husband fall beside his piece. "I will avenge his death," she cried, and springing to the gun she snatched the lanyard, and with her woman's hand drove home the charge. All through the action "Captain Molly" fought that gun. Could man retreat where woman held her ground? Before the iron hail of Knox and Stirling, and the furious charge of Wayne, the flower of England's soldiery breaks and flees. In vain Monckton rallies his troopers; in vain the desperate charge, the splendid stand, the heroic death. The battle of Monmouth is lost, and won.

The shadows lengthen on the eastern hills, the lurid sun sets in a sky of blood, and pitying darkness steals across the plain to wrap her sable shroud about the dead. Washington on the morrow would have renewed the struggle, but at midnight the British stole away so softly that the patriot sentinel heard no footfall.

Monmouth was peculiarly a national victory. There had been many battles of the North or South, but here were represented all the "Old Thirteen." Sons of New England, troopers from the Carolinas, Virginia's chivalry, patriots from every colony fought side by side against the common foe. On this field, too, were the main armies of both belligerents, led in person by their commanders in chief. The moral effects of such a victory can not be overestimated. From that battle-field

stretched "mystic chords of memory" to the hearthstones all over the land. A common victory knit more closely the bonds of a common interest, inspired the national courage and proved the strength of unity. The battle of Monmouth did not, like Hastings, or Sedan, decide the fate of a nation. It was rather negative in its results. The Conway cabal had sought to injure Washington before the people; Monmouth enshrined him in their very hearts; Franklin had just secured the aid of France; Monmouth strengthened and sealed the French alliance; Brandywine and Valley Forge had cast a shadow over the nation; the British seemed invincible, the struggle hopeless; at Monmouth the shadow was lifted and Steuben's discipline shattered forever the boasted superiority of the English.

A hundred years have strangely changed the plain of Monmouth. The sluggish village has become the busy town. The whistle of the locomotive now sounds the reveille, and the din of trade succeeds the rattle of musketry. Time has dealt kindly with the wounds of war, and the once crimsoned plain smiles again with the green of its meadows and the russet gold of the harvest. There is no hint of murderous conflict, save in the shaft that marks the battle-place. But though the heroes of that bygone day have long been silent, and the cannon's roar is hushed among the fair New Jersey hills, yet while we keep our freedom, there needs no granite to bid Americans remember Monmouth.

## EXHIBITION OF 1886.

"The Faust of the Legend and the Faust of Goethe,"

EDWARD FITCH.

'Louis XI. and Charles the Bold,"

WILLIAM HORACE HOTCHKISS.

'Saxon and Slav in Asia,"

JAMES BEVERIDGE LEE,

STEPHEN SICARD.

"Creed and Character,"

JOHN SERGEANT NILES.

"Legislation as a Means of Suppressing Vice,"

HARRY BRAINARD TOLLES.

'Bismarck and German Unity."

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## SAXON AND SLAV IN ASIA.

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BY JAMES BEVERIDGE LEE.

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TWO types of European civilization divide the attention of thinking men. Both are powerful and aggressive. Each is supported by a monarchy whose towering strength has long been the wonder of mankind.

In the north and east of Europe, midway between the perpetual Arctic snows, and the perpetual summer of the tropics, Russia stretches her vast expanse. In the west, washed by the German Ocean and the Atlantic, and sundered from the Continent, lies Britain. The national character of the one is

harsh and forced. She is haughty, dictatorial, cruel, and her slightest breath bodes terror to the map of Europe. The character of the other is the outgrowth of her inherent vitality. Bold, philanthropic, progressive, everything it touches throbs with new activity.

These two civilizations sprang from the convulsive throes of disorganized tribal life of the ninth century. To the one the Angle gave the name, the Jute a Christianity, the Saxon a royal dynasty, and the England of Alfred the Great began her national career. To the other the tenacious will of the Muscovite bequeathed a unity, gave it the religion and dynasty of the Slav, and the Russian empire rose on the banks of the Dnieper. Subsequent history of the Saxon and the Slav, is the record of national progress. To-day they are mighty empires, rival "stars" upon the theatre of the world.

Saxon spirit early felt cramped in its island home. Destiny forbade a hold upon the Continent, and baffled all designs upon America, save in the icy north. She turns her eyes to the riches of the East. The India Company surrenders its charter to the crown. The sunlight of Christianity breaks through the darkness of Mohammed and of Brahm, and the genius of western civilization, kindles new reflections among the crumbling splendors of the Orient. The trading post expands to a mighty dependency. Rebellion follows, but, so far from

checking, adds to the fame of British arms. Extension is inevitable. The Punjab is annexed, and the whole Indus valley turns its treasures into the English mart. The red territorial line now leaps from peak to peak among the Himalayan snows, and sweeps along the Soleiman summits; while the shadow of British power falls far beyond into the valleys of central Asia.

To the Slav, bound up in his icy fastnesses, the land of summer has always been a Utopia. As the Goths and Vandals poured down and overwhelmed Rome, so, since the days of Peter the Great, have the Muscovite legions swept southward in their resistless forays. This historic desire for conquest, modified and organized by civilization, exhibits itself to-day in Russia's eagerness for territorial aggrandizement. In Europe she has swallowed Courland and Livonia, Finland, Poland and the Crimea, and is gazing, with covetous eye, beyond the Danube to the Golden Horn, longing for the time when the cross shall supplant the crescent upon the minarets of St. Sophia.

In Asia, waterless steppes and arid deserts long offered insurmountable barriers to Slavonic extension. Even as late as the eighteenth century, the Ural and the Irtysh marked its southern limit. In 1863 the blue line ran from the Issik Kul, along the Chu, to the Aral Sea. It hardly paused here. The Ak-Kum sands are passed, and a new boundary is

marked by a chain of Russian forts along the Jaxartes. The Kizil Kum desert offers no resistance to the aggression, and the Cossack of the Don plants the Russian standard in the sacred waters of the Oxus. Meanwhile a movement in the west, which had been held in check for half a century at the Caucasus, prevails. Georgia is conquered; the Caspian Sea made a Russian lake; and the two lines of conquest move forward in concert. Khiva is subjugated, Bokhara absorbed, and the city of Merv becomes, in '84, the strategic outpost.

Falling down from the snow-covered steepes of the Afghan Mountains are innumerable rivulets which unite to form Murghab river. As it sweeps along in its steady current, it spreads civilization in its path. Populous cities and thriving towns crowd its banks. When it reaches Merv, it separates into a multitude of mouths, sinks from view, and is lost among the sands of the desert. For years England regarded this great tide of Russian conquest, colonization and civilization as another Murghab, which, when it should reach Merv and the Kara Kum would scatter and disappear. Repeatedly, warning voices were raised to dispel this illusion, but the optimistic legislators of the Thames scoffed at the thought of danger on the Indian frontier.

In 1838 England, for a brief moment, awoke from her lethargy. The Russo-Persian attack upon

Herat alarmed her. A British army crossed the Indus, surmounted the Cashmere Mountains, entered Afghanistan by the Bolan Pass, blew open the gates of Ghuznee, compelled the submission of Cabul and Candahar, renewed the loyalty of Herat, and restored the honor and prestige of the British name in central Asia. Had England retained the position she then occupied, all would have been well. British India would have been surrounded upon the north by a cordon of independent states; Russian advance would have been checked at Merv, and all vexatious complications avoided. The retrenchment of shortsighted Liberals rendered this impossible, and the recall of British troops in '80 was the signal for Russian advance. While all eyes are intently watching the Soudan, the Afghan frontier is crossed, Sarakhs falls, Penjdeh yields to the invader, and Russian videttes stand within sight of Herat. England is amazed. She springs to her feet in alarm. All is bustle and anxiety in Downing street. Maps of Afghanistan are eagerly sought. Liberal and Conservative unite in studying the crisis. The Conservative calls loudly for war. England's diplomatic correspondence is couched in imperious terms. Stocks fall in the London Exchange. In the Paris Bourse there is a like depression. The public clamors for war. All England is ablaze. Indian troops hurry to the front. British reserves embark for India.

The fleet in the Thames stands ready to sail. All ears are listening for news from the czar, and the world holds its breath. But correspondence from the Neva is pacific, and exhibits no eagerness for an Asiatic battle-ground. The ardor of the Conservative cools, and the Liberal cause is strengthened. Peace measures finally prevail. The advance to Penjdeh is explained, and Saxon and Slav, throwing down their arms, leave the Boundary Commission to adjust their difficulties.

The lull of a year in the turmoil of Asiatic politics has given to the world ample time in which to review the details of the Anglo-Russian question. Geographical names, a few months ago unknown, except in diplomatic circles, have now a significance to the common ear. Vague and unjust ideas of Russian government have been dispelled by facts. Absolutism and autocracy have been stripped of their imaginary terrors, and Russia is seen to be what she really is. The movement in Asia is found to be the triumph of law over chaos, of civilization over barbarism.

While the world is ready to allow the claims of Russia as a civilizing power, it cannot blind its eyes to the inevitable outcome of the Anglo-Russian question. When we see the troops of the czar moving along the same route by which Alexander the Great led his forces to the conquest of Hindostan; when we remember the ominous



words of Napoleon, uttered in the silence of St. Helena, foretelling the Russian as the ruler of India, and when we hear the Muscovite war-cry, "On to Herat!" "On to Herat!" we realize that we are standing in the portentous shadows of coming events. It is idle to say that Russia has no designs upon India. The present patched up peace upon the Afghan borders is but a preparation for the final onset. When all is ready, England must yield. Herat is not invincible, nor is the Indian frontier impassable. Let Russia control Herat, let her gain possession of this fortress, the acknowledged "key to India," and further resistance will be fruitless. The Muscovite will not then resist the fascination. The Cossack, sweeping through the Bolan Pass, will conquer the sepoy. British India will become Russian, and the "white padishah of the Neva" will make the capital of his Eastern empire at Calcutta.

## EXHIBITION OF 1887.

“The Strength and Weakness of Culture,”

SHERMAN WILLIAM BROWNE,  
CHARLES BUCKINGHAM COLE.

“Lessing,”

HENRY JAMES HEMMENS,  
ALBERT BEARDSLEE JUDSON.

“The Mexican Fiasco of Napoleon III.,”

JOHN PUTNAM MONTROSS.

“The Huguenot in America,”

FRANK HUSON ROBSON.

“The Use of the Imagination in the Perception of Truth.”

“Legislation as a Remedy for Industrial Evil.”

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## THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF CULTURE.

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BY CHARLES B. COLE.

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MANKIND has always been on the outlook for a universal panacea. Once it was the “Philosopher’s Stone;” then that wonderful “Elixir of Life,” which was to cure “all the ills that flesh is heir to.”

To-day there is a new discovery ; a new claimant to the world’s admiration and gratitude appears on the scene. He announces that he has found the one thing needful to perfect modern civilization, to redeem us from its groveling materialism and to raise

us to the fullest degree of development of which the race is capable.

Therefore are many claims made for this new element that is to rule the world. Science and literature are already its bondsmen. The throne of religion must be declared vacant; the world must cry, "The king is dead; long live the king," as culture, with imperial state, enthrones itself—the ruling force of modern life.

Matthew Arnold, this modern prophet of culture, clearly seeing its strength, but blind to its weakness, has magnified immensely its just claim to thoughtful consideration. And yet, there must be some force in this new doctrine, for the preacher of the gospel of culture has won many an earnest and talented disciple.

Let one of these define his creed, and he would say, "Culture is the study of perfection; its mottoes, 'to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent,' and 'to make reason and the will of God prevail;' its ultimate rule, 'let your whole nature expand up to the very utmost of which it is capable in every direction.' This perfection is not an external good, but an internal condition,—a growing and a becoming, not a resting and a having; in short, it is 'a harmonious expansion of all the powers of the human soul.'"

Arnold finds two marked tendencies in human life, that toward action and that toward thought;

as the one is the ideal of the Jew, and the other of the Greek, he calls the former Hebraism, the latter Hellenism. "The force that encourages us to stand stanch and fast by the rule and ground that we have, is Hebraism, the force which encourages us to go back upon this rule, and to try the very ground upon which we appear to stand, is Hellenism."

The one represents energy, duty, earnestness, self-control, the obligation to work; the other ardent sense, intelligence, the indomitable impulse to know. The world seems to adapt first one of these tendencies, then the other. As long as Greek ideals ruled the ancient world, Hellenism was the dominant power. With the introduction of Christianity, however, its reign closed, and, for a thousand years, the world followed the Hebrew ideal. The Renaissance was the revival of Hellenism, Puritanism the reappearance of Hebraism.

From the days of Cromwell and Milton, the world has been developing the moral side of its nature at the expense of the intellectual. Now, Arnold says, is the time for less of fire and strength, the Hebrew levers, and for more of "sweetness and light," the means by which the Hellenist would move the world.

But, neither Hellenism nor Hebraism is the law of human development; each is a contribution to it; if either is omitted the result must lack com-

pleteness. When both elements combine, each receiving its due share of honor, they will make the man of the future an ideal being, perfect in all things, in so far as humanity can be perfect.

Culture is both strong and weak, strong in that it shows us our weakness, weak in that it would deprive us of our strength.

Culture and the ideal it places before us, shows us the insufficiency, the narrowness, the incompleteness of modern life. It says plainly that the man who is content with his daily life, feels no impulse toward a higher, nobler law of living, is not a man, but a mere machine. Culture, by demanding from him a complete development of all the powers with which he has been endowed, would place before him such a lofty ideal that, in striving to attain it, he would rise by the stepping-stone of a dead self to a better, purer life. Herein lies the great strength of culture. It leads to a higher personal life. It promises to perfect mankind by perfecting individuals. Its progress will be almost imperceptible. As the mighty ocean, under a silent, unseen influence, rises higher and higher along its shores, so the tide of human endeavor and attainment, under the influence of culture, would gain heights hitherto undreamed of. Such is the glorious promise of culture; will it, can it keep it?

Will human nature, under the influence of culture alone, become better? Do we find the most

cultivated men exhibiting the most virtue? Is it not a fact that the most thorough culture is consistent with the most thorough egotism?

Paradox it may seem, but fact it is, that the immense advantages which culture has conferred, are largely neutralized, in many cases outweighed, by the blinding influence of a subtler, deeper, more comprehensive selfishness, a selfishness that would lead culture to despise the poet who says:

“The common problem, yours, mine, every one’s,  
Is not to fancy what were fair in life,  
Provided it could be—but finding first  
What may be, then find how to make it fair  
Up to our means—a very different thing!  
No abstract intellectual plan of life,  
Quite irrespective of life’s plainest laws,  
But one, a man, who is a man and nothing more,  
May live within a world.”

The strength of culture must be supplemented by the moral purpose to use that strength for the good of mankind, or else its strength becomes its greatest weakness. Culture, in itself, is electricity in the clouds, powerful but useless; culture, united with moral purpose, is electricity in the fine-drawn wire, the trained and obedient servant of man.

The weakness of culture must be turned into strength by substituting altruism for egotism. The predominant self of the cultured man must disappear and in its place must reign the maxim, “Do good to all men as ye have opportunity.”

And yet, when the strength of culture is supplemented and its weakness turned into virility, even then it is powerless to advance the world; for this there is needed something more than the mere intellectual power that comes from culture. For "a people may be very cultivated and yet very corrupt. A government maintains itself in permanent power, not by the cultivated, nor by the wealth, nor by the number of its subjects, nor by the extent of its territory, but only by the virtue which reigns in its subjects' hearts. But the virtue of a people will never rise higher than their religious faith requires. Virtue is the fruit of religion, and religion is its only root." But what if culture becomes a people's religion? Can it take the place of Christianity? Could culture write a *Pilgrim's Progress*, a *Paradise Lost*, or a *Divine Comedy*? Can any development of the social, æsthetic or intellectual nature of man make up for a lack of moral development? Can any belief that says that morality is a part of the human beauty of spirit, rather than an eternal obligation, be substituted for the "law and the prophets"? When goodness is no longer an end in itself, may not justice and honor be regarded as obligatory only in the childhood of man? Can culture's "power not ourselves, that makes for righteousness" ever supplant the eternal, omnipotent Jehovah? The decisive "No," these questions compel, annihilates culture's claim to rule the advance of the world.

And yet, while culture must give up its pretense to preëminence, it still remains a wonderfully powerful factor in modern life.

Christianity and culture, as sun and satellite, as sovereign and subject, can do a mighty work in the regeneration of this uncultivated and irreligious world.

In the hands of a master that can give it ethical principle, culture, like the iron servant of Sir Artegal, could make straight the way of his lord, crush all the hideous forms of vice and wrong with the mighty blows of his iron flail, banish the foul exhalations which, in the guise of high ideals, mislead struggling humanity ; it would bridge the "Slough of Despond," make radiant the "Valley of the Shadow," until at last, master and servant stand side by side upon the summit of the "Delectable Mountains."



## EXHIBITION OF 1888.

"The Life and Death of Lavoisier,"

JOHN EDWARD EVERETT.

"Poetry as a Teacher of Patriotism,"

GARY MILLER JONES,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN MCADAM,

HIRAM ALBERT VANCE.

"The New Birth of Japan,"

ALBERT REMINGTON KESSINGER.

"Goethe and Carlyle,"

WILLIAM HARDER SQUIRES.

"The Rewards of Political Righteousness."

"Bulgaria."

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## POETRY AS A TEACHER OF PATRIOTISM.

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BY ABRAHAM L. MCADAM.

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**A**MONG the men of every age, there have been those who have stood preëminent as the moulders of human character ; who, by their teachings or by their acts, have given color to the thought, sentiment and life of subsequent generations. In every department of human activity we trace the ruling hand, the master mind, which has shaped for better or for worse, those elements, which, woven at the ceaseless "loom of time," constitute the many-colored fabric of modern civilization.

As a means by which this ultimate end has been

attained, poetry has played no unimportant part ; it has been the form of the most lofty in literature, at once the groundwork and expression of the best in music and art, and the embodiment of the most beautiful in religion. Through this medium have the greatest minds sought to elevate mankind with their grandest conceptions ; from this, as a source, has been drawn the inspiration of artist and musician, in works which are as truly poetry as were the ideas that suggested them.

Apart from this mission of poetry in elevating the morals and refining the sensibilities, there is another and not less worthy end which it subserves—an end which poetry, as the language of intense feeling, is best able to promote—that love of place, principle and country, called patriotism ; that devotion which prompts men to forsake all, even life, for fatherland ; that spirit which forms a vital principle in every nation worthy of the name.

In nearly all primitive nations the bard occupied a place little inferior to that of the ruler himself. His position was unique. Reverenced and loved by the people, wielding a power envied by his lord and feared by his enemies, he maintained it solely by the magic influence of his art. He was a necessity ; in war, to inspire, by thrilling battle-song, those hardy warriors to deeds of strength and valor ; in peace, to keep alive a spirit of national pride, by singing their past achievements, and thus inciting

them to lives which would insure their country's future greatness.

Whence comes this power ? History and our consciousness prove that it springs not from the qualities of the poet as a man, but that it is an inherent property of the art itself. Poetry speaks to the heart ; appeals, with its strong simplicity, to the loftiest sentiments of man's nature ; deals with his tenderest emotions, his honor, his pride, and his love, and points out his duty in a manner more eloquent than oratory, more irresistible than logic. Thus is poetry eminently qualified to be the teacher of patriotism ; to be the instrument whereby a nation is infused with that spirit so fruitful in action, so essential to all national greatness, so productive of that feeling by which is conserved the true liberty of any people.

In what consists the power of modern England ? There she sits, "mistress of arts and arms," vast in resource, and of broad domain ; masterful, and indomitable of spirit. We recall her achievements ; her motto, "God and my right ;" her battles for humanity, her sword of conquest ever followed by the torch of enlightenment. But these are not her power. They are but the fruits of her spirit. Deep in the hearts of her citizens is that love of fireside, of country, and of right, joined with the devotion to the duty toward mankind which that love implies, implanted by the patriotic literature of five

centuries. Fruitful of poets who touch such themes, she is rich in patriotism ; and rich in patriotism, she is rich in all that makes national greatness. When at Trafalgar Nelson gave the order of the day, it was a confident appeal to that same generous sentiment so deeply rooted in every British heart ; and in that signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," is seen a striking result of such poetic teaching. Here, from the seeds sown by her early bards, fostered and expanded by her Burns, her Moore, her Milton and her Wordsworth, was unfolded that highest growth of a just and righteous patriotism, whose hardy offspring, transplanted this side the Atlantic, has been the controlling factor, the potent element in our country's greatness.

Kindred to this slower growth, but not of a less enduring nature, is that patriotism kindled by the poetry of the hour. During the war of liberation, when the German states lay broken and bleeding under the might of Napoleon ; when the national spirit, feeble through internal despotism and lack of unity, was well-nigh crushed by a foreign oppressor ; then it was that German poetry roused German patriotism. The singer was abroad in the land, and a great people, through the writings of an Arndt and a Kœrner, awoke from that lethargy under which their country was fast being driven to destruction. Napoleon saw ; and, fearing such an

awakening, forced Arndt to flee, as the English, when, foiled by the valor of the hardy mountaineers, slew the ancient bards of Wales. But his attempt was futile ; Kœrner, joining the army, continued the strain, and ceased not until all Germany was in arms, and himself had died for the cause for which he had sung so well. Too late, however, for Napoleon. Those songs had struck the keynote of German liberty, and touched a sentiment in the popular heart stronger than hatred, mightier than mere armies,—love for the Fatherland. This armed a new-found nation ; this hurled back forever the “ man of destiny,” and rendered possible the formation of a state, of an empire—a united Germany. Later, when the cry “ on to Berlin ” resounded through the streets of Paris, when half a million Frenchmen were hastening to the border, and the question came,

“—the Rhine! the German Rhine!  
Who guards to-day, thy stream divine?”

back swelled the refrain from every loyal heart,

“ Dear Fatherland, no danger thine,  
Firm stand thy sons to guard the German Rhine.”

It was Rueckert, and Arndt, and Kœrner, who were singing that song, and the patriotism which their poetry had kindled avenged Jena at Sedan.

In that poetry best calculated to inspire a sudden patriotism, music has always constituted an impor-

tant feature ; for music, when it rises to the exalted sphere of expressing human passion, is, in itself, poetry. This union of the twin arts is best seen in the national hymn. Born in the hour of trial, its best examples are always a spontaneous outburst of high feeling. They are patriotism's most thrilling expression, as well as its best teachers ; and well indeed, was it said, " Let me write the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws."

France, in the travail of her bloody revolution, at the outset of those wars which shook Europe to its very centre, gave to the world its grandest war-song, the " Marseillaise" ; in it is crystallized the patriotism of France. From the first, it took a deep hold upon the people, and roused them to such a pitch of ardent patriotism, that the mere line " Ye sons of France, awake to glory !" sufficed to fill the ranks, and imbue the army with a devotion that rendered it well-nigh resistless ; and often, in the wild rush of its impassioned strains, have her soldiers turned the tide of battle, snatched victory from defeat, and covered her banners with unfading glory.

On the eighth of September, 1855, the armies of the allies had determined to storm Sebastopol ; to the British was assigned the task of taking the redoubt known as Redan ; while the grim Malakoff bade defiance to the troops of France. Slowly and sternly they advance to the attack ; then from the

defenses a hundred cannon belch forth their iron hail of death ; they waver, they rally, and again fall back ; flesh and blood can not withstand that awful fire ; something must be done, and quickly. Suddenly from the ranks is heard, “ *La Marseillaise !* give us *la Marseillaise* and victory ! ” The air is struck up, “ *To arms ! to arms, ye brave.* ” Then, heedless of that terrible storm, seeing not, feeling not, on, on they rush, fired by the thrill of that inspiring song, over the breach, past the cannon’s mouth, to victory. Poetry had triumphed ; in her simplicity, stronger than discipline, she had prevailed when human arm was powerless.

In the poetry of home and country we have a heritage of surpassing wealth. Sung by cradle and fireside, taught in our schools, part and parcel of our intellectual equipment, it is a source of national power and greatness. Let it be kept sacred. Better than moated fortress or rifled cannon, it is a defense and bulwark of our liberties. The poetry of a free people, breathing the national spirit, is pledge and earnest of the perpetuity of its institutions.

## EXHIBITION OF 1889.

"The Spanish Armada,"

LINCOLN CHRISTMAN ACKLER,  
GEORGE DAVID MILLER,  
FREDERICK PERKINS.

"Frederick II. and Frederick III.,"

SCHUYLER COE BRANDT,  
CHARLES WILLIAM ENOCH CHAPIN.

"The Ethics of Socialism,"

EDGAR COIT MORRIS.

"Africa's Debt to David Livingstone."

"The Diplomatic Career of Benjamin Franklin."

"The Appointing Power of the President; its Origin and Influence."

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## THE SPANISH ARMADA.

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BY FREDERICK PERKINS.

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ON a bright May morning, three hundred years ago, a magnificent spectacle in the harbor of Lisbon attracted the gaze of Christendom. The Invincible Armada was about to loose from its moorings and begin a voyage of conquest that would turn the course of history into new channels and revolutionize the world. The red cross of the crusade gleamed from the sails of a hundred and thirty ships, whose size and strength astonished the nations. Two thousand cannon of brass and iron,



the finest product of Spanish arsenals, were to make these vessels besoms of destruction. Thirty thousand seamen and soldiers, animated by the fiercest religious enthusiasm, were embarking on a holy mission.

What was the object of this mighty expedition? That fair land, coveted by the nations since the days when the legions of Cæsar claimed her,—England,—“whose rocky shore beats back the envious rage of Neptune” and all other tyrannies, was the prize which Roman Catholic despotism longed to grasp.

In 1588 England was the only Protestant power in the world. In the preceding thirty years, the reaction against the Reformation had been rapid and decisive. Despairing Protestantism looked to England in this fearful hour. Rome's pontiff, Sixtus V., had been striving to remove the only barrier to complete papal sway. Through Mary, Queen of Scots, through Jesuit missionaries and now, at last, through Philip II., the Catholic bigot of Spain, he had been endeavoring to bring the island kingdom under his control.

And what incentives Philip had for this mission of conquest! If he could bring England under popish rule, the faithful, through all succeeding ages, would adore him scarcely less than Hildebrand and St. Peter. A conquest of England would be a long stride towards annexing to the Spanish domain all the goodly places of the earth,

and of establishing a globe-encircling empire. Mary Stuart had been beheaded, and, therefore, upon Philip's arrival in England, English Catholics would certainly flock to his standard and English Protestants would fall an easy prey to Philip II., universal emperor.

Such was the plot. What would be the outcome? Pope and king anxiously awaited the result. Castilian chivalry, which had given its noblest youth to the crusade, besought heaven for favoring winds. The brave Netherlands, struggling for civil and religious liberty, besought heaven for destruction to Spanish power. The exiled Huguenots, recalling vividly the horrors of St. Bartholomew's day, looked eagerly on. The most unconcerned spectator of this great drama was the Queen of England, who hopped and skipped and wrangled over her money-bags as if the Spanish fleet were a dream.

But what of the English people? A new life had stirred within them. The Renaissance had made the Englishman realize that he was only a little lower than the angels. A period of grand self-assertion and development had begun. Was this glad, awakened, reformed England to be plunged back into the degradation of the dark ages? Was her beloved faith to be renounced for the vicious dogmas of Romanism?

The Armada was slowly but surely approaching. On the afternoon of July 30th the lookout men on

the cliffs of Devon, straining eager eyes into the distance, saw within the offing's hazy veils a dim crescent line coming up over the rim of the sea, always coming nearer, ever growing clearer, until at last the whole immense armament, stretched, an awful reality, before them. Then the beacons flashed the news through England's shires, that the dreaded foe was at hand.

The foe was at hand and so were the mariners of England. Safely sheltered in the harbor of Plymouth, the little fleet of forty sail under Lord Howard was ready for action. Sir Francis Drake, who had more than once singed King Philip's beard, was there with his western privateers; Sir John Hawkins, the famous buccaneer, was there with his strong, swift sailing vessels, built after new and original models. Above all there were the English seamen, ill paid and half starved, but loving their country, and hating the Spaniard with all the intensity of their stout, warm hearts.

During the following week of conflict in the Channel, the Spaniard learned with bitter dismay that his ponderous galleons were no match for the light, easily-managed English vessels, nor were the sluggish forces of southern luxuriousness able to cope with the rapid, persistent work of northern energy. Above the roar and din of battle the finely-hearing ear could distinguish the clashing of world-important principles. Here was the struggle between

Romish absolutism and modern liberty, between the servile life of the past and the fresh, progressive spirit of the Renaissance, between ecclesiastical corruption and free religion.

The winds of heaven came to aid the cause of freedom. The Spanish ships dipping so heavily to leeward, their guns were directed harmlessly above the English vessels, while their own huge hulks were exposed to the English fire.

“And where,” thought the Spanish admiral, “are the English Catholics, and when are their forces to join mine?” He could not know that, to them, country was more than creed, that

“Papists met with English laughter,  
The Popish bans and messages malign;  
And Papist halls, from rush to rafter,  
Echoed with Queen’s men first and Pope’s men after.”

Protestant and Catholic nobles and squires came hurrying forth in every available fishing smack and pinnace, bringing such inspiration to the half-starved English crews that every common seaman became an individual hero. What mattered it to the sailors if their drink was sour and their bread musty, or even if the miserable supply should fail? A united England was depending upon them for aid, and “come the three corners of the world in arms,” they would defend her.

But now a crisis was approaching. Lord Howard could not suffer the enemy to lie idly at anchor

in Calais harbor. Provisions and ammunition were fast failing. Act he must, and act quickly. The Spanish fleet must be dispersed, for a southern wind might any hour drive it across the narrow strait. About midnight on August seventh the Spanish watchmen saw floating down upon them with the tide, eight dark, mysterious objects. Suddenly they shot up into pyramids of flame. "The fire of Antwerp! The fire of Antwerp!" rang through the Spanish fleet, telling that the fire-ships were approaching. In a moment all was panic and consternation on the Armada. "Cut your cables and fly for the open sea," was the signal from the commander's ship. The galleons fled, the ever-baffling wind driving them along the Flemish coast. Morning light showed the English their opportunity, and nobly did they seize it. They attacked the Spaniards with a ferocity against which stout timbers and naval skill could not stand. The holds, where the troops were packed, became slaughter-pens. Blood flowed from their scuppers. One by one their guns were silenced, and, driven like shuddering herds of hunted kine, the pope's anointed band fled for the terrible, unknown northern seas.

And now, a force mightier than English patriotism took up the work of destruction. Starvation and thirst made havoc among the Spanish crews. Storms smote the fleet with a fury against which stout timbers and naval skill could avail nothing.

The crews that cleared the coast of Scotland and hoped to find succor among their co-religionists in Ireland reached that island only to perish on the rocks or be murdered for plunder. Toward the last of September there came straggling back to an angry king and a mourning nation, a miserable remnant of that which could now, only in terrible irony, be called the Invincible Armada.

“The kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed, but He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision.”

Oh! what rapturous outbursts of thanksgiving surged throughout England when she found that the awful danger was past, that the power was stricken down which had

“Presumed to lay its hand upon the ark,  
Of her magnificent and awful cause.”

This collision with Spain developed in England a deep Protestant enthusiasm. The pope had proved himself to be her foe, and, henceforth, there was to be no Protestant party and no Catholic party, but they all were to be Englishmen. No nation was ever so completely welded together. The new consciousness of unified national life raised the people to the highest pitch of national enthusiasm. This joyous transport entered poetry and gave us

Shakspeare ; it entered philosophy, and we received the *Novum Organum* ; it entered exploration and colonization, and the Virginias were the result ; it entered religion, and behold “the isles of the sea, the uttermost parts of the earth, join in proclaiming that the Lord God of Hosts, He is God, and there is none like Him.”

## EXHIBITION OF 1890.

"The Touchstone of 'As You Like It' and the Fool of  
'King Lear,'"

CHARLES OLIVER GRAY.

"Victor Hugo, Poet and Patriot,"

ROBERT JAMES HUGHES,  
WALSTEIN ROOT.

"The Military Career of General Philip H. Sheridan,"

SAMUEL DUNCAN MILLER.

"The New West, and its Bearing on our National Destiny,"

DELOS DEWOLF SMYTH.

"Individualism and the State,"

EDWARD LAWRENCE STEVENS.

"The Debt of the New World to Columbus."

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## VICTOR HUGO, POET AND PATRIOT.

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BY ROBERT J. HUGHES.

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"LIBERTY, equality, fraternity," precious intertwining of poetry, patriotism and the human heart! Never was this noblest device more superbly personified than in the Poet laureate of the French Republic. Liberty was Victor Hugo's goal, equality his hope, fraternity his strength. Personal independence was the basis of his political creed.\* Freedom in art, in faith, in life, was his golden rule.

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\* Barbou.



To the eventful and extraordinary times in which he was born, grew up and lived, the cast of Victor Hugo's genius owes much. For its praises worthily sung, its sorrows piously consoled, its errors deplored, and its spirit interpreted, the contemporary history of his country is deeply indebted to him, but to that history his debt is greater still. Never could other times than his have produced that antithetic union in one master-minstrel which we behold in him—the action and the pause; the exultation at the clash of arms, the longings and cravings for repose; all the glories, all the woes, the hopes, the fears, the storms and calms of those years of wonder—the youthhood of the nineteenth century.\*

Victor Hugo was a most voluminous writer, and like the great Goethe, his period of literary production exceeded three-score years. “He was made to write, to receive and to transmit impressions, as a river is made to flow.”† The unity which is not to be found in his acts or his works will be found in his iron will. Before its terrible onset the bronze-mailed knights of opinionated Classicism were unseated, and the smiling virgin Romanticism proudly emerged to greet her fearless wooer.

As a poet, he stood in his subtlest and most fantastic moods, close to the real forms and colors of nature, grouping them to secure the most bizarre

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\* Stuart. † Marzials.

and grotesque effects and glowing contrasts. Much of his success was due to the fact that he found in these a complete expression for the highly general and abstract thought of our time, and dwelt with more fondness on the instinctive than on the scientific side of poetry.

His nature fiery, violent, yet profound, was lacking in "esprit," naïve and the sense of the ridiculous. Life was too serious, no pastime for him. He loved to penetrate into the world of abysmal darkness surrounding him, to give terrible expression to the black and surging mass of vitality, misery and crime, lurking in the backgrounds of sin-stained Paris.

"He is not the great dramatic poet of the race and lineage of Shakspeare,"\* but an acknowledged master of lyric and satiric art.

A devout philosopher, Hugo did not sacrifice at the altar of positivism. His poems have more of the pantheistic cast. He places "the divine" everywhere; he sees it in nature's forces, in the wind, in the sea, in the stars; it is in the little child, in the instincts of men, in the miseries of humanity, as well as in its glories; he sees it even in vice, in folly, in crime. He is a respecter of all that is created, of all that suffers, and lives, and dies. The nobleness of his life, the purity of his aims, the spontaneous and irresistible nature of his genius,

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\* Matthews.

his masterful command of word and rhyme, his lyric supremacy, all combined to make him the true poet, the poet's poet. With all its defects, his verse will endure through the after-time as a living force, because it is "broad-based upon the universal human heart, and so eternal."\*

Victor Hugo, with Lamartine and Lamennais, formed the first and firmest basis of the Republican party in France. Hugo, who had contributed to the glory of the Napoleonic story, in obedience to sentiments learned at his mother's breast, roughly converted in the swirling current of events, at last consecrated himself as the defender of liberty and the republic, as the resolute antagonist of the imperial restoration. Never was despotism so chastised by poetry. The tyrants of Babylon and Nineveh, those idolatrous kings who raised their images upon altars consecrated to the true God, were not more cursed by the ancient prophets, than was the tyrant of France, by the grandest and most manly genius which France in this age has produced. From irony to invective, from the pungent epigram to the lyric ode, everything was employed with severe, implacable justice to pursue the assassin of the republic, tormented by those words of genius like the wandering Io phrensied by the pitiless gad-fly.

The dictator could hurl his praetorian legions

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\* Marzials.

upon liberty and democracy, but must finally be overwhelmed by the satire, the energy, the genius of Victor Hugo. These immortal verses formed the education of a class of young men taught to swear undying hatred to tyranny. Tacitus and Juvenal wrote against the corruption of tyranny ; but they did not succeed like Victor Hugo in seeing their tyrants brought to the ground. Their generation was not as free as the present, nor were ideas as powerful then as now. The chords of the human heart responded to Hugo's touch as in the century before they had answered to the eloquence of Rousseau. He filled with that vague inspiration which creates heroes and martyrs a whole generation, which at last took to its heart that sublime trilogy, " Liberty, democracy, and the republic ! "

For the Latin people generally, Hugo, like Garibaldi, is a typical hero. He represents fully their distrust of governing classes and their deep sense of universal right. To Hugo all Frenchmen point as proof that France has been the support of liberal and humanitarian views in the century of their birth ; to them he is the sign, as Renan puts it, that liberalism is the national work of France. With the Napoleons in her past, not to speak of Guizots and Veuillots, this might have been doubted ; the reactions had been as potent and as long-lived as the progressive impulses. But with Hugo, at the end of the century, as Rousseau and the revolution

were at the beginning, liberalism is secure. With him the idea of modern France is completed. For this reason Frenchmen of all ranks and opinions, even those, and they were many, who distrusted and dreaded his utterances while he lived, gratefully accord him unprecedented national honors now that he is dead.

That he could thus represent in his own life and work the place of France among the nations, and in a manner consolidate it, is the better part of Hugo's greatness. His manly virtues,—courage, fortitude, candid speech, and uncompromising fidelity to the lofty idea—all had their expression here ; and for the sake of these, France will overlook some weaknesses, the necessary attendants of his gigantic virtues.

Hugo's political work added little or nothing to the doctrines already enunciated by the thinkers who had preceded him. Here no great original creation was possible, nor for such semi-philosophic work had he any talent. His mission was to refresh and recast the principles of the great revolutionary thinkers, in a time when they were hackneyed and discredited, and to give them a setting in new and splendid forms of art and eloquence.

Since Rousseau, what word has been spoken in France for animate nature which will compare with the "Songs of the Streets and Woods !" After Volney, what note so new in the revolutionary

views of history as "The Legend of the Centuries!" After Voltaire, what name but Hugo! His very death was a triumph for his cause. This "demogorgon of radicals," this inveterate enemy of priests and kings, did not die in obscurity, or disgrace, or defeat, but triumphant as a setting sun, awing every hostile voice to silence.\*

Victor Hugo, poet and patriot of French democracy, with soul full of high independence and patriotic love of liberty, hating slavish conformity to empty tradition, stands in the light of all the culture of the nineteenth century, the acknowledged sovereign of the muses, over all the lyric singers of that high-wrought land, "la belle France!"

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\* Cappon.

## EXHIBITION OF 1891.

"The Conception of Human Progress in Tennyson,"

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS,  
BAYARD LIVINGSTON PECK.

"The Political Future of the Negro in the South,"

THOMAS LEWIS COVENTRY.

"John C. Fremont, the Pathfinder,"

DUNCAN CAMPBELL LEE.

"Schiller,"

PHILIP WARD.

"America's Debt to Agassiz,"

GEORGE MARMADUKE WEAVER.

"Thackeray's Ideal of the Young Man."

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## THE CONCEPTION OF HUMAN PROGRESS IN TENNYSON.

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BY BAYARD L. PECK.

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THE march of mind has ever been to the music of the poet's numbers. The early bards sang of battle's din, of heroes' deeds, of life, and love. Later, might of arms became less than might of mind, and this progress was pictured by the poet's pen. Fancy has gilded fact; fact has rationalized fancy. The material has wedded the ideal; and science and poetry go hand in hand.

While Wordsworth predicted a common sphere to science and poetry; and Goethe, Shelley, and

Byron, more completely fused the two, it remained for Tennyson to weave truths of science and philosophy, prophetic visions of the future, and brilliant gems of fancy into a fabric of unrivaled beauty.

The poets who have sung of

“What the world will be  
When the years have died away,”

have differed as to paths by which human progress must be attained. Some have believed that the end must be reached by political and moral convulsions ; others by peaceful development.

Tennyson is of the latter class. Law is his watchword. Law is the sun which has dispelled the darkness of the past, illumined the present, and which will bathe the future with universal radiance.

The tragedy of life he confesses and bemoans ; but the lot of birth has placed him above actual contact with the poor and oppressed, and their sufferings and burdens are but dimly seen. The world is young. Law and time will work the remedy.

Tennyson has great respect for established institutions, especially for those of England. He has been truly called a “Liberal-Conservative.” His vision of the “World and all the wonders that will be,” “The one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves,” is one of “Vast republics,” a “Parliament of man,” of “Federations and of Powers.”



He regards revolution not as the right of oppressed peoples, but as the synonym of folly. That marvelous uprising of France which struck the world with awe and inspired the lurid pen-pictures of Carlyle, Tennyson calls the "red fool-fury of the Seine." It is not by fire and sword, but "From precedent to precedent" that "Freedom slowly broadens down." He fails to see that great strides in the onward march of humanity might never have been taken had men not dared death for truth and right.

Like all the thinkers since thought was born, Tennyson has asked the "Whence," the "Why," the "Whither." There have been times when empty echo was the only answer.

It is meet for a poet to whom the past, the present, and the future, are as one, "To sit as God, holding no form of creed but contemplating all." But agnosticism does not satisfy Tennyson. He must have faith, though weak and shadowy. He sees mankind in the "Vision of Sin" wallowing in the mire of wickedness, scoffing at virtue, friendship, liberty and God, but raising his eyes aloft he beholds on the mountain summit, "God make himself an awful rose of dawn." "A still small voice" taunts him with his misery and doubting ignorance, and no answer can he make, but, glancing through the casement, the soft sunlight of the Sabbath bathes him in its beauty, and a "hidden hope"

drives the voice away. The "In Memoriam" sounds the deepest depths of skepticism, but as time and a purified love heal the wounds of sorrow he

"Trusts

With faith that comes of self-control,  
The truths that can never be proved."

The genius of Tennyson grasped the grand conception of the evolutionary philosophy. Looking backward over the shadowy and misty past before the "Wild time coined itself into calendar, months and days," he sees the nebulous cloud from which our sun and system were evolved. He sees the genesis of life and the long development from monad to man. He recognizes the cruel law of human progress by which

"The individual withers, and the world is more and more."

The evil in the minds and hearts of men is the result of a brutal and savage state. To crown the man we must crucify the beast. This is the grandest truth that modern science has established for the enlightenment and elevation of humanity. Rejecting the dependence of man upon the super-human for mental and moral improvement, it has read the eternal law written on the rocks, emblazoned in starry splendor upon the heavens, taught by man himself, whether fettered by ignorance and superstition, or basking in the sun of civilization; that human progress is by development; that by

conflict man has reached the eminence of the present; that only by bitter conflict, with appetite and passion, with demons of heredity and giants of tyranny, can the summits of perfection be won at last.

One of the truest of Tennyson's teachings is that progress is to be gained by treading continuously the path of duty, humble and lowly though it be. This is the great truth taught by the "Golden Year." This is the fairest wreath which Tennyson lays upon the bier of Wellington.

This progress must also be found in society, not in the hermit life of solitude. The soul in the "Palace of Art," though surrounded by every gratification of sense, must seek the cottage in the vale ere life is worth the living.

To do and not to dream, is another lesson of progress. In the picture of the "Lotos-Eaters" the fate of dreamers is portrayed; in "Ulysses," the active and manly spirit that must do or die. In one, the wanderers, wearied with a world of work and wickedness, taste the opiate of forgetfulness, and dream away to the music of softly rippling waves and whispering breezes; in the other, love of action urges on to further conflict and more glorious victory.

"To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

Love has been a characterizing thread in the

poetic fabric of all ages. In all its varied phases, from the ardent passion of youth which takes up the "harp of Life" in "Locksley Hall" to the calm and matured love of a lifetime, which is voiced in reminiscence, "across the walnuts and the wine," it finds perfect expression in the poems of Tennyson. This love of lover, wife and friend lifts the heart of man to higher things. Without love, man is a wanderer in a barren waste ; with love, the oasis bursts upon his weary vision ; with love perfected and ennobled, the desert buds and blossoms into paradise.

Tennyson would receive more homage from the world of thought to-day had he never penned the second "Locksley Hall." The hero of the earlier poem, singing of the future of a world made beautiful in the present by the roseate coloring of youthful enthusiasm and a reciprocated passion, plunged into the abyss of despair when the loved one proves untrue, yet rising again to a nobler vision of humanity and progress, is a picture that warms the heart and quickens the imagination, so that we too can see the golden future which will crown the efforts of the struggling present. But when sixty years have joined the past the vision is less glorious. Age and experience of man's suffering and sin have dampened the ardor and buoyancy of youth. But the conception of progress is not radically changed. Faith in God and man may be weaker, doubt and

distrust may be stronger ; but in the end, again as in youth, there rings out to struggling, suffering humanity the grand old rallying cry of "Forward!"

Such is Tennyson's conception of human progress, of the golden age which is to come. It is a conception less inspiring than the prophecies of those poets of passion, whose divine songs sound like strains of martial music, to lead the march of humanity into the realm of freedom. Tennyson's view is less visionary, more prosaic, but more real. By obedience to law, by evolutionary development, by science "grown to more," by love ennobled, by individual duty done, by the help of the dim and shadowy "Hand that guides," the time will come when we can sing with the inspired poet in the halcyon days of life's springtime,

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

—the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags  
were furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

EXHIBITION OF 1892.

“ Anglo-Saxon Freedom,”

JOHN MCCOLLUM CURRAN,  
JOHN PARKER MARTIN.

“ James Russell Lowell, Author and Diplomatist,”

CHARLES ANDREW FRASURE.

“ The Founding of the German Empire,”

THOMAS NEWTON OWEN.

“ The Heroism of Christopher Columbus,”

STROTHER WILLIAM RICE.

“ The Jews in Russia,”

GREGORY ROSENBLUM.

“ The Railroad as a Force in Civilization.”

## EXHIBITION OF 1893.

“Las Casas, the Apostle of the Indies,”

HARRY CAPRON ALLEN.

“The Pathos in the Life and Poetry of Heinrich Heine,”

DANIEL WYETTE BURKE.

“Waterloo and Sedan,”

JOHN GAILEY CAMPBELL,

NATHANIEL MCGIFFIN.

“Tennyson’s Arthur as the Ideal Champion of Right,”

CHARLES ROMEYN LA RUE,

ALEXANDER WOUTERS.

“Whittier, the Poet of Freedom.”

“The Gerrymander, its History, its Evil and its Cure.”

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## WATERLOO AND SEDAN.

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BY NATHANIEL MC GIFFIN.

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SOME one has said, “Great men and great events are the fixed points and peaks of history.” Whether or not that statement be universally good, it certainly is true as applied to France. Two names and two events mark important epochs in her history. Two men, animated by kindred ambitions, terminated their careers on two historic battlefields, Waterloo and Sedan.

The history of the French people is a tragedy. The shining of the epaulette has dazzled the eyes of the volatile Frenchman, and his ears have ever

responded to the music of the drum. The new philosophy of Voltaire and Rousseau, coloring the thought and literature of the age, appealed to his imagination, fired his susceptible nature, poisoned the wellsprings of royalty, conceived and brought forth the French Revolution. For ten years, amidst blood and flame and scaffold, while overthrowing a monarchy, rejecting three constitutions, making and unmaking assemblies, borne on a frail craft in the tempest of her fears, France cast about for her pilot. A Corsican lieutenant, whom fortune had placed at Toulon, asked to be made first consul, and Napoleon Bonaparte was master of a nation.

“The Child of Destiny” had faith in his “star,” and France, intoxicated by the glory of a soldier, became his slave. Her people, pausing in the midst of freedom, halted to enthrone this adventurer. The grim genius “let slip the dogs of war.” The curtain of oblivion was dropped over the past, and “Liberty, equality and fraternity” bowed to the sword. At Marengo, Austerlitz, and Wagram, France drank from the cup of glory; but he who holds the winds in his hand vetoed the ambition of a man, and within the snow-girt kingdom of the czar, France finds a grave for half a million men; the battle of Leipsic restored the Bourbons to the throne of their fathers; Bonaparte is sent to Elba, and Europe breathes again.



It takes more than nine months to correct the wrongs of a decade, and the French people, fastening the blame on the Bourbon king, again turn toward "The Child of Destiny." The electric step of the Corsican on the southern shore of France thrills the nation ; the soldier responds to the silent call of his old commander, and France is again imperial.

Now begins the mighty struggle which is to decide the fate of nations. The Allied Powers arm for the defence of Europe and the invasion of France. Napoleon prepares to meet them. On the sixteenth of June, eighteen hundred fifteen, the opposing armies strike swords at Quatre Bras and Ligny. The following day Wellington falls back to Waterloo ; Napoleon follows, and Grouchy pursues the retreating army of Blücher.

It had rained hard on the night preceding the battle, and on the morning of that eventful day the armies rose from their dripping bivouac and faced each other. What a spectacle ! Two ridges crowned with the best troops of Europe ! Silently, like the Greeks of old, Wellington's soldiers massed in squares before the forests of Seignies. On the ridge beyond, stretching out like huge, glittering serpents, long columns of French take their places in line of battle. Behind these and a little above, like sentinels of death, along the crest of the ridge, stand two hundred and fifty cannon, ready to be-

gin the harvest of death, while in the rear of all is the "Old Guard," veterans of a hundred battles.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the first gun is fired from the French centre ; six thousand men charge the English fortifications at Hougoumont ; Ney flings the French right against the English left ; and the famous battle of Waterloo has begun. For eight hours a hundred and fifty thousand men struggle for the mastery of a continent. At the chateau of Hougoumont, three thousand Englishmen close their eyes in death, but the brave followers of Wellington stubbornly hold their ground. Again and again, Napoleon's veteran legions hurl themselves against the compact squares of Wellington, and as often are repulsed. About five o'clock the intrepid Ney drew his sword and placed himself at the head of three thousand French horsemen. As the mighty squadrons moved, shouts of "Long live the Emperor" reverberated from ridge to ridge. The iron duke knew that the decisive moment had come. "Remember Old England," cried Wellington to his comrades in arms. For two hours the fierce cuirassiers hovered round the English centre, and amid the whirlwind of flashing swords seven out of the thirteen British squares were cut to pieces. Had Napoleon won the day? At that moment, when the star of his success kissed the zenith, Blücher's army marched with glittering bayonets and unscratched banners upon the field of conflict ;

grandly and heroically the "Old Guard" died ; night drew a curtain over the field of Waterloo, and the little corporal, the idolized emperor, the mighty Napoleon was a fugitive.

Thus closed the active career of the most striking character ever produced by any land or nation. The Celtic fickleness of his people made Napoleon the Great a possibility. But calculation overcame genius, and brilliant daring was forced to succumb to steadfast endurance.

The defeat at Waterloo was a bitter blow to France. Humbled in the midst of her renown she accepts the forced gift of monarchy. The restoration of eighteen hundred fifteen burdened her with a heavy heritage. Renouncing the old traditions of the Bourbons, she was governed by constitutional kings. With monstrous strides science, education and enlightened thought swept over Europe. France had profited by her chastisement. But in eighteen hundred forty-eight the fever of revolution springs up again. "Liberty, equality, fraternity," words almost forgotten, again appeal to her impulsive people. Once more hero worship displaces reason ; France leaps at the imperial name, and by a *coup d'etat* Louis Napoleon steps from the presidency of a republic to the throne of an empire.

Across the Rhine the German states had outgrown their weakness. From the battle smoke of Sadowa, William I. came forth the leader of

Germany. The Fatherland was to be united. France, burning with jealousy, clamored for war. Her weak emperor was surrounded by treason. Seeking a pretext for hostility he said to Germany, "No member of the House of Hohenzollern shall sit on the throne of Spain." William's answer was defiance. The arrogant Frenchman cried, "On to Berlin." The sturdy German answered, "On to Paris." Deceived by his generals, Napoleon, instead of placing himself at the head of a mighty army, found his country unprepared. From the Fatherland beyond the Rhine came four splendid armies. The borderland of France becomes the scene of carnage. In quick succession the French strongholds fall into the hands of the enemy; Bazaine is shut in at Metz and MacMahon is driven with fearful rout into Sedan. Waterloo is to be repeated; but there is no Ney to charm by his daring leadership; there is no "Old Guard" to fight and die, while an enemy applauds their loyalty to a defeated commander. Like two ponderous iron jaws the Prussian armies contract round the disheartened French; vainly they attempt to break the line of Teutonic steel; Emperor Louis, the embodiment of despair, looks up at the frowning muzzles of the five hundred cannon that crown the encircling hills; for hours the storm of death rages about him; at last, knowing that his empire is at an end, torn with anguish, sick with disease, and horrified at the wanton slaughter of his country-

men, the emperor of France strikes his colors to the Hohenzollern king, and eighty-three thousand Frenchmen lay down their arms.

Waterloo and Sedan mark the downfall of two empires ; one bore upon its escutcheon the motto "Divine Right ;" the other emblazoned the battle call of republican liberty. The battle of Waterloo ended in glory to the arms of France. Her soldiers died in the ranks of their foes, and the "Old Guard never surrendered ;" the battle of Sedan terminated with humiliation and shame. At Waterloo the French were beaten ; at Sedan they were trapped. Two emperors reaped "the fruits of disappointment," and both died with the curse of their countrymen upon their heads.

The defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo and the dismal ending of the campaign which terminated at Sedan, both taught needed lessons to the citizens of our sister republic. In this century of strife France has never lost courage. A republic for twenty-two years, though linked with grand mistakes, she still leads the Old World towards "Freedom's holy light." Having satisfied the demands of her conquerors, and blessed with recuperative power, she stands to-day with her loins girded for a new race. If undisturbed in peace, liberty and order will crown the efforts that have been foiled by the throes of war.

"Her open eyes desire the truth.

The wisdom of a hundred years  
Is in them. May perpetual youth  
Keep dry their light from tears."

SUBJECTS OF 1894.

- "The Eloquence of Revolutionary Periods."
- "Gordon and Havelock as Types of Christian Soldiers."
- "The Agitator in American History."
- "The American Locomotive Engineer."
- "The Debt of Liberty to the Netherlands."
- "George William Curtis and Civil Service Reform."

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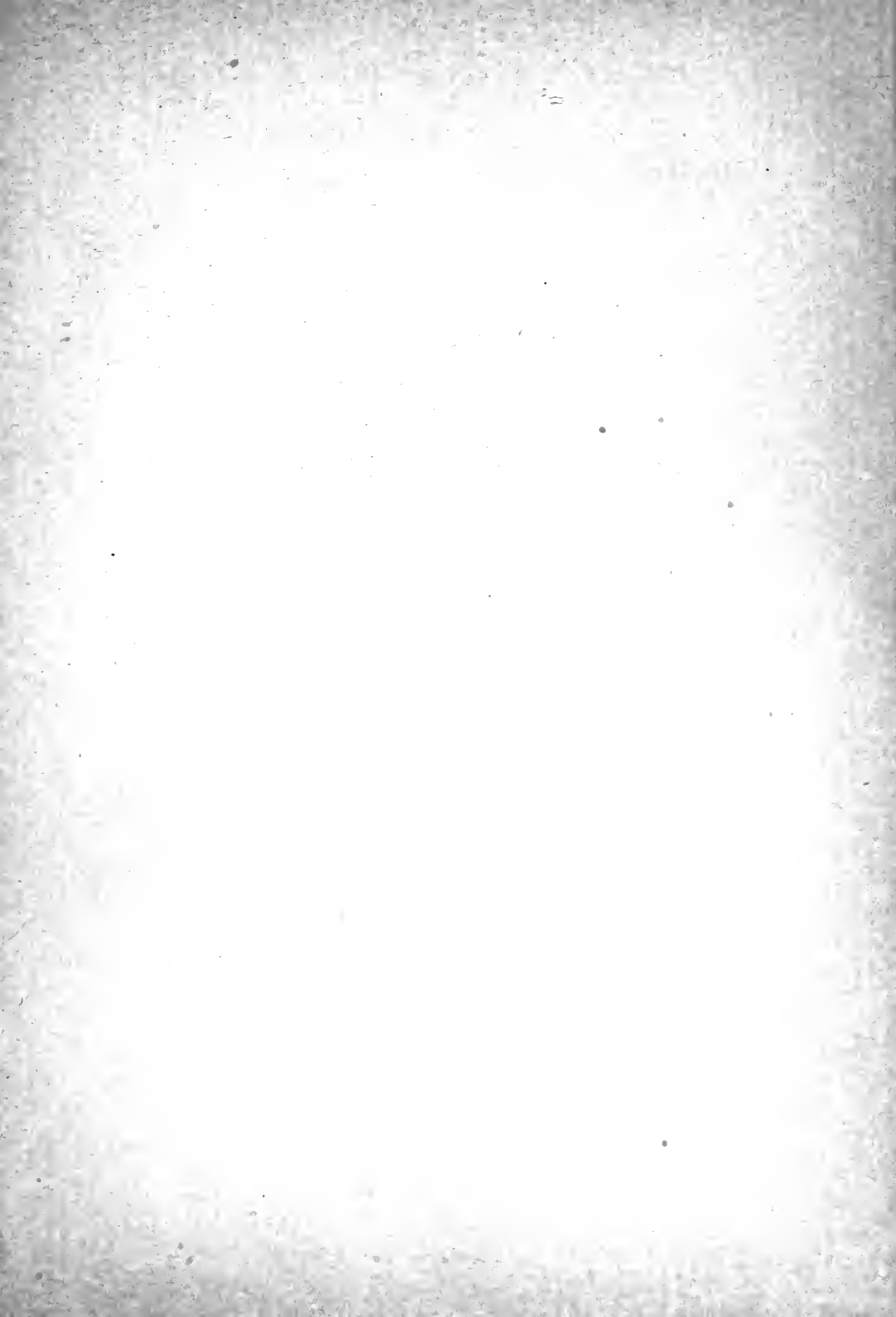
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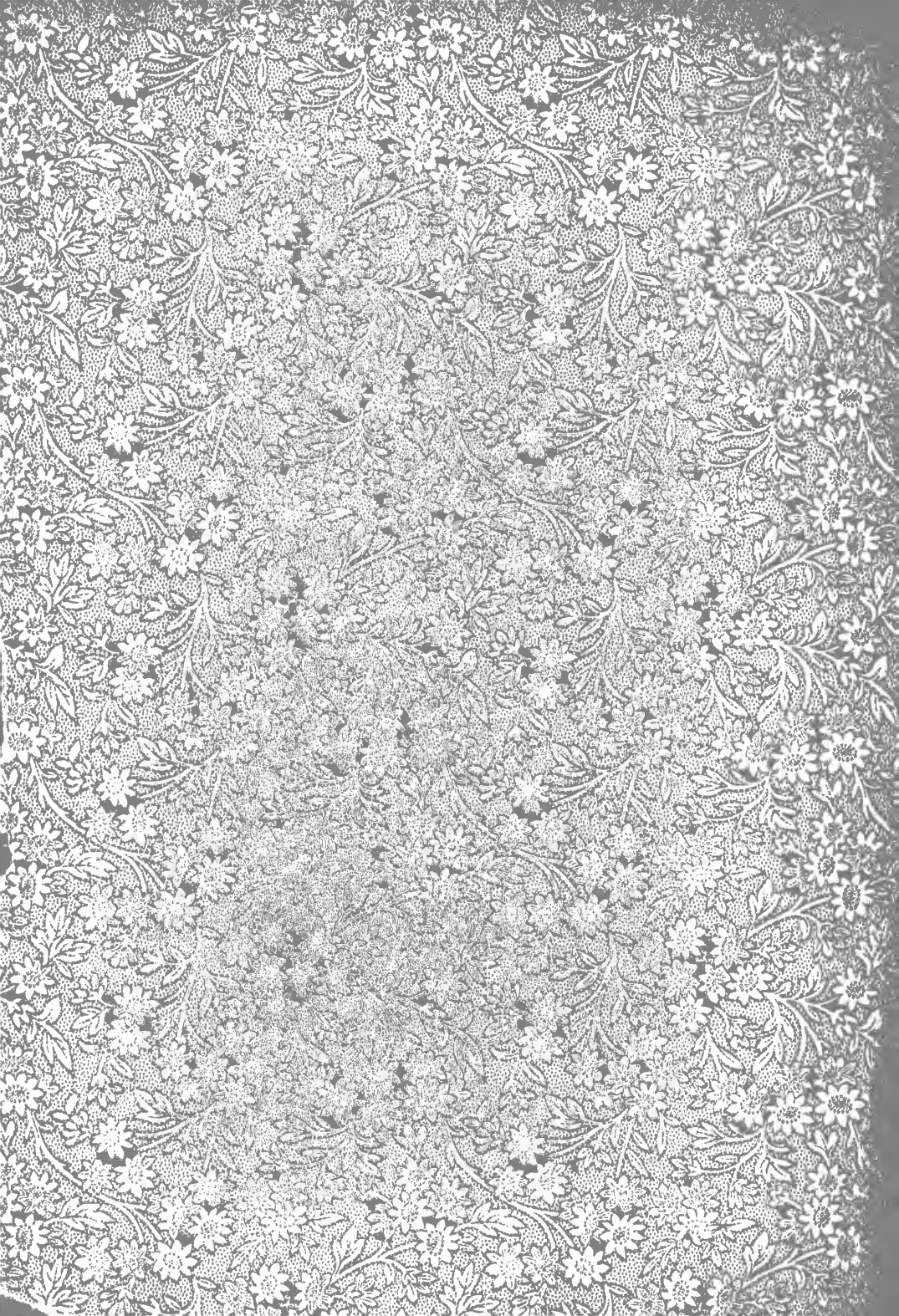
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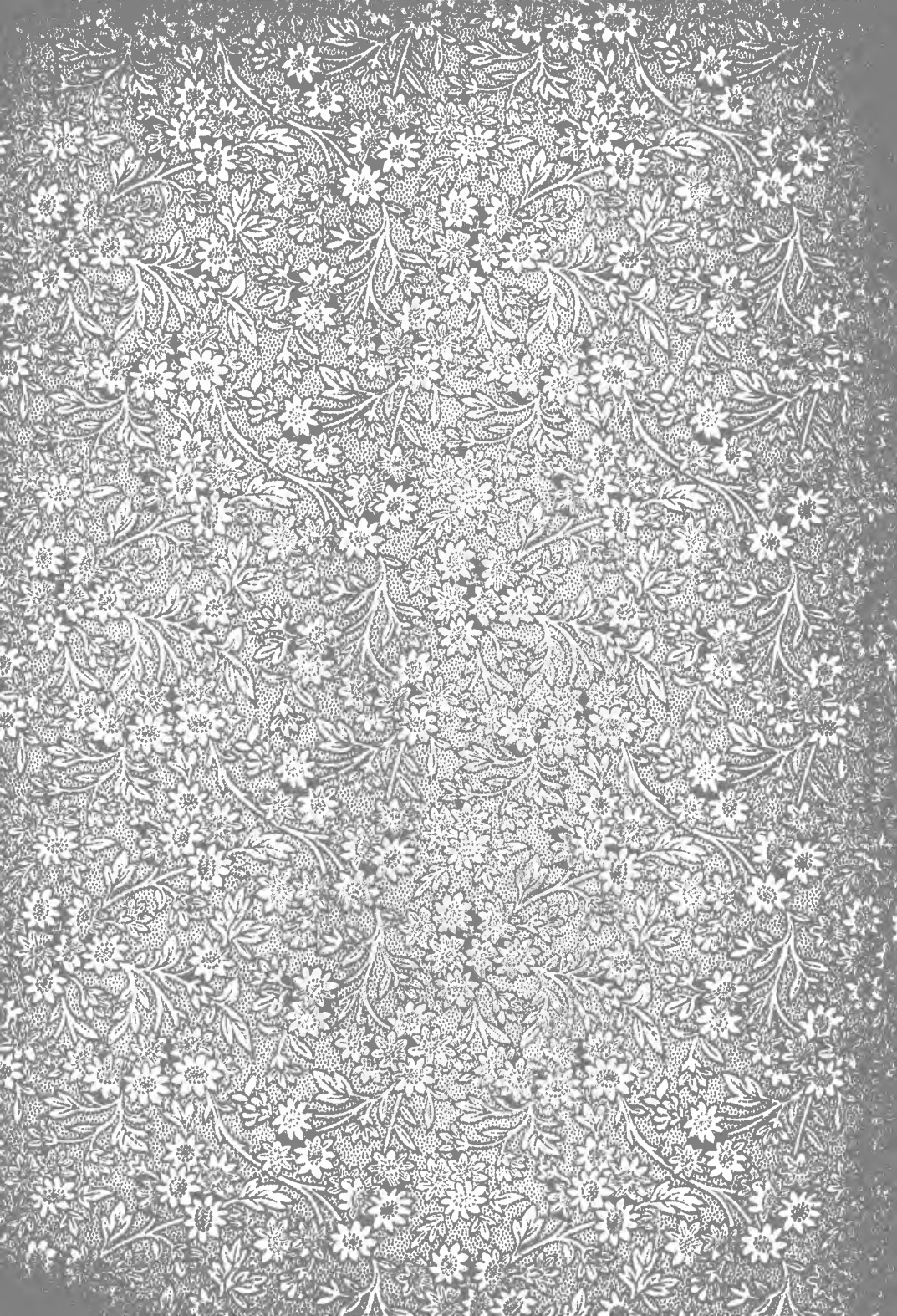












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